

# CLARA BARTON

*Daughter of Destiny*



Blanche Colton William

*Author of "GEORGE ELIOT"*



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## *Daughter of Destiny*

By BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

Author of "George Eliot," etc.

Out of a secret closet of an old house, in true story-book fashion, fell the priceless diaries and journals which made possible this new biography of the founder of the American Red Cross. The diaries are now in the Library of Congress and cannot be used by anyone else until 1950; hence this is the most authoritative volume yet published on a woman about whom there has been much speculation and little known fact.

Her brave story will give heart to all who view the world in terms of individual experience and wish to alleviate suffering. When at the age of eleven Clara Barton started her career of nursing, spending two years at the bedside of her brother, she little dreamed that she would eventually be responsible for saving the lives of untold thousands. In her young womanhood she wrote, "Everybody's business is nobody's business. Always I shall make nobody's business my business." The result of that undertaking was the American Red Cross; and the story of its devious beginnings makes fascinating reading.

Clara's first opportunity for the service in which she spent seventy-nine

*(Continued on back flap)*

27 illustrations



Dorothy Joy  
93 Church Street  
Winchester, Mass.

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CLARA BARTON





CLARA BARTON

Drawn from life for *The Home Journal* by Alfred Houghton Clark, at "Glen Echo," June 20, 1900. This drawing was first reproduced on the front cover of *The Home Journal*, July 19, 1900.



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By

Blanche Colton Williams

*Author of "GEORGE ELIOT", etc.*

31 ILLUSTRATIONS



J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA      NEW YORK      LONDON



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BZP (Barton)

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*In all Gratitude to*

RENA D. HUBBELL

*Niece of Julian B. Hubbell, M.D.*

*Red Cross Field Agent*

*1881-1904*





## PREFACE

WHEN HENRY JAMES'S FICTIVE GEORGE WITHERMORE, OF "The Real Right Thing," entered into research for his "Life" of the late Ashton Doyne he had, it will be remembered, an apparent ghostly collaboration. He "had heard documents on the table behind him gently shifted and stirred, had . . . found some letter he had mislaid pushed again into view, some wilderness cleared by the opening of an old journal at the very date he wanted." Later, encountering spirit interference, he was unable to continue, and "gave up."

A factual biographer, I have had the reverse experience. I was told by custodians of Bartoniana in Worcester, Massachusetts, that these—whether exhausted or not exhausted by early writers about Clara Barton—are not available. If in reputed "tons" there, seemingly nowhere else could tons exist; I might well relinquish the task. Yet the idea persisted that there must be something at Clara's Washington home, where she spent many years before her death.

In the pages hereinafter is a brief account of how photographs, diaries, letters, scrapbooks, pressbooks and other documents were concealed from eyes and hands believed unfriendly, how they were stored in a secret closet, in 1904, with the knowledge then or later of Clara's Field Agent, Dr. Julian B. Hubbell, how they descended to his twin nieces, Rena D. Hubbell and Lena Hubbell Chamberlain, and ultimately became the property of Miss Hubbell. Before applying to her at Clara Barton House, Glen Echo, I read all scripts by, to, or about



my subject in the library of the American National Red Cross. Three diaries (for 1903, 1904, 1910), bought in the market by the librarian, indicated the probability of other journals unknown to the Rev. William E. Barton who, in *The Life of Clara Barton*, Volume II, page 55, says, "There are few letters and no diary during the winter of 1871 and 1872." Yet he quotes from that of the Civil War and others long before. Logically, if Clara began early and continued late, she would have set down something in the years so packed with incident, personal and historical. But had her first biographer seen those—if any—the existence of which was denied by the Reverend William?

On the day I sat down in the Red Cross library, before a heap of relics, appeared that first biographer, the Rev. Dr. Percy H. Epler. Through his *The Life of Clara Barton*, I had become acquainted with him; we had exchanged letters. "Have you," I asked, "seen this diary?" I showed him that for 1903. He looked at it, eyebrows mounting. "No," he replied. That "No" emboldened me to communicate with Miss Hubbell. After assuring herself of my good faith, for she has guarded the secret hoard, with the combined care of a gentlewoman and a dragon, she invited me to work at Clara Barton House. I was left with boxes, bundles, and bales which at length covered tables and shelves, overflowing upon bed and rug. Every day her housekeeper entered with another journal, an older parcel of letters, a most desirable volume of clippings—often at the moment I was wishing there might be such a journal, parcel or volume. Some idea of the quantity may be gathered from the illustration (page 384) showing only part—that part on loan for one year in my New York home and now in the Library of Congress. A fraction of the whole, on exhibition in the Manuscript Room, to memorialize Clara's 119th birthday, December 25th, 1940, and still on display (May, 1941) fills two long cases.

Some of this store of material is duplicated elsewhere. *The*

*Story of My Childhood*, for example, Clara states, she made in three copies to guard against loss. On occasion, she had the habit of writing diaries twice, making a fair copy from rough notes and preserving both. Some of the loose sheets at Glen Echo may be the rough draft, some of the carefully written books may have been preceded by rough drafts not found there. Diaries for 1871 and 1872, which the Rev. William thought non-existent, are in the collection with thirty-odd others, either partly or entirely filled. That of 1870, carried in Clara's pocket throughout the year of the Prussian War, cannot be read easily without a glass: its size is indicated in the illustration, where it lies open against a larger cover.

Before the end, there was too much material. I felt rather like Tarpeia crushed under pounds of the non-expected. The problem of selecting from the year by year, month by month, almost day by day record of a ninety-year life, active to the end, is individual, though any number of historians may arrive at the same general picture. Every diary challenges editing and publication, reflecting not only Clara but the times, yet from each of the many only a few facts could be used in a volume of this length. Every letter in the indelible script of 1838 or 1850 or in the purple typing of the mauve decade was sheet-lightning in darkness, but most of these letters are of necessity included only by implication, quotation, or reference. Every newly discovered evidence told how former statements, such as that of the biographer quoted above, needed revision or elimination.

I am tempted to panegyrize Clara's amazing versatility and supremacy, but trust the pages ahead summarizing her deeds are worth more than any essay upon her greatness. Teacher, accountant, seamstress, laundress, cook, dairy-maid (these four unprofessional); Patent Office Clerk, Civil War nurse, searcher for missing men after that war (a business now assumed in some countries by the Red Cross); lecturer, originator of the plan



at Strasbourg for rehabilitating—though Ernest Bicknell's word was then unused—Franco-Prussian War sufferers; founder of the American Red Cross, founder of the First Aid Department of the American National Red Cross; visitor, hostess, diarist, speaker, author of innumerable reports, author of *The Red Cross in Peace and War* (1898), *A Story of the Red Cross* (1904), and *The Story of My Childhood* (1907), as well as many "occasional" verses—all these I have tried to emphasize and illustrate. In short, I have attempted to recall her to the life of action pre-eminently hers, a life that stands of and by itself. I hope she emerges throughout the many phases, as this book progresses, to stand at the close free from chiseler's chips and fragments—free as would stand the marble monument she desired, a statue not yet carved by the sculptor's hand.

To Miss Hubbell, of Clara Barton House, I am most indebted. Not only for the use of her possessions but for many fruitful conversations that conveyed what only she could give, and for drives across the battlefields with which Clara's name is associated. With enthusiasm Miss Hubbell entered into the making of this volume to which, almost from its inception, she contributed her strong encouragement.

I am grateful to Miss Mabel Boardman, of the American National Red Cross, for an interview on Clara Barton, and to Miss Robina Rae, Librarian of the American National Red Cross, for access to letters, diaries, pressbook, notebook, album, and pamphlets, also for her superintendency of copying scripts, all needed preliminaries to this work. In the Library of Congress, Dr. Archibald MacLeish, Librarian, Dr. St. George L. Sioussat, Chief of the Manuscript Division, Dr. F. A. Blossom and their associates gave all possible assistance, for which thanks are here repeated. To authorities in the Patent Office, and to Dr. P. M. Hamer, Chief, Division of Reference, the National Archives, I am indebted for aid in obtaining copies of documents in those institutions.

Other Washingtonians who have been helpful are: Miss Harriet Root, Chief, Information Service; Miss Cora Curry and Mrs. Frank Sweitzer, sometime secretaries to Clara; Mr. Lewis Lofton Moneyway, of the Post Office Department; Mrs. William Robertson, Dr. O. B. Williams, Mr. Edward S. McKnew, Mrs. Mary Logan Tucker (deceased, 1940), Mrs. P. V. DeGraw, sole surviving member of the first Red Cross Society in Washington (1881). For all their kindness I return thanks and assurance of pleasant memories.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, Librarian Robert K. Shaw and his staff graciously laid before me all their Civil War issues of the *Spy*, from which material in this volume was acquired. In Oxford, Mr. David Barton Clark, great-nephew of Clara, permitted me to read letters which are the only sources for certain data here included. To him and his daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Low, I am peculiarly grateful, as I am also to Miss Grace Croff of Hunter College, New York City, and of North Grafton (formerly New England Village), Massachusetts, and to Miss Florence G. King, of the Department of Correction, State of Massachusetts.

Thanks are gladly offered to Miss Vera Cummings, Recorder, Medical School, University of Michigan; Mr. Wallace B. Johnson, Secretary of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York; Mr. George Bradlee, Woodmont, Connecticut; Miss Pearl McKee, Chickasaw County Recorder, New Hampton, Iowa; Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Williams for motor trips to certain scenes of Clara Barton's activities—Galveston, Tampa, the Sea Islands, and Bordentown, New Jersey; to Miss Renata Remy, sometime Associate Professor of English, Hunter College of the City of New York, for criticism of the script; to Miss Isabel L. Walker, Hunter College, for reading and commenting upon the script; to Waldemar Kaempffert, of the *New York Times*, for an important pamphlet; to Dr. E. G. Keller, New York City, for valued information on the setting of the Franco-Prussian phase;



to Thomas Madigan and Miss Mary Benjamin, New York City, for manuscripts obtained through their agencies; to Miss Jessica J. Haskell, Hallowell, Maine, for photographs and assistance in tracing Clara's genealogy; to Dr. George C. D. Odell, New York City, for information about Mrs. Scott-Siddons; to Mrs. Wirt A. Williams, Cleveland, Mississippi, for identifying the authorship of a poem in one of Clara's diaries; to Mr. William Chamberlain, Cleveland, Ohio, for information about certain early letters to Clara.

I am under obligations to the libraries of Columbia University and New York City, and to Professor Joseph J. Reilly, Librarian, Hunter College; also to these books and authors: *A Memory of Solferino (Un Souvenir de Solferino)*, by J. Henry Dunant, a translation from the French of the first edition, 1862, the American National Red Cross, Washington, 1939. *Dunant, the Story of the Red Cross*, by Martin Gumpert, Oxford University Press, 1938. *Pioneering with the Red Cross*, by Ernest P. Bicknell, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1935. *Clara Barton, A Centenary Tribute*, by Charles Sumner Young, Ph.D., Richard G. Badger, Boston, 1922. *The Life of Clara Barton*, by William E. Barton, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, 1922. *The Life of Clara Barton*, by Percy H. Epler, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1915. *History of the Town of Oxford*, by George F. Daniels, 1892. *Clara Barton, Humanitarian*, by Corra Bacon-Foster, Columbia Historical Society, Washington, 1918.

To Clara Barton I am indebted, through her works published and unpublished. Other writers, with uncounted press reports and magazine articles, have also contributed to this biography, from the infelicities of which all are hereby exonerated.

*Blanche Colton Williams*

Clara Barton House  
Glen Echo, Maryland

1941

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CLARA BARTON





## I

### PROLOGUE

#### 1

NORTH OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER, 1826.

Contentedly, Miss Clarissa Harlowe Barton, nearly five years old, shared her father's rug before the blazing oak fire. Her white dog, Button, laughing with his tongue out, sprawled at her back. Mother, dark hair drawn down in smooth wings, erect at the left corner of the hearth, flashed a needle through the hem of a towel. "I helped plant that flax seed," thought Clarissa. "I saw Mother weave the linen."

Stephen, almost twenty, tall as Father, for whom he was named, leaned over to run long fingers through his small sister's thick mane, black like that of all Bartons. "How were the artichokes today, Clara?"

Her head drooped.

"Stephen!" rebuked Sarah Barton.

Captain Barton, smiling proudly, encompassed his daughter's hand with firm fingers. Hers lay still. Stephen returned to Colburn's new *Intellectual Arithmetic*, face down on the table. A year ago he had swung to his broad shoulders the mite of a girl—who would attain the majesty of five feet—dressed in red flannel from cap to stockings, clutching speller and slate in red-mittened hands, and had marched off through heavy snowdrifts. Despite terror of the unknown at the end of the mile, she had felt important on her perch. When Master Rich-

ard Stone called "Primer Class," he opened the book at "cat" and "dog." Clara stood the indignity to bursting, then murmured, "I spell in artichoke." She had learned at home from sisters Dorothy and Sarah. In after years she could not recall the time when she was unable to read.

Quickly the front door opened and closed, admitting a gust that swayed the flames furiously, closed behind a boy next to man-size. He drew off fur gloves and untied the "comforter" anchoring his bearskin cap. "Horses all bedded down, Father." He held his hands over the crackling logs.

"How was the going from Millbury to Sutton, Son?"

"First rate, sir. The new road's worth all the twelve hundred dollars."

Captain Stephen nodded complacently. He had been one of the North Oxford building committee.

Clara's eyes danced: she was even happier, now that David had come in; they were all here together. Her stomach was at peace, too; bread and milk gave her no pain.

Presently, Dorothy and young Sarah emerged from the kitchen with shelled corn, and cheerfully broke through the circle to set the popper on a bed of raked-out, glowing coals.

"Red grains tonight!" Father peered into the wire vessel. "Want to play Indians?" He twinkled at Clara.

Her heart leaped. Father had fought the Red Men with the General they called Mad Anthony. Bad Indians they were, bad as the Nipmuncs on Oxford Plain who had dashed out the brains of the little Johnsons a long time ago. But no Indians would harm *her*. Father had seen to that. War was all over. The basket-making Indians she saw near Oxford were well-behaved.

Captain Stephen arrayed the white puffed kernels against the red. "It was like this," and he reconstructed the battle lines in far-off Michigan. "William Henry Harrison was about here—Sall, give me a chess piece for him. These white grains are common soldiers. Great man, Harrison. President of the United States one day."



"Too old, old Tippecanoe?" Stephen looked up from his problem.

"How big," teased Dolly, "do you think *he* will be, Clara?"

Again, Clara's chin rested on her red dress. They had laughed at her long enough about that. After Father had explained the government of the United States, and she had parroted for him the names of Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun, even the President's Cabinet, Dorothy was prompted by her sister's look of wonder to ask, "How big is a President, Clara?" In all seriousness, Clara had replied, "O, about as big as a church." "And the Vice-President?" Clara considered, "About the size of our barn, and *green*."

"Let's get on with the fight." Father was disposing infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

Clara lifted her head. Already she could name in order the chief military ranks; before her fifth birthday she knew the gradations of an army from companies to battalions.

"And you nearly died because you were hungry?"

"Ate the raw meat of an unlucky dog that had followed us."

She swallowed hard. This incident never failed to evoke sympathy for poor Father. "And you wanted water—"

"—so much I drank from the hoofprint of a horse," finished Father.

"The water oozed up, right in the track," marveled Clara.

"And saved me," concluded the Captain.

"I want to be a soldier," said Clara, not for the first time.

"What is there to fight for, child?" Mother took off her thimble. "There will never be any more wars."

"What did the Frenchman fight?" demanded Clara.

"Lafayette?" The family had seen him drawn through Worcester, while he nodded from his yellow chaise to the crowd lined up on Main Street. Her father explained.

At nine o'clock the Captain turned to the almanac hanging at the corner of the mantelshelf. "Colder weather coming.

Wrap up warm tomorrow, Clara. David, keep an eye on her. Off with you, miss."

And Miss Clarissa Harlowe Barton, weighted with the inherited name of her father's sister, Mrs. Clarissa Harlowe Barton Foster Winthrop, soon slept in the small room where she had opened her eyes on Christmas Day, 1821. Aunt Clarissa, she had been told, was christened in the popular days of a novel by Mr. Samuel Richardson.

Button lay on guard at the foot of Clara's bed.

By the living room fire, after the boys and girls had gone to their sleeping quarters, Captain Barton ran a comb through his grizzled hair. "Beats me," he remarked, "how the baby can't get enough of battles. None o' the others ever seemed to care about 'em."

"No," agreed Sarah, "and she that timid she can't always call her voice her own."

"Funny combination. Why, d'you suppose, is she so full of her queer fears?"

"I've wondered." Sarah deftly finished braiding her hair. "That day she thought the snake was a 'pretty bird,' you mind. When she ran after it, I screamed."

"It could be." And, as he banked the coals, "She was scared o' that old ram."

"Afraid cloud rams made thunder that would kill her." Sarah drew on her nightcap. "She'll outgrow it, Stephen."

Carefully the Captain covered the embers, took down from the high mantelshelf, and opened, an iron box. Flint-stone, steel bar, tinder—all there. But he hoped the coals would keep until dawn. "For all she's so—well—shy, she's more like a boy. Gets ideas, principles, quick." To himself he added before blowing out the light of the candle, "Yet she's careful with details, too."

Neither father nor mother guessed that Clarissa was a nursing of Destiny.

## 2

"Was Grandfather Stephen a soldier?" Father was loading his gun, bouncing the ramrod up and down.

"You might say so; he was a doctor."

"Grandma Barton says he was a fighter."

"To make both ends meet," the Captain chuckled. "He could do almost anything. He was an officer once, yes."

"Where?"

"Ever hear o' the Boston Tea Party?"

"O, yes! It's in history. I wish I had been there to dress up like an Indian and help throw the tea overboard!" Yet a voice inside was saying, "Too bad all that tea was wasted."

"Well, your grandfather was excise officer against the British at that time." He dropped the ramrod and turned to a wall cabinet, from which he extracted a small account book. "Father's. Begun, Oxford, 1769, and," he added rapidly, "continued in Vassalborough, Maine, 1774; Oxford again, 1792; Dudley, 1795. Records cease, March, 1799. Brother Gideon has some later notes." He riffled the pages while Clara sedately waited. "Here, he mentions Parthena and Ebenezer Foster. Your Aunt Clarissa's children, first husband."

"Clarissa's a funny name. I'm glad I'm Clara, but I will sign myself C. H. Barton."

"Beauty of a long name. You can shorten it." The Bartons abbreviated, always. "Now here, Rev. George Barton of the Cathedral of York, Old England, died the 20th of October, 1487. And here's another: Henry de Barton, Treasurer of St. Peter's, York, 1360. We fought in the Wars of the Roses. We wore the Lancaster colors and the red rose. But you haven't got that far in history?"

Feeling unexpectedly ignorant, Clara shook her head. "But I know where York is." Often Sally had hastened at Clara's call to find towns in the Atlas spread over bedcovers, maps palely lighted by a single tallow dip.



"Your teachers ever say anything about heraldry?"

His daughter again shook her head, and he explained. "Our coat of arms," he added, "has on it three golden boars, armed, on a background of silver. If one boar means there was a warrior in the family—well?"

"Three of 'em. Maybe more!"

"No matter. We Americans do not cotton to such. We are democrats. Don't forget that." He turned the pages. "My father went to Maine about the time I was born. He sets down, 'Israel Putnam. Bringing my wife and children from Oxford to Salem. The price of the whole load was two pounds, thirteen and four.' Mother and we children went by sea from Salem to the Kennebec."

By sea. Exciting. Many sails scudding over the water.

"We were back here in Oxford when I was near eighteen."

Clara waited.

"If Father couldn't cure his patients, he made their coffins. Here he says he did so for the son of Lieutenant Jonathan Ballard, 1774."

"Your year?"

"Eh? O, yes!"

She felt all choked up, full of gratitude that Father had been left.

"He pulled a lot of teeth, I remember, and bled his patients."

Doctors still bled people. Blood made her sick. And they had not bled her when, a few months ago, she had nearly died. She was so weak when she first felt hungry. Mother's cordial and bread and cheese tasted like nothing she had ever eaten. There it was, ready, on the round table by her bed when she roused from deep sleep.

Father was still talking about Grandfather Stephen. "He was Town Clerk in Vassalborough, and there recorded all of us children. He could shingle a barn. Did that for Mr. Hobby. He wrote a petition for—somebody—October 20, 1783." He chuckled. "I remember part of the next one. He mended a

rake for Mr. Getchell—that I remember—and the same day wrote a deed for him.” He closed the book and laid it away in the cabinet. “Well, Clara?”

“He was—was—” She could find no word for her admiration of versatile Grandfather. “I think I’ll keep a diary.”

“Some would have called Father a Jack-of-all-trades. He wasn’t that. In a new country he did what he had to do. A diary? Good idea, when you’re older.” Clara Barton was to leave behind her over fifty diaries.

“You mean he did what he must?”

“Yes; most of us do.” He let that sink in. “Grandmother Barton,” he added, “will tell you more about Father, and about her family, the Learneds. Over eighty now, Mother is. Born 1747, now 1827. We Bartons live long. Father died young, long before you were born. Dropped off at sixty-five, 1804. Had too hard a life.”

Clara had a vision of a horse’s footprint on a muddy battlefield, saw her father gnawing dog meat. Well, if that wasn’t hard—!

Captain Barton threw his gun over his shoulder, and strode off up Rocky Hill, blazing in autumnal red and yellow.

That day the youngest Barton, helping sort apples for the winter barrel of sauce, rejoiced in a sense of family and, not knowing the word, solidarity. The Fourteenth Century seemed as far back as Adam and Eve. Grandfather could do anything. What could she do besides ride like the wind, clinging to the mane of the Morgan while David raced with her round the pasture, or lead her class, or help keep the garden and flower beds, and otherwise be Mother’s assistant? “What good is anything,” she asked herself, “if you can’t use it?”

Yet, in small girl fashion, she argued, two de Bartons had something to do with a cathedral. What good were cathedrals and churches?

“I’ll learn to iron better.” She must stand on a box to reach the board but, loving the smoothness and fragrance of hot



linen, persevered and, when still very young, expertly starched, sprinkled, and pressed. "I don't much like to sew," she confessed to herself, but sew she did, though not advancing far in the mantua-maker's art. "And I must be a better cook." In the kitchen she practised that basic thrift she would practise throughout life. Even her simplest recipes reveal economy. After writing how three or five minute eggs should be cooked, she adds: "If boiled eggs are left over, they can be boiled at another meal fifteen minutes and used for 'hard-boiled' eggs."

She picked up a big red apple and took a bite . . . Dolly wasn't very well; she must help Dolly more. She was still asking herself what else she could do, moving about in a green dress, sorting the fruit, when the Captain returned with a brace of squirrels. He looked in through the doorway. "Your grandfather Stephen is buried at Windsor, Maine. A big rock shows where he entered the wilderness. They buried him there. Put up a tombstone, too."

## 3

Conversation with Grandma Barton was not easy. "What say, Clarissy?" She put a cupped hand to her ear. "Yes, my husband was a great man. But all the world knows about my grandsire, Ebenezer Learned. Oxford history's full o' his doings in the wars."

"Was he a soldier?"

"Was he, indeed!" Grandma spoke with asperity. "The best known in these parts. Even Old Mingo knew that."

"Mingo?"

"His slave. Grandsire set him free."

A slave, here in Oxford, one man a slave to another. Even when quite small Clara freed her canaries. Never could she bear the idea of captivity; she would do all she could to set anything free!

"O, he was paid for," easily remarked Grandmother, "and Grandsire remembered him in his will."



This knowledge of slavery in her own family all but made her forget ancestry. Later, however, she asked about Mother's people. "My father was David Havens. Grandmother, Esther Havens, took William Stone for her second husband, and David took his name. One name's as good as the other, no matter whether Havens or Stone. Mother was Sarah Treadwell, of Sutton; you know her as Grandmother Stone. Seventy-six now. Your Uncle Dave is her oldest; and he's fifty. I was the baby—like you," she smiled. "Uncle Joseph is between David and me. The Stones were soldiers in the Revolution."

They were in the kitchen. "May I have a cup of milk, Mother?" asked Clara.

"Of course. Why just now?"

"I'll tell you, after dinner." She set aside a large cup, nearly full, topped by heavy cream. "I'm glad we're a big family. How many are back of Father?"

"Bartons in this country began with Edmund, 1664, who was father of Matthew, who was father of Samuel, who was father of Edmund, who was father of Stephen, who was father of your father."

"Like the 'begats' in the Bible!"

"Not so long or hard to remember."

"Mother—" the small girl's face was puzzled. "I feel so young and yet so old. Sally's a big girl, grown. She's teaching school. I sometimes seem to me like your grandchild—"

"You were a belated Christmas gift." Sarah Barton closed her mouth firmly and took up a dish of beans.

Clara hurried out to meet Cousin 'Vira Stone on the big gray rocks, up back of the house. There, she told her mother, they made real butter in teacups.

The youngest Barton had not yet got around to certain questions about religion. Next trip to the Universalist Church might be a good time. Just now she wondered about hell-fire. Captain Barton did not believe in it. He and his family had exchanged the Congregational Church, free enough, for the freer Univer-

salists. In the old schoolhouse, the only public building then on Oxford Plain, had been formed the Universalist Society, and a Church voted before 1791.

Sunday after Sunday Clara went to meeting, to other churches, also; but she wrote many years later that she joined none. Yet she thought of their pew in the Universalist Church as home. From the moment Cousin Ira Barton sat down before the keyboard—he was one of the first organists—to shake thunder over the congregation and to soothe Clara's nerves with his impressive largo, on through the sermon that, in one way or other, left her believing "God is love," to "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," rousing her like a trumpet, Clara, forgetting shyness, was filled with peace. One day when they rose for the doxology, she fell, half-frozen; she had not wished to trouble anybody by complaining of the cold. Another day, riding in the new chaise, they drove by the Bank. "Good lawyer, Ira," Father waved his whip toward the sign above, Barton and Barstow. And Cousin Ira had gone to Brown University. We Bartons certainly could do many things. And there was Cousin Sumner, studying Greek at Yale. Brother Steve and Brother Dave could do anything. Already, they wanted to "buy father out."

The chaise turned homeward, past the slope on the left, where the new cemetery would be, past the farms, past the Ebenezer Learned house. "I'll drive you up, then come along back to see Jeremiah. I'm afraid he's worse." The chaise headed again to the left, up the long hill.

"Your father's going to take on more responsibility." Sarah looked after the Captain driving away. She spoke to Clara. The older girls, teaching, had not come home this Sunday.

"What do you mean, Mother?" Clara raised herself from a study of the morning glories and portulaca in spring beds.

"Plain enough. The Learned estate's got to be sold when Jerry goes. They're in debt. Your father won't let his nephews suffer. He'll be buying that place. Just wait and see." Sarah opened the door with a vigorous push.



They did see. Later that year, 1829, Jeremiah's acres passed through the administrator to Captain Barton who, at the age of fifty-five, took Jeremiah's widow and four children into his family. Afterward, Clara Barton reflected that was a fine thing to do; perhaps, also, her father knew she needed playmates. When they moved to the Learned house, however, she was more interested in her expanded life. Dolly and Sally remained in the old home, with Stephen and David, who had bought the two hill farms from their father; Clara went to them, as often as she pleased. In three or four years Captain Barton deeded to his boys some acres of his new land that included mill and water power. "S. and D. Barton" built at the rear of their saw-mill a gristmill, part of which was used later as a satinet factory.

## 4

Eight-year-old Clara was enjoying the diversions of her new home that spring of 1830, when she was sent to boarding school. She had finished the common school curriculum about the time Richard Stone set up his select academy. Proud possessor of a small trunk, she drove away, not at all homesick; she was near enough to come back any day. To her mortification, the venture was not successful. If she failed before the boys and girls, all older than she, her sensitiveness brought fits of tears. "Who founded the library of Alexandria, Clara?" She answered eagerly, "Potlemy the First." The class giggled; Clara wept. Thin, pale, underweight, she remained until a council of doctor, professor, and family agreed, that she should go home. Brothers and sisters again taught her. "I'll take the mathematics," said Stephen. "I think she'd better learn how to drive nails and turn screws," David remarked. "I'll attend to the practical side." Sally, strong in her appreciation of poetry, was responsible for literature and other academic subjects.

For a copybook, one of the family unearthed an account journal which, after observations on the cost of "shoeing



horses," and the like, stopped short with a number of blank pages remaining. Sally's fair hand "set the copy," in the gnomic lines affected by the day. Clara screwed up her face and gripped the pen. Her spidery lines were nervously shaky, but they persisted. If "Opinions are various," according to the model, they might become "varous opinions," or "various opinons," but she set them down. "I must write like Sister Sally," and she worked on, painstakingly, through Z.

This second period of her childhood Clara remembered as one that changed her from a preternaturally wise and lonely girl to a romping youngster, who played with cousins six to thirteen years of age. Besides the two boys and two girls, more or less the Captain's second family, Lovett Stimpson, a young orphan, came to live with them. All were friendly, daring, courageous. They climbed Rocky Hill, looking for chestnuts and frightening themselves in the Devil's Den. The adventurers often crossed with careful recklessness the flattened log, meant only for workmen, that stretched over the "French" River. It was good training for pontoon bridges that, for Clara, lay years ahead.

"Ride the saw carriage?" One of the boys waved toward it, when it ran out over the raceway. "Watch me!" and he vanished. Clara held her breath and waited with the others. Presently, they saw him on the log, riding over the millstream fifteen or twenty feet below. Quickly he was brought in as the sawed log was drawn back for another cut.

"Not dangerous," Lovett grinned, "but the power sorta gets you." Soon Clara was riding, her spirits soaring as she mastered fear. With the boys, the girls became adept at climbing and stretching in the big barns between house and mill, at swinging from haymow beams and sliding down the hay or landing far below when it had all but disappeared. "Feel my muscle," she said, "isn't it as strong as yours?" She developed a body that much later showed itself unequaled for litheness and strength. Her cheeks flamed with color; she was radiant and vivid in her

red dress or her green. Self-consciousness faded and, except that she liked books better than the others, she was one of the crowd.

Careful of speech, Clara refused to surrender a few idiosyncrasies. "I laid down—"

"Lay, lay, Clara!" chided Sally, so much like her sister that they might have been twins but for the fifteen years between.

"I laid me down," argued Clara, from a well-known prayerlet. "That's the way I mean it."

Obstinately, to the end of her life, she wrote "laid" for "lay," always had an obsession for the unnecessary "me," and never "began," but "commenced."

Her determination to learn many things, and to do many, found new opportunity soon after the Captain removed to the Learned house. A paperhanger came with materials for paints, putty, and kalsomine. When he set up his workman's bench, Clara appeared, bright-eyed, trembling with eagerness. "May I watch you paint, Mr. Harris?" And after brief but careful observation she asked, "May I help you paint?" Mr. Harris grinned. "If your mother is willing." They made her a coarse gown, which she wore a month or so while trimming and matching and hanging paper and sticking it up with paste she had mixed. She painted the kitchen chairs entirely to Mother's satisfaction.

After Button, and the several cats that were forerunners of the famous "Tommy," Clara petted turkeys, hens, and geese. Receiving a gift of duck eggs, she watched over them no less than the "domestically inclined, motherly hens," and laughed when the Barton pond was covered with fluffs of green while the distracted foster mothers cackled and clucked. Among the highly pedigreed cows owned by the Captain, Clara claimed two or three, and these she learned to milk. That she attained enduring efficiency is proved by her prowess at eighty-odd when, sitting on the stool beside her little Jersey at Glen Echo, she filled streaming pails. Filled them while wearing a shoulder shawl adorned with royal decorations she had promised never to leave off. A final instance of her sensitive nerves rises from



that early barnyard activity. One evening she went out with her buckets, unexpectedly to see the village slaughterer bludgeon an ox. She fainted, and regained her senses in bed surrounded by the family. "Somebody struck me," she insisted.

Clara would have danced if permitted. When a school opened on Oxford Plain, she ached with eagerness to learn; a guest on the first evening, her feet moved to the violin, the mass rhythm and the command of the master. He, a friend of the Captain, came to tea and spoke of his classes. "O, please, may I go?" The family debated. Best society did not countenance dancing and, despite their own liberalism, they would be discourteous to friends and churches if they appeared to side with the ungodly. Clara wept in silence and alone over the deprivation. At the age of fifty, while living in London, she engaged a dancing master for herself, niece, and young friend. That experience gave her courage to lead grand marches long afterward.

She would have skated. Steeling herself to act against her father's ban, she met an accident on the ice, suffering an injury that demanded the surgeon. "I've been disobedient; I've been a liar, and I'm putting Mother to trouble," she lamented to herself in the long month while her leg lay stretched out on an extra chair. Sarah Barton saw and pitied her remorse and found a way to comfort her. Clara read the *Arabian Nights*. By the end of Scheherezade's last tale, she was able to walk without a limp and was steeped in romance.

The years ran along, 1830, '31, '32, '33. S. and D. Barton had bought all their father's water power; their circular saws all day and often all night converted forest trees into laths and shingles. Behind the sawmill was the gristmill, where Clara watched the crushing burr stones grind corn and wheat for the countryside. Factories rose all along the "French" River (the Maanexit). It was customary for girls and women of best families in those early mill and factory days to find places in easy routine work, and for a time Clara pasted labels on spools of cotton with neat exactness.



35

were applied in all possible places, in the hope of withdrawing the pain. Sleepless, restless, in agony both physical and mental, his case grew desperate. He had been my ideal from earliest memory. I was distressed beyond measure at his condition. I had been his little protégé, his companion, and in his nervous excitement he clung to me. Thus from the first days and nights of fever, I remained near his bed side. The fever ran on over all the "additional turning points" - seven - fourteen - twenty one days I could not be taken away from him, except by compulsion and he was unhappy till my return. I learned to take all directions for his medicines from the physician, for he had immense experience, and administered it like a genuine nurse; my little hands became schooled to the handling of the great leathern crawling leeches, which were at first so many snakes to me, and no fingers could so painlessly dress the angry blisters, and thus it came about that I was the accepted and acknowledged nurse of a man almost too ill to ever recover. Finally as the summer passed the fever gave way, and for a wonder the patient did not. No physician will doubt but I had given him poison enough, to have killed him many times over, if suitably administered with that view. He will also understand the condition in which the patient was left.

Page from Clara's Story of My Childhood (MS. extant, possibly, in 3 copies). The copy from which this page is drawn was left to Dr. Julian B. Hubbell, and is now in the Library of Congress, gift of Miss Rena D. Hubbell.



WINDSOR, MAINE

Dr. Stephen Barton's headstone (b. 1730—d. 1804)  
Courtesy of Miss Jessica J. Haskell



Houses sprang up as rapidly as timber was converted to lumber. Every man helped his fellow man in house-raising time and the Bartons, whose business provided the stuff for houses, always gave their services. In the summer of 1833, David broke through a plank on which he stood near a new roof-tree and fell to the bottom. For a few days he seemed to suffer no ill effects, but gradually a mysterious fever resulted, one the doctor said must be cured by bleeding and leeching. He appointed eleven-year-old Clara as David's nurse, and Destiny smiled. The girl who hated bleeding learned to put the slimy leeches on right, and when they fell away,—“Ugh, gorged with his blood,”—learned to replace them in their jars. She learned to give medicine at any hour, day or night. Years later, she wrote humorously that if suitably administered with the view of poisoning, the doses she gave him were enough to kill, many times.

Aged eleven, aged twelve, Clara almost forgot the outer world. On November 24, 1833, brother Stephen married, at twenty-seven, Miss Elizabeth Rich; April 17, 1834, Sister Sally married Vester Vassall. These events created scarcely a ripple in Clara's attendance upon David. Once a day she tried to get a short walk or a ride on Billy, the splendid Morgan that had been a gift from Father on her tenth birthday, but for long periods she did not leave the house.

Whether two years satisfied Guardian Destiny or whether a doctor brought the end of Clara's probation, David got well. He came home, cured, from a physician who used steam-bath treatment. In these years Clara gained a pound in weight, an inch in height. Bashful, sensitive, afflicted with renewed shyness, she felt herself to be a shrinking, little old woman. “I've forgotten what I learned,” she feared—though she had not—“and I've accomplished nothing.” “Only saving your brother's life,” said one of the family. She sighed; *that* was something. The Learned children were not there to restore her sense of fun and adventure. The two who were almost adult had entered



factories and their mother had gone with them and the younger ones to keep a boardinghouse.

Sister Sally Barton Vassall, who lived near, renewed the lessons in English poetry, stirring Clara's fancy with Scott's martial verse. Sally's son, Bernard Barton Vassall, born October 10, 1835, made Clara an aunt at the age of thirteen. "I'll keep a scrapbook," she told Sally, "and show it to Ber later." Out came the old copybook. On its pages, for the following year or so, she pasted facts, stories, and poems.

The tempering of her metal was not yet finished. A wage hand of the Captain's picked up a smallpox germ and fell ill. Clara nursed him until he died and she herself came down with the disease, which spread through the village. After recovery she nursed a number of patients, a public service that destroyed more of that self-consciousness which had ebbed and flowed through all her young life.

In 1837, at fifteen, Clara went to Lucian Burleigh's school to the north of Oxford, adding to her store of knowledge something of astronomy, ancient history, and the science of languages. The tremendous conflict of *Paradise Lost* thrilled her; parsing the poem strengthened her sense of logic and sentence structure. After young Burleigh left at the end of the year to continue his own education, he exchanged letters with his most capable pupil; a bundle yet remains, folded and sealed without envelope before the advent of the postage stamp. His long-winded effusions reveal regard for her intellect, concern over her soul—he pleads with her to repent and become a church communicant—and the obvious desire to impress Sister Clarissa with his own ability. "What should I repent for?" inquired the logical young lady. She had no feeling of "original sin" and, though devout, was not a puritan. She never lost this genuine friend; until Burleigh's death in old age, they maintained interest in each other, and she, afterward, in his daughter.

In the fall of 1838, about the time venerable Grandmother Barton died, at ninety-two, Clara entered upon her final year

of schooling. Under Jonathan Dana, who taught to the south of Oxford, she studied philosophy, chemistry, and Latin. She was preparing to teach, and the preparation links her with a well-known name of the century, L. N. Fowler. Over from England, on a lecture tour, he was a guest in the Barton home when Clara, fourteen or fifteen, was recuperating from mumps. Lying on the living room sofa, she heard her mother ask his advice.

"Give her responsibility," said the kind vanguard psychologist. "She will always be sensitive; she will never assert herself for herself but for others she'll be fearless."

Eyes closed, ears alert, the girl on the couch knew he was right. She read the Fowler brothers, following them with Spurgeon and Combe. Years later she declared that the book which had the greatest influence on her life was the *Science of Mind* and, according to her relatives, she accepted Fowler's dictum as pointing out her career. "If I'm going to teach," she said, "I'll be a good teacher." The two years with Burleigh and Dana placed her far above the youngsters over whom she would preside.

Before she took her examinations, however, in May, 1839, Clara begged to learn weaving. S. and D. Barton, with the English brothers, Paul and Samuel Parsons, had opened the satinet factory. Clara, eyes on the looms, admired the well-ordered industry and finished cloth. Her own mother had woven at home. "May I learn?" Against an opposing family, Stephen was her champion. "You would not let her dance; you would not let her skate; but you let her nurse Dave for two years, to say nothing of smallpox and sick neighbors. Not proper? Then let the proprieties be damned! Too small? Then I'll make a special pair of looms suited to her size and a platform to set her high enough." Even the Captain gave in.

At the end of a week, Clara was told by the woman who taught her, "Now, you can go on alone." For a fortnight, the young weaver walked up greasy stairs into the room of flying spindles, ascending her dais with pride in creation. "I do love



making something strong and pretty," she thought, above the warp and woof. At the end of the two weeks, her finished work was pronounced good. Not impossibly she might have surrendered the profession of teaching and become a notable cloth-maker. But Destiny had had enough of Miss Barton's satinet. Next day, Sunday, March 17, 1839, the factory was destroyed by fire—by spontaneous combustion from her energies, the family jested—nor was it soon rebuilt.

Some six weeks later, Clara stood demurely but confidently before a clergyman, a lawyer, and a justice of the peace, the committee of examiners. They "approbated" her for teaching, May 5, 1839, for the ensuing term.

Samuel Barton, brother Stephen's only child was born on the last day of May.

Early in September, David asked Clara to go with him to Mount Vernon, Maine, where on the 30th he would be married to his cousin Julia Ann Maria Porter. "But I've no dresses!" Clara glanced down at the childish cut of her green and added, "My red is no better than this." The Captain said, "We might buy you one or two." She walked over to Mother's dresser and lifted her long braids before the mirror. "I'll have to learn to put these up." "Well, you're nearly eighteen," said Mother. As easily as that came the transition to young womanhood.

At Boston, the two met a party of gay young men and women in what Clara termed "one of the most elegant hotels." A delayed steamer invited a slight return of her old fears; she might behave in some way that would embarrass David—it was her first trip to Boston—and she begged to go home. "No," said David; and when on her first sea-going craft she felt and saw the world broaden, Clara was glad to be along. On to the Kennebec they sailed, bound for Kennebec County, wherein are Mount Vernon, Vassalborough, and Windsor, all associated with the name of Barton.

At the bride's home Clara was informed she must be maid



of honor and stand beside Julia Ann, assuming a leading rôle among the guests.

“How can I?” she asked herself. The thought of her brother’s chagrin if she failed him braced her to the unwonted social performance. She slew her last inhibition and in the friendly atmosphere emerged a charming young lady, apparently happy. Something of this Maine visit is reflected in her autograph album, a handsome one presented on her seventeenth birthday by Brother-in-law Vester. The first entry in time, January 30, 1839, is by the donor; and the second by Sister Sally. Hers is an original acrostic poem, covering one of the long white pages:

#### FOR CLARISSA

Calm and serene may thy life gently glide,  
 Let truth be thy motto, religion thy guide,  
 Assemble thy virtues around thy sweet home,  
 Remorse to thy conscience, then, never will come;  
 Inhale not the incense of slanderous tongue,  
 Secure, bar thy mind from such venomous slang;  
 Sincere, let thy actions be open and free  
 Associates to greet, and friends when you see

Hail with a look of content and a smile,  
 Assured in your heart you ne’er them will beguile.

For eleven lines further the verses offer rhymed advice.

The first contributor, in place, was Cousin Ira, who appropriated the front pages September 9, 1839. His “singular entry,” self-termed, has for its subject the Barton ancestry: he desires Clara to visit the spot where her grandfather sleeps in Windsor. “I never was much of a sentimentalist,” he concludes. “Facts I have found to be the substance of life; sentiments are the flowers, and all evanescent save the sentiments of virtue and piety, which are everlasting.” These words engraved themselves on Clara’s mind near the precept from a sampler embroidered by Sister Dolly at the age of seven:

“Industrious ingenuity may find  
 Noble employment for the female mind.”

In her trunk Clara stowed her album for the Maine journey. According to Cousins James and Polly Chapman, of Mount Vernon, she was among them in the bloom of youth, full of life and health and hilarity; she was making the young men sit up and take notice if one or two sentimental contributions may be trusted. In 1840, Julia Ann, or Julian, implored, "Mock not this humble name of mine; scorn not the impress of this heart, who felt thy loveliness afar," and so on. Writing in an album killed the naturalness and simplicity that were the true expression, as extant letters to Clara witness, of a rare and beautiful spirit. Cousin Sumner copied for the autograph owner in cursive Greek a quotation from the Iliad and, on another page, a poem in English praising the serene mind. "I'm going to learn," Clara resolved, "some of the things Ira and Sumner know."

## 5

In her unpublished continuation of *The Story of My Childhood*, the author wrote that after she returned from Maine there were social gaieties in which she took part as well as preparations for school duties. In late April, 1840, she suffered nervously, awaiting with apprehension the first of May. "What do I know about District Number Nine? It's full of strangers, but," she comforted herself, "Sally's there; she and Ves will look out for me." Julia Ann saw that a workaday wardrobe of "two waifish dresses" was replaced by one befitting a teacher: the new frocks came to the tops of high shoes.

On a bright May morning, then, Miss C. H. Barton stepped into the one-room school of "Texas Village." Forty pupils, four to fourteen, were there, besides four big boys as tall as the teacher and almost as old. When all arose, these in particular regarded her with lively curiosity: they had run out her predecessor and apparently speculated over her similar disposal. Clara felt their glances; she knew of their reputation. "I can't make the speech I had in mind," she said to herself. Instead, she



picked up her Bible and opened it at the Fifth Chapter of St. Matthew. Courage returned, while in a clear voice she began the immortal Beatitudes . . . "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Did she glance at the husky quartet? Their eyes were on the ground. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you . . ." She paused to ask the meaning of the passage. A small girl raised her hand and gave her version in a profound silence. So ended the lesson and still the big fellows were quiet. At recess, joining the pupils in exercise, she exhibited—with humor and unexpressed pride—her skill and agility in running, ball-pitching, and mumble-peg. By the end of the day, C. H. Barton had conquered the forty. To her annoyance her school was praised for its discipline which, she declared, was non-existent.

More assured, more competent, her body obedient to order, Clara acquired strength out of all proportion to her five feet and feminine roundness: she could lift to her shoulders with her own arms and hands—hands young and beautiful throughout life—a keg full of cider. Out of school hours, she worked and made merry with those her own age.

At the end of that first term, boys and girls wept, "sobbing their way down the hill after the last good-by." She had been successful, and with success from the initial trial of power, she stirred with growing energy, felt promise of something greater and deeper. Seventy-one years later a girl pupil wrote, "Since you had only two hands, how happy I was to catch your skirt," as if to catch the contagion of that sympathetic energy. One of the "boys" recalled to her, when he was an aged man, that he remembered the flash of her white teeth as she bade him good morning; he had felt her abundant spirit. She began to teach in the first era of expansion for Massachusetts common schools. Always she taught near home. Sometimes she was borrowed, she wrote, for part of a term by one—Millbury, for example—that had a reputation for rowdiness. Tiny as she was, she exacted and got respect; if necessary she whipped, suspended, or expelled.



While managing and instructing her one-room schools, Clara Barton attained, even in her twenties, a remarkable civic and social consciousness. Not long after discovering that children in the "mill district" were sadly off in an educational way, she was stirred to see what she could do about it. She begged Stephen for the use of his picking room and there established a school which she held until 1850, though quite early a new building of her own design was erected for her and her wards. And now, when not in the school room, she kept the books of S. and D. Barton, in a fine script and with mathematical accuracy. "It's all going to mean more, some day," but she could not foresee just how.

Between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine, then, Clara felt and behaved as she was—a vigorous New England young woman, active in the present but sure of an expanding future, toward which she marched with a romantic eye, alert for what the years would bring. Her pleasures were the old-fashioned kind, vanished forever from a sophisticated earth; but young people bent on enjoyment could get as much fun from filling pails with berries, or bags with nuts, and playing games at neighborhood parties as from any of the modern equivalents. C. H. Barton was one of the boys and girls, beyond them in training, if not in native intelligence, but not "lording it" over them. With them she frolicked; with them she did not fall in love. She knew, despite her lack of regular beauty, men found her attractive and desirable. Early in life, however, she decided against matrimony, or so she told Cousin William E. Barton in later years. She also told a nephew that she had known romances and love affairs but that not one of the men approached her ideal of a husband. At least three definite candidates for her love were persistent. "There is Cousin X," she thought, "handsome, too, but I don't want the man to have all the good looks in the family." This Cousin X visited her after she went away for advanced study; she finally refused him. The second suitor was a boarder in an Oxford family with whom Clara stayed

while teaching a little way from home. In 1849 he went to California, in the gold rush, and made a small fortune. On his return he begged her to share his gains and his home; again, she refused. The remarkable man gave her ten thousand dollars, which she felt was "too sacred to use," and promptly banked in New York City, not drawing upon it until altruistic needs in the 'sixties compelled her. The amount had increased fifty per cent. It is no mere coincidence that Clara Barton's Will showed her chief assets to be fifteen thousand dollars.

The third suitor appears hereafter . . . Two of the three men married other women, remaining on excellent terms with Clara. By no means a sentimentalist, she was a romanticist in the deep-lying strata of her emotions. The remark that she was a "romantic" had appealed to her when a child, and through romance she escaped into times and scenes fairer to her than the present. Trials of everyday life increased: Mother and Father were growing old; Sister Dolly died in 1846 after years of invalidism. Clara did not, however, shirk the duties of reality; so much is clear from her teaching and other work. When, in the spring of 1844, the Reverend Alfred Barnes came as clergyman to the Church of the Universalists, she helped to hold fairs, to beg for clothes and give clothes, to clean windows, to scrub up after the laborers who had built the new church, and to fit up the parsonage. Next year, she carried in her arms to the christening the first baby of the Reverend and Mrs. Barnes. In all altruistic movements near her home she was foremost.

## 6

Clara continued to practice that economy early learned. She saved her money. Most of her teaching years she lived as her father's daughter—in the third and last home he occupied in North Oxford—not as a paying guest. Colonel Alexander De-Witt, State Senator from 1842 to 1844 and again from 1850 to 1851, wisely invested her savings. In 1853, elected to the United



States Congress from the 9th Massachusetts District, he preceded her to the national capital, where he was her earnest sponsor.

From the age of six, Clara wrote verses: she wrote them all her life, here and there revealing a small glint of the Promethean but, in the greater number of her lines, exercising the habit of one who writes for occasions—humorous, serious, or sad. Living the life of action she could not contribute to verse the passion of mind and heart that elevates it to poetry. At best she was a remote disciple of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. She appreciated Lydia Huntley, who had married Charles Sigourney, descendant of that André who had been a Huguenot founder of Oxford; and she knew the vine on which before she was a year old Mrs. Sigourney wrote in commemoration of the French settlers. Like the father of Oliver Wendell, who visited the site of the old colony in 1819 and 1825, Clara was “regaled with the perfume of the grapes hanging in clusters on the vines planted more than a century before.” And, once more like Oliver Wendell himself, she knew increasingly how interesting was the town of her birth; Dr. Holmes had found only Plymouth more beguiling.

From the Society Library, of which Grandfather Stephen was a founder, Clara read Goldsmith, Milton, Pope, Johnson, Shakespeare, Addison, Cowper—in short, the best the officers could afford. She must have laughed over certain recorded fines if she ever glanced into the librarian’s notebook: “Amos Shumway (blurred snuff) Josephus.” Clara hated tobacco to the end of her days and feared for the inveterate smoker of cigarettes. She was not a total abstainer from drinking, but was avowedly for temperance. She learned chess and was a lifelong devotee of the devil’s picture books, poker and whist forming sources of her liveliest metaphors.

In 1850 Clara Barton was a well-balanced, capable woman, nearly twenty-nine years of age. For some time she had been looking about her and taking stock. She felt young, she was



young, but many of her older pupils had married, their children now in her schools. "Why, they're already calling me Aunt Clara!" To childhood associates she was, like themselves, an aging woman. More ambitious than her beaux, more and more out of intellectual harmony with her girl and women friends, despite affection for them and for her family, she stood alone. "Sister Sally is centered in her life; Ber is fifteen, his brother Irving not far behind—how I love that child—Stephen's Sam is eleven; Dave's Ida and Ada are three—" and Stephen his son would be two the day before Clara was twenty-nine. Again, she was suspended between the generations, but with a difference.

"I'm not using half my energy." Elias Howe, of Spencer, had invented a machine for sewing; another neighbor had manufactured sulphur matches; a young Mr. Morse, of Charleston, had invented the telegraph. Only six years ago had flashed the message sent by Anna Ellsworth from Washington to Baltimore, "What hath God wrought?" "What will He do with me! I feel I must go, that the time has come." She talked long with her family; she would like to study further. They approved. Because she and all her people were liberals and because Oberlin was farther off, she chose the Liberal Institute at Clinton, New York, a seminary for boys and girls, near Hamilton College.

## II

### CLARA LEAVES NORTH OXFORD

#### 1

STEPHEN AND DAVID REGRETTED, EVEN WHILE APPROVING, Clara's decision, the sense of loss to their business offset by pride in her ability and accomplishment. Superintendent of schools, Stephen would be the poorer in losing one of his best teachers; both brothers would miss the third member of the trio and their first-rate accountant. Years older, they relied upon her judgment and common-sense: Stephen's letters witness the comradeship among the three, an equality of interdependence. "You'll never come home—to stay," prophesied David, handing back the letter admitting her to the Liberal Institute. "We can't urge you not to go," said Stephen. "Because you are our sister we sometimes forget you may wish to broaden your life; but go ahead and brush up your equipment."

"Something tells me the time has come to do just that," Clara nodded. "But you know I don't like too many good-bys. Say nothing until I'm away." They smiled gravely, respecting her custom of moving, in acts important to her, with quiet reticence. "I dislike idle surmise and speculation," she said, indicating a peculiarity that often suggested secrecy or mystery when, in truth, neither existed. Intent upon direct business, she could not bear distraction by the irrelevant.

Friday, before the Christmas holidays of 1850, she closed her autumn term. Monday night, the family cutter sped over plains

and hills, white under early snow, to the station. They got out, put aboard her trunk, she patted old Dick's nose and a moment later was leaning from the train window, waving her muff at Steve and Dave in the homeward turning sleigh. Wednesday, she registered in an old-time tavern, the Clinton House, whose managers—the Bertrams—showed her much kindness. The Institute was using the holidays for transferring from old to new buildings and some delay kept her at the tavern several weeks.

At last, on a wintry day Clara, with other young ladies of the institution, moved to the cold-looking, just-completed brick structure. There she met the President, Miss Louise Barker, who in a few days was letting Clara study what and all she would. "I had not expected so charming a teacher," thought the girl from Worcester, as she felt herself expanding in the sunlight of academic approval. Many years afterward she returned to speak of the President with affection, from a store of treasured memories.

No certificates or recommendations were required, no biographical sketch or evidence of past work—though it is not impossible that Miss Barker had investigated as quietly as her star pupil would have done—and so the entire year passed without Clara's telling anybody she had taught almost half her life. Her short stature, sparkling eyes and girlishly arranged hair all denied her years; and, as already intimated, she never talked too much. She was at the Institute as student, as student she remained, "and I'll take everything they'll let me." Small wonder she might have remained as teacher.

All holidays she spent at school, working throughout the Easter vacation. Of exercise papers extant, two compositions, on "Compensation" and "Prejudice," reveal her painstaking struggle for style. "Prejudice," says Clara, "if not altogether invincible, is perhaps the most difficult of all errors to be eradicated from the human mind; for by disguising itself under the respectable name of firmness it passes through the world without censure, whereas open vice would receive a severe reprimand."



mand." From this beginning she completed a tidy page, in fair, slanting script, on deep lemon paper, and signed herself Clarissa H. Barton.

Besides Miss Barker, one of the associate tutors encouraged her, advised her, and was eventually her suitor. Corra Bacon-Foster, author of *Clara Barton, Humanitarian*, thinks the friendship with this man, Samuel Ramsey, was the great romance of her life. But after some years of close friendship she refused to marry him. Paul Towne, graduate of Hamilton, 1849, appears to have been her tutor in chemistry and mathematics. He was principal of Barton Academy, Mobile, Alabama, for some time before 1864. In 1887, when editor of *Earth*, 40 Broad Street, New York, he wrote her inquiringly. Of Samuel Ramsey more will appear in connection with Clara's Washington life.

Though Clara knew she was succeeding in the world of intellect, she was emotionally perturbed. Making up her mind and heart about one candidate for her affections, she thought, was hard enough; but here were two others. All admirable, but not compelling. "Perhaps I'm foolish, but I must act toward matrimony on compulsion."

Best of young women friends was Mary Norton, a student from Hightstown, New Jersey, a Quaker Universalist and, as the published correspondence remains to show, the friend of Horace Greeley. Fourteen years Clara's junior, she was nevertheless the first woman companion of anything like similar ability and high ideals the older woman had met.

To Clara, still at the Institute on July 21, 1851, came the following letter from Stephen, written at North Oxford, Friday evening, July 18th:

Dear Sister

From what I wrote this morning you must be partially prepared for the heavy and effecting news that I have to impart to you.

Our excellent mother is no more. She died this afternoon at a quarter after five o'clock. Her last end was without a struggle and apparently easy.

The funeral will be at Father's residence next Sunday at one

o'clock; the Rev. Mr. Baker is expected to attend the funeral. She will be buried in the new cemetery.

Dear Clara, how much I think of you and what your feelings must be when this sad news reaches you. I think of you as far away from connections and acquaintances in a strange country and among strangers, and none to comfort and sympathize with you in this stroke of affliction; yet I hope and trust that you will bear it meekly and with fortitude.

Sister Vassall will write to you in a day or so.

I think from what Mother has said to many of her friends that she has expected to live but a little while. She has expressed great anxiety for you and has often seen you in her dreams. Sister Vassall brought her and Aunt Hannah up on the hill to see the new fountain that I am building, one day last week. She was highly gratified but said she should never see it again.

Father's health is good as could be expected. . . . It is growing late, and I must draw to a close with a promise that I will write longer next time, which will be soon.

From your affectionate brother

S. Barton, Jr.

"Mother gone!" Clara dropped the blue sheet; she must hurry. But glancing at the date she reflected sadly that the burial was over. Go home? Why? Father was well-cared for. Drying her tears, she wrote to ask whether the family needed her. She knew Mother would have said, "Stay, child, and go on with your work." Encouraged shortly by homefolk who told her that Father was living with Stephen's family, she remained to the close of the term.

In later summer, she returned to North Oxford for visits with relatives and friends, all finding her "much improved," all curious to know whether she would "settle down" or teach. She was retailing no definite decision; she had not made it, but her plans were shaping for the following academic year. "Mary Norton," she told them, "wishes me to try the Cedar Swamp school, near Hightstown, and be her companion at home." Certainly, she was thinking, with Mother gone and our house closed, my home is *not* here. "And even if I marry . . . I'd like to try myself in New Jersey." She accepted Mary's invitation.



Of the mischief-makers in Cedar Swamp Seminary—so the school was dubbed after Clara's revolution there—Hart Bodine was pre-eminent. He had made the post uncomfortable for all teachers and had driven most of them off. At the first sign of the young devil's ambition to oust this little bit of a new woman, she stepped swiftly to him, put out her hand and stroked his cheek. Then, while he goggled, she patted his head. On Hart the unprecedented experience had a magical effect. After he was a soldier in the 6th New Jersey Volunteers, he confessed that Miss Barton's reproof caused him to bleat like a calf. From that day on he was a model.

With naïve ingenuousness this private sketched Mary at twenty-seven. Writing in 1863, he wants to know whether Clara can tell him anything about Mary: "It is strange such a fine girl as her never found anyone she loved better than herself and gave her heart and hand to them. I never shall forget her for the advice she gave me before I left for a soldier boy. She wished me to call before I left, which I did with pleasure. She wished me not to play cards for she said there was no hopes for a gambler but there was slight hopes for a drunkard." He has neither drunk nor gambled, he adds ("Nor improved your English," thought his amused teacher), and Mary deserves all the credit. But Hart came back from the war, married, and named his baby for Clara—one of the scores of Clara Bartons who would grow to womanhood, and even to grandmotherhood, before the end of her long race.

A description of Mary Norton, when she died December 21, 1899, emphasizes her modesty, loyalty, tenderness, and charity. The ties that bound her and Clara are obvious. They shared a happy life that year of 1851-'52. Exactly a half-century later Clara wrote reminiscently of the great square sitting-room, where all the playing and singing and chatting went on. "I remember all."



We the undersigned School  
Committee of the Town of Lyford  
have examined Mr. & Miss  
H. Barton & find her qualified  
as a Teacher of a Common  
School & we hereby approve  
her to teach the District School  
in said Town So. of the  
ensuing Season.

Lyford May 5th 1839

Joseph Brewster

W. C. Barons

David Holman

CLARA'S FIRST TEACHER'S CERTIFICATE (1839)

Courtesy National Red Cross

Bordentown School District—  
No. 1—In the County of Burlington  
and State of New Jersey

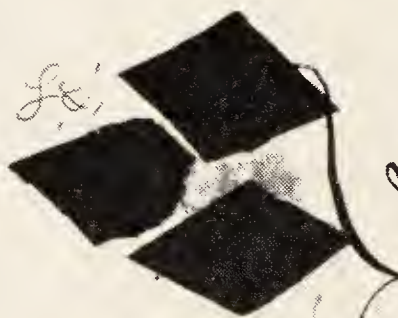
To wit

At a meeting  
of the School Trustees and township School Superintendent  
held this first day of July 1852—For the purpose of  
licensing the School Teachers—Thereof—

Now This is to Certify That the said trustees  
with the School Superintendent—Doth hereby allow  
and license—Clara H. Barton of said district  
above mentioned—to teach or keep School in said  
district—for the space of one year—Provided  
she shall keep good order and rule therein  
and conform to the General orders of Regulating  
the public Schools in said district—

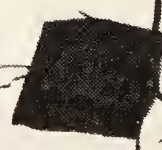
Given under our hands and seals the  
day and year first—above written—

Ezra B Robbins  
Jesse Lyngan  
Jos W Dunn



Trustees of  
Bordentown  
School  
District  
No. 1

J. M. Baffee



Township  
School  
Superintendent



In those days, she recalled, social life was simple, showing rivalry in having on the table as many kinds of cake as possible. "The prestige of one family that set fourteen varieties before its guests was eclipsed by neighbors who increased the number to seventeen." In this social life Clara was much admired by young men who no longer went to school but, with enough young men on her hands, she was not desirous of adding these. In winter when tinkling sleighs stopped before the Norton door, she always asked Mary to share the ride.

By March, 1852, she began to suffer from morbid melancholy and extreme depression, seeing little in life for which to live, confessing herself wishing to weep even while laughing and jesting. She confessed to nobody save herself and the mood began to dissolve in renewed courage. Mother had seen her in dreams, Stephen said. Inherited from that mother was a life-long interest in the supernatural, an interest that after 1900 manifested itself in her regular attendance upon spiritualistic séances. Just now, she felt her depression had resulted from telepathic communication with Oxford, for Stephen's factory had burned. She was undoubtedly morbid over heart affairs, alternating between good spells and bad, at her worst when tackling the problem of her immediate future. "Had ever one poor girl so many strange wild thoughts, and no one to listen or share one of them?" The fact is that not one of these love affairs had stirred her to the depths. Destiny reserved her for altruism to many . . .

Cedar Swamp schoolhouse was furnished with benches of heavy slabs, a tinplate stove in the center, a rough desk near the window, water pail and wash-basin behind the door. To this one-room building Clara walked a mile, sometimes in high rubber boots through snow or mud. Her first duty was to sweep up the dirt scuffed off by careless feet in the doorway. Often on winter days, a pupil remembered, she stood by the stove, man-fashion, one foot crossed over the other and resting on the hearth. To the conduct of the "seminary" she brought her



“original and impressive personality” and her effective discipline which, she still declared, was none. Ingratiating herself further, she visited pupils at home, to learn as much as possible about their lives. “If I’m to help them, I must know them as they are.” Her reputation spread and soon commanded a larger range.

Free public schools in New Jersey were not drawing many students. Appalled by boys loafing on the streets or hanging about booze shops—four hundred children out of school to two hundred inside—Clara made nobody’s business her business. “Always, I shall make nobody’s business my business.” First she went before the School Committee at Bordentown and got a certificate to teach in the district (see page 49), then asked for an interview with Chairman Suydam, whom she already knew as postmaster.

“You want a job in our school?” he looked at her quizzically.

“I do, sir. These children should be in school. All of them. I will bring them in and keep them in.”

“Think you might have trouble with discipline?” He regarded dubiously her five feet in height.

“I have taught for years in Massachusetts,” she told him, “and had no trouble. Besides, you might ask the Cedar Swamp patrons.”

Knowing about the “seminary,” he changed his tactics. “Boys won’t come, anyway.”

“Let’s see. Remember, I want no salary while trying out. But the majesty and power of the law must support me.”

“Some of ’em, if they come, will fear to be looked on as paupers.”

“Not if they know this State is doing its duty by education, enforcing a law too long inactive.”

“You’d mix up all classes—”

“This is a democracy, Mr. Suydam.”

“You’ll be maligned, Miss Barton. We’ve got private school

teachers here, some of them of high social influence. They'll be considerably upset at losing their sources of income."

"I am not seeking social prominence. My reputation, such as it is, is established. No village gossip can harm it. I merely wish to serve."

The Chairman had no other argument, and Clara breathed with relief. This was perhaps the longest discussion about educational conditions in which she had ever participated. "No pay until I am successful. You will, of course, provide suitable quarters and furnishings and get out proper announcements. I'm eager to begin a few experiments against ignorance, but I'm no adventuress."

Her snapping, eloquent eyes talked as well as her words. At the end of a two-hour interview, Suydam promised to call the Board next day. They voted unanimously for Miss Barton, for whom they refitted an old schoolhouse.

Neither too complacent nor excited over immediate success, Clara was soon granted an assistant. She invited Frances Childs, from Oxford, who had been studying at the Oread Academy. Twelve years Clara's junior, this Frances was the younger sister of Annie Childs—of whom more hereafter—and later became Clara's niece-in-law by marriage to Bernard Barton Vassall. Frances taught sixty boys and girls in a room over a tailor's shop. The small schoolhouse, now a memorial to Clara Barton, at which only six boys had appeared on opening day—Clara said parents were afraid at first to entrust their daughters to her—was too exiguous for partitioning.

The young teachers were popular; the town was pleased and by the beginning of the academic year 1853 had ready a new \$4,000 building for the six hundred education-conscious youngsters. Clara expected to be offered the principalship. But, as she had remarked in an essay, prejudice is difficult to eradicate. The three-quarter century struggle for woman's admitted right to suffrage was only just initiated. In 1853 a big organization, though created by a woman, must be headed by a man. Against



the wishes of her flourishing school, a man was elected to the chief post. "I could bear the ingratitude," thought Clara, "but not the pettiness and jealousy of this principal, under whom I am set to work." The man, seeing the estimation in which Clara was held, directed his animus and spite against her. She held out as long as possible, but when nervous tension caused a breakdown of the vocal cords she submitted her resignation.

Reticent and hurt, she wrote home nothing about her troubles; they had enough of their own, and rarely did she burden them with hers. She merely conveyed to Stephen that she was not very well. Immediately before the Christmas holidays, he wrote that long waiting had increased his anxiety. "Tell me how you do and what is the prospect of your getting well." He hoped she would stay some weeks with him and Lizzie. Thereupon, she took both brothers into her confidence, telling them her "trials and perplexities," of her action so far, and her intention to give up the struggle.

Early in February, 1854, Stephen wrote that he considered her course independent, proper and correct; it had his entire approbation. "You have done much to establish the system of free schools in the city [Bordentown], and in so doing have done an infinite amount of good to the rising generation—if these schools can be sustained until the true principles of free schools are understood by the people—and I hope you will weigh constantly any course that would injure them, for I feel certain that the Publick will be sure to do justice although it may come slow . . . Continue the straight-forward, just, independent system you have commenced, and I think that all will be right."

Clara did not think all would be right, but was comforted by her brother's approval, and for her part would have conciliated the principal. He continued, however, to harass her, and her next letter told Stephen of her resignation. "It must be unpleasant to you," he replied February 21st, "after you have done so much to establish them [the schools] to feel that you



cannot with propriety and respect to yourself continue to assist them." This letter Stephen addressed to Baltimore, where Clara and Frances had paused on their way to Washington, and there it was received three days later. Stephen wrote again, February 24th, saying he had handed her recent letter over to David, after he himself read it in the post office (where he was postmaster); there were so many people he had read it silently. Clara had told him of leaving for Washington, to seek a better climate for her voice, and with the idea of a government position; and he suggests that Colonel DeWitt, now representative in Congress, may call upon her.

Oxford was stirred and puzzled over the absent daughters. Mr. Childs, said Stephen, had been around to inquire about Frances. "I found he knew just as much as I did, so I could give him no information." Captain Barton was uneasy.

Since this letter was forwarded to Washington, the young women were not long in Baltimore. The "trials and perplexities" had been settled between the first and the twenty-fourth of February, 1854. These facts are here detailed by way of establishing the almost exact date of Clara's departure from Bordentown, heretofore published wrongly, even to the year. These letters, discovered since 1930, indicate the correct time of her exodus.

From Washington, then, Clara wrote—after reading that letter of February 24th—that she was "healthy, wealthy, and spunky." She hoped for a clerkship that would require small use of her vocal organs.

"I think," Stephen assured her March first, "that will pacify the old man." Eager to hear whether she had seen Colonel DeWitt, he closed, "Lizzie sends lots of love and thinks that your letter reads just like Clara."

"Just like Clara." She had regained her equanimity, her fine spirits, and something of her voice; she had acquired, moreover, in Hightstown and Bordentown, many lifelong friends. Her ability in winning and retaining regard or affection in-

spired new self-confidence. Chairman and Mrs. Suydam were among those who first visited her in Washington; and the advent of Miss Lydia Haskell, from New Jersey, made life happier. Not that Clara Barton was seeking happiness. She believed that at the nation's capital lay the beginning of her life work.

The old godmother rested: she had got this country girl, at thirty-two years of age, to the center of a crisis that was coming, and coming soon, but not before the girl was ready to meet it.

## 3

In 1854, Lord Elgin, then Governor General of Canada, visited Washington accompanied by his secretary, Lawrence Oliphant. The young Englishman describes the capital at that time as a "howling wilderness of deserted streets running into the country and ending nowhere, its population consisting chiefly of politicians and negroes." The inhabitants, under 50,000, had the accommodations of a village: no system of street lighting, primitive water works, and drinking water from springs or wells. Weeds flourished in parks and squares; the Potomac marshes bred mosquitoes. In short, Washington was—like many another southern city—prideless of appearance.

Compared with the climate of Massachusetts or New Jersey, however, that of Washington was balmy. Clara's hurt vocal cords soon healed, and she was aquiver for occupation. Colonel DeWitt suggested the Patent Office. Though no formal record has been found before 1855 to show that C. H. Barton was working there, "the absence of a formal record does not disprove her having been an employee, as a common method of employment in the period mentioned was to give copying work to persons and pay them by voucher (instead of pay roll) for services rendered."\* Without doubt, Clara was appointed soon after her arrival in 1854. For one thing, she described the Patent Office Building to Stephen, who promised, October, 1854, to come

\* E. J. Myers, former Chief Clerk, Department of Interior, September 21, 1916.



down and see it, and who asked her advice for an Oxford man who wished to obtain a patent. Clara detailed the procedure. If the inference is inconclusive, it is strengthened by a letter from Colonel DeWitt, who refers to Miss Barton, September, 1855, as having been employed the past year in the Patent Office.

She is recorded as Temporary Clerk in 1855, '56, '57 (payments ending with May), and after two years again from 1860 to '65. In the war years, after going to the field, she shared her salary with Edward Shaw, of Attleboro, Massachusetts. In these years a clerk might, for good reason, hire a substitute. Shaw had become Assistant Examiner in the Patent Office when the employees were decreased for lack of funds, July, 1861.

Clara wrote, years later, that leaks had been occurring in the office, which needed a clerk who could keep a secret; Congressman DeWitt declared she was the woman for the place. He could recall instances of her ability to keep her mouth shut.

"I went before the Commissioner of Patents," she related afterward, "and was seated at my desk before removing my hat or coat. I was in charge of caveats." To the careful script of the teacher she had added the rapidity of the accountant; fast, furious, and accurate, she reeled off ten thousand words a day of "bold round record," she wrote a friend, "which must live and be legible when the mound which once covered me shall have become a hollow and the moss-covered headstone with 'born' and 'died' no longer to be traced upon its time-worn front shall have buried itself beneath the kindred turf."

At four o'clock in the morning she got up for her lone scripture reading, prayer of thanksgiving, dressing, and French lesson. After breakfast she recited French, put her room in order, called on her dressmaker, or went on some other necessary errand, walked a mile of unpaved streets, stopping always at the post office, and by nine was at her desk. There she wrote until three o'clock, returned home by omnibus at three-thirty, with office material taken out by special permission and worked



on, except for the dinner hour, until midnight. After Samuel Ramsey, of Clinton association, came to write a History of Virginia, they kept each other company, sitting at opposite sides of the desk, in the chaperonage of a member of the family or of Miss Haskell.

From the outset, she was galvanized, fascinated, by politics and political Washington. When possible she sat in the galleries of the Capitol, which roused not only her patriotism and national interest, but her individual sympathies. Here she felt most at home: not for nothing had she heard Father, Cousin Ira, Cousin Sumner, and Colonel DeWitt "talk politics." Speedily she became one of the comparatively few politically informed women of America, her comprehension and insight strengthened at the center of government.

Shortly after she arrived, President Pierce signed the Nebraska Bill and so momentarily prolonged slavery; but next day, May 31, 1854, the Republican party was born—christened by Secretary Seward—a preliminary to inevitable further conflict. To this party Clara gave her allegiance from the first; she saw the shaping of events toward civil war, war between slavery and anti-slavery adherents, and believed that upon the outcome depended the fate of the Union. Two years later, Charles Sumner, of her home State, spoke on the Crime against Kansas. Clara heard his midnight oration and said afterward, "The war began not with Sumter but with Sumner."

All along her family in Oxford had her confidence: when somebody displeased her she unbosomed herself to Sally. Stephen wrote in April, 1854, "I spent four hours at Vester's the other day. He has gone into trade in Worcester as you shall see by a paper that I shall send you. Sister gave me the whole history of her correspondence with you, which I listened to with much interest for I had previously learned that you were not quite pleased with everybody but had not known the particulars." He observed that Bernard was at home and Irving had been at work in the telegraph office, a point worth mention

inasmuch as the error has persisted that Clara went to Washington to live in her sister's boardinghouse. Quite the reverse is true: Sally came later, and Clara found berths at the capital for relatives and non-relatives. No woman ever kept her own family near her heart or her open purse strings more constantly and lovingly.

In early June she received a letter from Stephen that made her homesick. For the Fourth of July, "The Judge and Aunt Hannah have planned a great time at Father's. Father is to be the President, Aunt to be Vice-President, and the Judge to be orator, and are to sit around a small table. David and I and families are to sit in a circle round them, and others in a circle back of us. Should you not like to see us?" She would, and Stephen must tell her how it all worked out. He did, at length. Aunt came a fortnight before to make the preparations, satisfactory to everybody. "Father took charge of the potable part of the ceremonies; Aunt and David's wife the edible." The Judge began his address to Father by saying that all he, the Judge, had against him was his being born under a monarchical government; and what made the sin the greater was for being born under that imbecile old tyrant, George the Third. "The Judge," Clara smiled, "must have been pretty mellow, even at that stage."

"The egg-pop was all gone when he bethought himself that you had not been toasted," continued Stephen, "but said that it should be done even if the egg-pop was gone. His precise words have escaped my memory but their meaning was something like this: 'May Clara continue to write and fit speeches for the members of Congress while she knows more than half of them, and is more honest than any of them.' "

That letter he concluded with the news that Vester's partner had decamped, carrying off all available funds. Clara immediately urged Sally and Ves to come to Washington. They did, and remained some years. Not much later, Stephen, nearly fifty years of age, bought 2,000 acres of land on the Chowan



River, Hertford County, North Carolina, took with him twenty men and set up a lumber mill. Father and David were still in North Oxford.

Desirable as were her services, Clara was in danger of losing her clerkship, from the very beginning. Commissioner Charles Mason, "a man of stern moral fiber," bent upon obtaining autonomy for the Patent Office then under jurisdiction of Robert McClelland, Secretary of the Interior, had chosen Clara and other women clerks on guarantee of exclusive right to make all temporary appointments. As early as 1855, however, McClelland—a man of prejudice, with "inability to harbor new ideas"—interfered and removed some of the women. Mason resigned July 4, 1855, whereupon Clara appealed to Colonel DeWitt to intercede for her with McClelland. He intimated that Miss Barton was instrumental to the comfort of her father and trusted her past year of service had been satisfactory. The narrow-minded McClelland put himself on record in his reply of September 27, 1855, with the words, ". . . there is such obvious impropriety in the mixing of the sexes within the walls of a public office, that I determined to arrest the practice."\*

Despite McClelland's saying he would not retain her or "any of the other females at work in the rooms of the Patent Office," Clara was not officially dropped, though no amounts were paid to her in the third quarter of 1855. Mason returned November 1, 1855, and immediately her salary rose; for the fourth quarter she drew \$350.06. Thereafter for five quarters, until May, 1857, she was paid at the rate of \$1400 yearly, a colossal amount for a woman clerk whose Chief was paid only \$3,000. Reasons for decreases and increases are obvious from the foregoing and, further, from the fact that in the summer of 1856 McClelland forbade Judge Mason to appoint any temporary clerk, giving him the right only to nominate. Hampered and harassed in every conceivable way, Mason resigned again and with Mrs.

\* Letter discovered in the National Archives, February, 1940, published by Leila Sellers, Ph.D. in an article entitled "Commissioner Charles Mason and Clara Barton," *Journal of the Patent Office Society*, November, 1940.



Mason got ready to go home to Iowa. President Buchanan tried to make peace—probably through Shugert, his friend and Clara's—and Mason stayed on until August 4, 1857, then resigning for the third and final time.

Mason esteemed Clara as "a very valuable ally in his reforming work in the Patent Office." And, says Dr. Leila Sellers, "Moreover, Commissioner Mason soon found that the small woman with a generous, homely mouth, a big nose, and sharp virtuous eyes had considerable executive ability and a very tender heart which, with ambition, were later to guide her in her humanitarian work."

From the outset, Clara remembered, men in the office resented women's encroachment upon what they regarded their domain. They lined up in the halls, stared, blew smoke in the women's faces, spat tobacco juice, and gave cat-calls or made obnoxious remarks. "I walked rapidly, seeing only their boots," Clara summed up her running of the gauntlet.

One of the men tried slander, with the object of removing Clara.

"Show me proof," said Judge Mason, "and I will discharge the clerk. If you cannot, *you* will go."

The defamer went.

Yet not all the men were unpleasant: Shaw and Shugert have been mentioned. Shugert admired her and jested with her: "You're an old school Loco," and told guests at a party to which he had escorted her to have no confidence in her remarks. "She has drunk five cups of coffee." On going to Pennsylvania to vote, he asked her to serve as Chief Clerk until he returned. She refused, saying she was for Frémont, obviously meaning she would be no *particeps criminis*. Buchanan was elected. Colonel DeWitt's constituents did not return him to Washington but before he left the capital he helped Clara place her nephew, Irving, in the Massachusetts State Agency.

By March, 1857, she was decidedly unsettled. Mason doubtless had told her he could not remain much longer, Colonel

DeWitt was gone, and "the government is killing off everybody who does not happen to suit," she wrote, "or to suit the prevailing humor." In May, after earning eighty-odd dollars, she suffered from malaria and returned to North Oxford for a change of air. Still she remained on the pay roll and was back at work in a hot September of long, weary days, short sleepy nights and mosquitoes. "In vain I have placarded myself, 'Stick no bills': but for window-netting I should be scarred and battered . . ." Her health improved. "Either the malarial yellow has worn off or maybe I am yellow all over; I am no longer spotted." Yet, she confided to Julian, she might leave the city any day. She had just read seven large volumes of "dry, lawyer writing," had collected and transferred something from each page, filling a book almost as heavy as she could lift; her arm was tired, her thumb calloused.

Without regret, she now felt her Washington life would soon close. She prized her experience there; it had been a blessing, but not all sunshine, rather a weary pilgrimage "which it was necessary for me to accomplish." The battle had' been hard-fought and, she hoped, well-won. *Necessary for her to accomplish*—perhaps the first expression regarding that compulsion directing all the acts of her "necessary pilgrimage." Late in 1857—after Mason's absolute resignation in August—official decapitation sent her home. In North Oxford her duty and pleasure lay in renewed association with her eighty-three-year-old father which, however, left leisure for old friends and the study, in Boston, of painting and French. This was her first long period of rest and preparation for what lay ahead. With the thought of teaching again, she wrote a former pupil now living in Mobile, Alabama, asking him to let her know if he heard of need for an experienced instructor in French and accounting. "I think I should like to live in the South."

At this juncture, late in Buchanan's administration, when the Presidential campaign was at its height, she was recalled to the Patent Office. Hesitant, she accepted her father's advice and,



late in 1860, was back at her desk. She returned with mixed feelings. No woman was more susceptible to praise and appreciation than Clara: that she was wanted, that her ability at last was recognized, she knew beyond all doubt. She returned, however, not to \$116.66 monthly, but to a salary dependent upon her copying ability at the reduced rate of eight cents a hundred words. Thirty clerks had been dismissed in the retrenchment, and all salaries cut. Pleasantly enough, by Act of Congress, March 3, 1863, all clerks whose salaries had been lowered on account of war got back pay. Clara received over \$1,000 by that Act.

Copying, abstracting, and study had heightened her style. Thenceforth, her letters on business and affairs, release of a dynamic mind, were close-knit and economical. When impassioned she became oratorical, not surprising after years of understudy for eloquent Representatives and Senators in an age of oratory.

Best of all, she had got used to thinking in large concepts and had acquired an expert knowledge of government organization.

At the age of thirty-eight, she had emerged from several love affairs which, though emotionally disturbing, had left her heart-whole. She liked men, would like or love them all her life—as she liked and loved the rest of the human race—but not one man enough to sink into his career her own identity.

## 4

The conflict between North and South had been obvious to many after the Dred Scott decision of March, 1857, a pronouncement that made Clara's blood boil because it regarded slaves as property, not persons. When, in 1858, Buchanan urged upon Congress the admission of Kansas under slavery, he was opposed by Senator Douglas who, thereby, lost the election. But two Congresses sat while Kansas waited, Congresses marked by fisticuff fights, show of weapons, and party recrimination. The Democrats divided on slavery; one side nominated Breckin-



ridge, the other Douglas. Seward, former Governor of New York, would have been put up by the Republicans, as everybody expected, but for the firm opposition of Horace Greeley; Lincoln and Hamlin were nominated and, as all the world knows, were elected. In the meantime the John Brown episode had occurred, rousing all Clara Barton's sympathy.

On February 11, 1861, Lincoln entrained for Washington, avoiding assassination in Baltimore by a change of plan, and arrived nine days before the inauguration. On that day he passed into the Capitol through a soldier-lined, board tunnel, and spoke from a platform under which were fifty armed men. Clara enthusiastically heard his address. Immediately he appointed his Cabinet, which had scarcely been named before Fort Sumter fell. Next day, April 15th, he called for 75,000 men.

"Should have made it 300,000," said Captain Barton, out of the wisdom of eighty-six years.

The Civil War had begun and Clara was still in Washington, where Destiny arranged the strings for the puppets of a great drama.

### III

## SERVICE IN THE CIVIL WAR: 1861-1865

### 1

THIS CONFLICT," SAID CLARA, "IS ONE THING I'VE BEEN WAITING for. "I'm well and strong and young—young enough to go to the front. If I can't be a soldier, I'll help soldiers." She had a vision of smoking fields and falling men. "Thank God, I know how to nurse." Brother Dave and the smallpox patients had told her so, long ago; she was confident of her ability, aware of her magnetic power.

In that era few women had more than ability and experience: Clara was peculiarly qualified. The Philadelphia Lying-in Hospital and Nurses' School created in 1836 had lived but a short time. Not until 1863 was a training school opened in connection with the Woman's Hospital at Philadelphia; not until ten years later was a plan for general nursing introduced into America—at Bellevue Hospital, New York. In 1888 only some thirty schools are recorded in this country.

Clara's destiny involved her in the first response to Lincoln's appeal. On Friday, April 19, 1861, the 6th Massachusetts, in which were enlisted old friends and pupils, arrived in Baltimore. Crossing in horse-drawn cars from one railroad station to the other, they were mobbed. Though the car bearing her men was in the middle of the line and so escaped attack, she did not know this fact when she heard that four soldiers were killed and many wounded. After this first-drawn blood, the regiment con-

tinued to the Capitol and was quartered in the Senate Chamber. Saturday morning Clara rushed to meet the boys from home and to find out their needs. "We lost our baggage," an officer told her, "and we're sweltering in woolen underwear."

Exulting to be of use at the outset, she said, "I'll be back tomorrow." That Sunday morning, with five negro porters who staggered under boxes of food and clothing, she reappeared, to the cheers of Oxford and Worcester. Before leaving she asked, "Now what else do you need?" "A pin!" "A button!" "Scissors!"

In her rooms she tore up sheets for towels and handkerchiefs. Thread, needles, pins, scissors, buttons, strings, tallow and the like, she bought, stowed all in a mammoth basket and again distributed the contents.

"Is that everything?"

"No!" said one keen-eyed boy. "You've got a copy of the *Spy*. Would you mind reading it to us?"

"That's what I brought it for," she laughed. "All about the Sixth in it."

She ascended the desk of the President of the Senate and unfolded the Worcester *Spy* for April 22nd. Beginning with the *Postscript* of Saturday's issue, sent by a correspondent from Harrisburg, and reprinted under the caption THE AFFAIR AT BALTIMORE, she read the whole account.

"Their attention," she wrote home next day, "was better than I have been accustomed to see there in the old times."

In the *Spy* of the 25th was published a letter from Horace W. Porter, who declared that the Sixth Massachusetts was assigned to "the most magnificent barracks in the world." Clara nodded agreement, as she read, and the boys cheered. Horace had looked from his desk, Senator Trumbull's, at a most impressive scene: armed to the teeth, the Sixth slept upon the floor and in the galleries of the Senate Chamber. She knew they were stationed there for defense and were equipped day and night, knew they were preparing ovens for baking bread and laying pipes for a water supply, knew that in two days they



would be ready for a siege. Next time she saw them, they were drilling on the green at the east side of the Capitol. She wrote to the *Spy* that she would receive stores, supplies, and money for the wounded and needy of the Sixth Regiment, and would herself dispense them. The response was so great and immediate, first from Worcester, then from neighboring towns, that her rooms were filled with boxes, bundles, and barrels which soon overflowed into a warehouse.

Through service to her fellow-townsmen, Clara entered into service to the nation, and so began the second phase of her career. Primarily, she was an organizer; that she knew. That knowledge accounts for her not applying to Dorothea Dix, Superintendent of Nurses, with whose autocratic nature her own would have conflicted. "She might reject me, as she rejected Helen Louise Gilson, as she has rejected other capable women." And still those who wondered over her individual, unattached achievements asked why she didn't work with the Sanitary Commission. That Commission was organized early but did not send men to the field until 1863, and Clara, knowing herself, was sure from the beginning that only the front would satisfy her. At the front, wounded men would die oftentimes from lack of the simplest attention. "I can save some of those poor fellows, whose lives may be lost but for me."

Later she said in the *Rochester Evening Express*, June 14, 1864, "It does not seem wise or desirable to change my course. If by practice I have acquired any skill, it belongs to me to use discretionarily, and I might not work as efficiently or labor as happily under the direction of those of less experience than myself. It is simply just to all parties that I retain my present position, and through all, up to the present hour, I have always been able to meet my own demands, with such supplies as came voluntarily from my circle of personal friends, which fortunately was not small."

After the appalling losses at the first Bull Run, July, 1861, the Union was forced to recognize that the Rebels could not

easily be subdued. McDowell, Burnside, and other professionally educated officers had fallen back from the Confederates fighting under professionally trained Jackson, Beauregard, and their associates. Washington was panic-stricken. Streets swarmed with returning soldiers, ambulances, and all the motley-medley in the train of a desperate battle. Union women now joined commissions, hospitals, sewing circles, and other auxiliaries. Some of them wrote: Frances Dana Gage, Mary A. Livermore, for example, and Julia Ward Howe, whose *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, inspired by the rhythm of *John Brown's Body*, challenged Randall's *Maryland, My Maryland*.

Characteristically, Clara Barton waited patiently; throughout life she planned long before acting quickly. Her first duty, moreover, was to her sick father, who wanted her at North Oxford. When he amazingly rallied, she left his bedside to collect several trunk loads of army necessities. With these, accompanied by her nephew Irving, she set out for Baltimore, the point nearest Annapolis, before progressing to the capital. Unable to get checks at Baltimore, she delivered those she had to the expressman and took receipts. To every conductor on the train, as she told the story afterward, she made clear that her baggage was to be drawn by the horse-cars in the same train with herself. Just as her train moved off, she saw the trunks slowly driven up. It was Saturday night; she had no notion of what might happen to all that baggage.

"I'll get off at the next station, Irving, and telegraph Baltimore to forward the trunks on the next train. You go on to Washington."

Train and trunks came. With them she rode to the junction—too late for Annapolis. Every room in the hotel was filled with officers; she slept on the parlor sofa and next day claimed a seat in a train chartered for a regiment of Zouaves, and so presented herself at the headquarters of the 21st Massachusetts. In time for a seat between the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel at dinner, she went with them later to hear the Rev. Mr. Ball



preach. Next morning some Worcester ladies came over from the 25th Regiment, inviting Clara to accept a seat in their coach to the 25th headquarters. There she met Chaplain James, "the best specimen of a true soldier that I ever saw . . . watching the wants of every soldier."

Clara's work was progressing, as it had begun, with her State contingents. Those she preferred to help, in any event; and they knew her, would never mistake her intentions; they would establish her repute before she broadened the scope of her ministrations. Before that expansion, she must make all the money possible.

By the middle of December she was again in the Patent Office, working irregularly in the final quarter of 1861. January, 1862, she copied 65,000 words at eight cents the hundred, using all earnings for needs of soldiers. "I have been a great deal more than busy for the past three weeks," she wrote Fannie Childs Vassall, who was now back in Massachusetts, "owing to some new arrangements in the office, mostly by which I lead the record and hurry up the others who lag." She had not seen the Oxford regulars for some time; the roads between her and them were churned to a sea of mud. Cousin Leander Poor had asked her to visit a pleuritic case, a young man she thought would recover. Wind and storm prevented her returning to the hospital for three days. On the fourth day they bought him a grave in the Congressional burying ground—"a sapling at the head, a rough slab at the foot, nine shots between and all is over." War was coming close to her now, but she could not yet join the men on the field.

She heard compellingly from Sam, who had not followed his father, Stephen, to North Carolina but was living in North Oxford: "Grandpa says he shall not be with us long and should like to see Clara once more before he dies. Julia cares for him excellently, Grandpa says, but there is nobody like Clara." Her heart sad—this she knew would be the end—she rushed to "Grandpa" and nursed him devotedly two months before he



went. They talked about Stephen on the Chowan River, who had already sent home his assistants. Beyond the age of fighting, he would stay to guard his property. "We are not fighting for abolition as a cause, dear Stephen," she wrote, "but for the maintenance of the constitutional government of the United States. Abolition will be a consequence, never an object."

She laid down her pen and reflected. "That's the truth, as I see it. Steve knows that if I were a man I should gladly fight for the freedom of all slaves."

She told him of the vast reserves of men, of the peace-time look of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and of the willingness of troops to lay down arms as soon as the South was ready to re-enter the Union. She and Father would have him come to her home in Washington. For the first time in ten months an opportunity of escape was open to him. He might, even at his age, be drafted for the South; he must take ship and, under official protection, journey to Roanoke Landing. There he would join a transport for Annapolis, where Clara or friends would be waiting.

"Sam is going to you," she added, "hoping for your company back to Washington." Begging him not to suppose he would be offered any position that would interfere with any oath he might have given, she ends the letter: "Our dear old father . . . has talked a hundred volumes about you, wishes he could see you, knows he cannot, but hopes you will come away with Sam." She addressed the letter, gently thanking an old servitor who came in to offer his savings to "Mr. Stephen," offered it with tears running down his cheeks: "We believe he is in no need, Brine, of financial aid, but, O, thank you!" Dangers to Stephen, known and unknown dangers, racked her mind.

And now Clara spoke to her father of her own wish to go to the front line of battle. "You know," she reminded him, "I said when I was a tiny girl that I wanted to be a soldier." He smiled and joked about her not being very hefty and asked why she wanted to go. "To nurse the men, to try to save some on the

field, poor wounded fellows that otherwise might die." The old Captain nodded.

"But am I fit?" she pressed him.

"I know you're a good nurse," he smiled.

"And I would be respected?"

"Have no doubt on that score," he told her. "Soldiers, however rough, always respect the woman who deserves it." He lay in thought a space and when she brought his glass of water asked her to fetch him a certain box from his cabinet. Fumblingly he sought and found his masonic emblem. "Take this, Clara. Wear it always. Go with my blessing and, if you can, have another woman for company."

Never was she without the emblem, which heads the long list of her gifts and decorations. Not always could she accede to his other request; women were lacking or, if available, not all had the necessary characteristics for work on the field . . . Happy in her father's approval, Clara waited in loving patience for his release.

Late in February, 1862, accompanied by Colonel DeWitt, now at home in what Stephen had facetiously termed his baronial mansion, she visited Governor Andrew in Boston. Her object was to inform him of treasonable organizations near Washington. The Governor promised to look into the matter, and thirty-five secessionists were shortly arrested. Clara Barton had a detective instinct, exercised on occasion throughout the war: this is the first recorded instance of her informal "intelligence service."

The Captain talked about his Will. On the 8th of March, Cousin Judge Ira came over to write it down in his strong, beautiful script. To Clara the veteran bequeathed seventy acres of land situated upon and near Rocky Hill. All the rest and residue of his estate was divided equally among the four children except that Sam inherited his father Stephen's portion (Stephen was worth some \$50,000), and with it the admonition



to be "always kind and dutiful to his father, as better than any bequest I could make him."

With amazing tenacity the old soldier lived more than a month after he could take no food except a few ounces of milk or water. Still, wrote Clara, "he talked strongly and sensibly and wisely;" still he heard her read reports from the front, of the Burnside expedition, through the Battle of Newbern, North Carolina, on which the *Spy* published an article, March 19, 1862.

While she sat by his side, Clara was making preparations for the front. On the 20th, she recalled herself by letter to Governor Andrew, asking his permission to go to Roanoke. Her father's march ended, the old soldier honorably discharged—so she wrote—he would soon journey home, and with his going her highest duties were closed. "If I know my own heart, I have none but right motives. I ask neither pay nor praise, simply a soldier's fare and the sanction of your Excellency to go and do with my might whatever my hands find to do." In that sentence lie the purpose, the feeling, the will, the personality of Clara Barton, who said later of this time, "The patriot blood of my father was warm in my veins." Perhaps no other woman of the war invited so comprehensively hard a task.

On March 21st the Captain slipped away, at nearly eighty-eight. "We Bartons live long," he had said; and his daughter looking down the years believed she would live long—though often enough that belief wavered. The day of the funeral, the 25th, she heard from Governor Andrew who, writing the day before, promised to promote her cause. But Dr. Hitchcock, the Surgeon, who she hoped would also recommend her, declared to her bitter disappointment the field was no place for a woman and, against pleas of herself and others that she be allowed to join the Burnside expedition, refused his signature.

After deliberation and with her father's sanction, Clara had accepted the second challenge of Destiny, as inevitably as she had accepted that to teach. She would be deterred by no mo-



mentary defeat. Forty years of age, she was old enough, wise enough, to know that her road with marching men, fighting men, must surmount obstacles and avoid pitfalls. Surgeon Hitchcock might as well have endorsed her application. She sat in thought, wondering whom she could enlist in her favor, and slowly took up her pen. Chaplain Horace James, whom she had met in December, was on leave in the neighborhood. Unwilling to intrude upon his time with nearer friends, she did not seek an interview but stated her desires and enclosed a letter to Captain Denny, asking the Chaplain to deliver it. (See illustration, page 78.) She was returning, she said, directly to Washington.

Back at headquarters, 488½ Seventh Street, in May or June, 1862, Clara remained there to the 18th of July, writing in late June of the "pain breathed out" in the atmosphere of the capital. Five thousand men were on hand, eight thousand and more to come. Alternating office work with visits to the hospitals, she had just got the discharge of a seventeen-year-old boy from Lowell, Massachusetts, "who is going home to his mother."

Whether Chaplain James, Captain Denny, or some other friend finally got permission for her to serve at the front, or whether the plea to Quartermaster-General Rucker, General Sheridan's father-in-law, was effective, no clear record exists to show. Rucker, impressed by her tireless work on the field, never refused her requests—whatever the danger into which she asked to venture. She would have it so, and that knowledge sufficed the Quartermaster. Possibly every favoring influence helped to the issuing of those orders which began July 11, 1862, with Surgeon-General Hammond, and ended August 12th, "By command of Major-General Pope," for passports to the Army of the Potomac with such supplies as Miss Barton would wish to take for the sick and wounded.

Passports to the Army of the Potomac! She would get what she wanted. Calmly, without haste, she continued her preparations and, with the purpose of insuring a steady stream of pro-

visions, visited Bordentown, Hightstown, New York, Boston, and her home neighborhood. In all these former haunts she met enthusiastic response. By August 3rd she was ready to set out, nine days ahead of the final order signed by Pope but assured it would be forthcoming.

On that Sunday morning, she did not think too much about the adventure into which she was entering with all her soul and body. She must go about her work seriously, soberly, wholly forgetting Clara Barton except as an instrument of service. She dressed in a plain jacket and skirt, free from all crinoline and stiffening, that hung straight down her slight figure and did not trail the ground. After breakfast, she put away the dishes, saw that her room was in order, and locked the door. Below, she climbed nimbly up beside the driver of a mule wagon laden with supplies. The muleteer looked askance at the little woman he judged to be about thirty years old, but when she spoke felt maturer power behind her dark eyes and in her deep voice.

"To the boat landing," she ordered. He headed for the Potomac docks.

Clara superintended the unloading and remained beside her cargo to Acquia Creek, below Alexandria. Next day she went to Fredericksburg, visiting the temporary hospital, afterward dealing out her provisions to the 21st Massachusetts. This journey informed her what was most needed and what she could do best. On returning to Washington, she called upon the Sanitary Commission, to tell them how they might improve their hospital supplies. This commission, with which henceforth she worked in full sympathy, though not of its membership, gave her food and garments for distribution to the Connecticut regiments.

These preliminaries closely preceded the Battle of Cedar Mountain, or Culpeper, Saturday, August 9, 1862. When news reached Washington, Monday, August 11th, her first thought was for a conference with the Sanitary Commission. From them



she got goods, packed for immediate transportation. Her final important pass had not come through. "I'll go with you," said Quartermaster Rucker, "to see Pope." They got that last link in the chain of permissions next day.

Wednesday Clara arrived at Culpeper, where she aided the wounded of both sides, feeding soldiers, mixing gruel, making bandages. She met no more horrible sight or distressing agony than she had expected; yet seeing bloodshed at close quarters tried her sensibilities and powers of endurance. But she gave no sign: however she shuddered inwardly, outwardly she walked serene, while her sleeves grew bloody as she bandaged arms and legs. An army surgeon later wrote his family a letter that was published and several times republished: "I first met Miss Barton," he said, "at the Battle of Cedar Mountain, where she appeared in front of the hospital at twelve o'clock at night with a four-mule team loaded with everything needed; and at a time when we were entirely out of dressings of every kind, she supplied us with everything, and while the shells were bursting in every direction took her course to the hospital on our right, where she found everything wanting again. After doing all she could on the field, she returned to Culpeper, where she staid dealing out shirts to the naked wounded, and preparing soup, and seeing it prepared in all the hospitals. . . . I thought that night if heaven ever sent out a holy angel, she must be one, her assistance was so timely."

Clara Barton quickly had proved her selflessness, her serious intention to feed the hungry soldier or bind up his wounds, and her capability. As soon as she returned to Washington she was summoned to Alexandria, where six hundred suffering from injuries had been brought from the fields. Cousin Leander was ill in the Armory Hospital but she had no time to visit him before riding the short distance to Alexandria, where she supplied clothes, made bandages and helped the surgeons. That task was quickly finished but she was grievously tired from the first severe strain on her capacity.



Back in Washington, she looked down from her window on Saturday, August 30th, upon a surging throng making for the wharf. Throwing on her coat and bonnet she dashed out to join them. The Second Bull Run had been fought, throwing the capital into a state of panic. Department clerks were released for nursing at the front, the government ordered arms and money shipped to New York, and Lincoln put into McClellan's hands the defense of the city.

Of Clara Barton's second trip to Fairfax, her own words should tell the story, swift after the event, as she told it to Cousin Lizzie Shaver:

Washington, D.C.  
Sept. 4/62

Dear Friend

Yours awaited me on my return from Fairfax, Tuesday evening (or night, rather). I left here on Sunday morning (31 August) in the rain, in company with Mrs. Morrell, Mr. Haskell, Mr. Alvord, &c, &c, took the train at Morgan Bulley's office and soon found ourselves at Fairfax. I cannot tell you the scenes which awaited our eyes—the wounded were constantly coming, but no hospitals this time, only God's great one under the blue canopy.

The men were brought down from the field and laid on the ground beside the train and so back up the hill till they covered acres. The bales of hay and forage were broken open and the ground was littered like bedding for horses. They came till dark and then it was dark indeed. One lantern on the ground—made a requisition for candles—drew a few—the wind blew just enough to put them out every few minutes and the men lay so thick we could not take one step in the dark. By midnight there must have been three thousand helpless men lying in that hay. We had two water buckets—five dippers—the stores which we carried to eat besides hard crackers—my one stew pan, which I remembered to take, and this made coffee for them. All night we made compresses and slings and bound up and wet wounds when we could get water, for what we could traveled miles in the dark over those poor helpless wretches, in terror lest someone's candle fall into the hay and consume them all. At length, morning came, and we sent up the train with 1250, next 1000, next 1100, next 940, and so on. Still the ambulance came down and the cars went out and we worked on—took the meat from our own sandwiches, and gave it to them, and broke the bread into

wine and water to feed the poor sinking wretches as they lay in the ambulances.

On Monday (September 1) the cavalry appeared in the wood opposite and a raid was hourly expected. (I neglected to tell you that Mrs. Fales sent to me before I started to know if she could go with me. I had the train wait and sent back an ambulance for her and her stores—and this made three ladies—Mrs. Carver is away.\*) On Monday P.M. all the wounded then in were sent off and the danger became so imminent that Mrs. Fales thought it best to leave although she only “went for stores.” I begged to be excused from accompanying her as the ambulances were up to the field for more and I knew I would never leave a wounded man there if I knew it, though I were taken prisoner 40 times.

“At six o’clock,” the letter continues, “it commenced to thunder and lighten and all at once the artillery began to play, joined by the musketry about two miles distant. We sat down in our tent and waited to see them break in upon us, but Reno’s forces held them back. The old 21st Mass. lay between us and the enemy and they *couldn’t pass*. God only knows who is lost. I do not, for the next day all fell back. Poor Kearney, Stephens, and Webster were brought in, and in the P.M. Kearney’s and Heintzelman’s divisions fell back through our camp on their way to Alexandria. We knew this was the last. We put the thousand wounded we had then into the train. I took one car-load of them, Mrs. M[orrell] another, the men took to horse—we steamed off and two hours after *there was no Fairfax Station*. Reached Alexandria at ten o’clock at night, and Oh! the repast which met those poor men at the train. The people of the Island are the most noble band I ever saw or heard of. I stood in my car and fed the men till they could eat no more—then the people *would take us home and feed us*, and after this we came home.

I had slept 1¼ hours since Saturday night, but I am well and strong and wait to go again if I have need.

Our forces are all back again in the old places around the city—McClellan’s army here again and he in command of it all.

I am going back to search for my friends now. I have told you nothing of the old friends who met me among the wounded and dying on that bloody field. I have not heart to tell it today—but will sometime. Can you read this?”

She was no Pallas, ready-armed, she wrote another friend, but grew into her work by hard thinking and sad experience. “You have read of adverse winds. To realize this in its full sense,

\* Mrs. Almira Fales and Mrs. Ada Carver were well-known at the time as war-workers. Both are mentioned in L. P. Brockett’s *Woman’s Work in the Civil War*.



you have only to build a campfire and attempt to cook something on it." How did they prepare and how administer food without dishes? "Your generous mothers and wives have not forgotten the tons of preserves and fruits with which you filled our hands. . . . Every can, jar, bucket, bowl, cup, or tumbler, when emptied, that instant became a vehicle of mercy to convey . . . bread and wine or soup or coffee to some famishing sufferer, who partook of it with the tears rolling down his bronzed cheeks." That one day's experience, she said, taught her the worthlessness of what could not be made to contribute directly to the momentary need. "The bit of bread which would rest on the surface of a gold eagle was worth more than the coin itself." To her the most fearful scene was that at night when necessarily moving about among the wounded one might misstep and bring a torrent of groans from "some poor mangled fellow" in one's path. "—we put socks and slippers on their cold damp feet, wrapped your blankets and quilts about them, and when we had no longer these to give . . . we covered them in the hay . . ."

Her letter to Cousin Lizzie ends:

"Oh! how I needed stores on that field today. Two huge boxes from Jersey have arrived. I don't know where we shall need them next. I will write you a more readable letter in reply to your next I hope.

Yours

C. H. Barton."\*

Not only Clara's letters exist to report her work after this battle: the surgeon quoted above continued his account. "We

\* Percy H. Epler published, pp. 36-39, *op. cit.* a letter duplicating much of this, and observes that Clara kept it always with her. In September, 1908, she ran upstairs and got it for him. Mrs. Shaver's letter was copied by that lady October 18, 1909, and returned to Miss Barton with the following note:

My Dearest Sister Clara

This is an exact copy of the letter you wrote me forty-seven years ago last month . . .

Lovingly your sister

Lizzie Shaver.

Obviously Clara repeated herself, to save time, in reporting to various persons and groups. William E. Barton repeats, I, 176, *op. cit.* the version given by Epler.



were ordered," he wrote, "to Fairfax Station. We had hardly got there before the Battle of Chantilly commenced and soon the wounded began to come in. Here we had nothing but our instruments—not even a bottle of wine. When the cars whistled up to the station, the first person on the platform was Miss Barton, again to supply us with bandages, brandy, wine, prepared soup, jellies, meal, and every article that could be thought of. She staid there till the last wounded soldier was placed on the cars, then bade us goodbye and left."

## 2

Not yet had Clara attained the ultimate of her objective, but opportunity was winging her to the front. Nine days after her letter to Cousin Lizzie, somebody—whose name she never would reveal for some honorable reason—whispered, "Harper's Ferry. Not a moment to be lost!" She hurried to Quartermaster Rucker, who had an army wagon at her door early on the 14th, again a Sunday. With four men, including the Rev. C. M. Welles, Clara climbed atop the boxes and bales. Necessary personal articles she carried in a pocket-handkerchief.

Over the rough roads and dykes of Maryland they rattled and jolted all day, camping at night within roar of artillery. Clara slept in the wagon; the men, her guards, wrapped in blankets, lay on the ground. Off before sunrise, her party caught up with a ten-mile train of government stores, food, ammunition, and medicine. All along the way they passed dead horses and sick or weary stragglers from yesterday's battle. For the hungry men of South as well as North Clara sliced bread, renewing supplies at every village halt. While the long procession paused, searchers covered the field but found no sick or wounded. Those were already in Fredericksburg. On plodded the wagons. Suddenly, shockingly, the wheels were all but rolling over the dead of South Mountain. All the wounded had been removed.

The train lumbered on: first, the ammunition wagons; then

carriers of food and clothing, and last the hospital supplies. Down the line at length sounded the order to bivouac. . . .

Face upturned to the stars, obscure in drifting mist, Clara prayed for success to Union arms, for comfort to all valiant wounded soldiers, for guidance to her own hand and brain. While the train quieted down and weary soldiers slept, she lay alert: the call of a tree-toad, the melancholy hoot of a night owl, the stamp of a nervous horse, far off the rattle of a chain. "My wagon is too far from the front. What *can* I do?" From the past and the games on the rug, and from more recent memories, a word leaped out and stood before her eyes, "Flank movement!"

"Of course!" She raised herself with a smile, climbed down from her wagon and woke her men. "We're going on," she told them. They were overcome with sleep but if she could stand it, so must they.

By daylight, her wagon was ahead of the ammunition; at nightfall it came up to the Army of the Potomac and halted upon the left wing. She saw no woman now. Too tired to sleep, she lay down again and prayed for victory.

Her first day at the front was the bloodiest of the war: the Battle of Sharpsburg, to the South; Antietam, to the North. All readers of history know of the conflict that rocked the earth that September 17th, between 75,000 Union men and 45,000 Confederates, who faced each other on the ridges above Antietam Creek, near Sharpsburg, Maryland. McClellan and Sumner and Burnside and Hooker against Hill and Hood and Jackson and Lee. They battled until "men walked like ghosts and fought like automatons," until each side drew off and on the morning of the 18th the silence of death lay on both ridges. Not all readers of history know that before the end of that conflict, Clara Barton was there to relieve the direst misery yet encountered. Or, for that matter, know that in Shepherdstown Southern women strained every nerve and muscle, in the roar of cannon and constant danger from shells, to provide for the Confederate wounded of Harper's Ferry and South Mountain.



friend of the old war Capt Denney — and  
asking you to take them with you and only read  
them when there is plenty of time and nothing  
else to do. They will explain what I wish  
to say. I shall leave them all unsealed for  
your perusal, in case you have time to kill.  
You will see by all I enclose that I ask if  
there be any place seen where I can do good  
a relieve distress, to be remembered and allowed  
to come and do it. — And believe me I am  
not interesting myself with the importance of  
a martyr. the facts are simply there I am the  
daughter of an old soldier and patriot, my earliest  
recollections date to this — where other little girls  
listened to fairy tales. & Mother Gooses Mel-  
odies. I sat upon my fathers knee, or shared his  
blanket on the floor before the fire, and asked  
for "more stories about the war," and "how the  
soldiers lived" and I early learned that  
next to Heaven, our highest duty was to love  
and serve our country and honor and support  
its laws, he lived to ~~talk~~ talk with one of another  
war, and only two days before he ~~died~~ his



\* \* 3 \* \*

Ladies:-

I learn by your recent Communication, and the generous remittance accompanying it, that you are desirous of assuming the expense of the food purchased by me, and used at the Battle of Antietam.

It has been always a precious recollection of mine, that my means obtained, and my hands helped to administer, those comforts; But I have enjoyed it now five months.

The Command of Gen. Hooker, whose wounded mostly we that day received, has always partaken largely of your men; & you have a right to your claim, and I yield it with pleasure.

It is no longer I who fed the fainting at the Battle of Antietam, but the Ladies of Hightstown, N. J.; let it so stand upon your record, and so it shall stand henceforth upon mine. It was a fine thought nobly acted upon. I am proud of it, and you, as I always have been.-

On the morning of the 17th, Clara Barton followed Burnside's cavalry and artillery for several miles, stopping behind the last gun, near a cornfield, barn, and farmhouse. Before ten o'clock, some three hundred lay wounded around the barn. Clara opened up brandy and bandages and appeared before the surgeon, who was operating in the small house and who had used the last of his sheets and cotton lint, while men lay bleeding to death. Never had she felt more blessed, she afterward declared, than in producing her supplies. While Antietam was lost and won and lost and won again, and ended in a draw, more hundreds were brought to the barn and house.

While she bent over a wounded man to give him water, a bullet tore through her sleeve and struck the soldier, who fell back dead. His destiny had been rounded: not hers. On she went to the next. Assisted by a sergeant, shot through both thighs, she extracted with her pocketknife a bullet that had lodged in the jawbone of another poor fellow. The sergeant held the head while she steeled her nerves to dig out the shot. Later, she saw the sergeant weeping and feared the effort had cost him too much, but his tears were for his regiment and for his captain, dead.

Her supplies and herself both exhausted, she bent to the only remaining cases. A miracle took place before her amazed eyes: case after case was packed in sawdust; the last three cases were packed in corn meal. Galvanized into renewed energy, she began mixing water with the meal, while her men set up large kettles. Someone thought of exploring the cellar, and there they found a few barrels of flour and a bag of salt, stored by Jackson's army. With thirty men now helping her, she served hot gruel all night to the men on the ground.

But at nightfall she walked again down the cornfield path to the house, to see how the surgeon fared. He held up a stub of tallow candle.

"How can I operate without light, on a thousand wounded men? And more every minute." Neither he nor Clara knew that



A. P. Hill's troops had arrived to save in a third engagement the valiant, all but defeated enemy under Lee.

"Come with me," she said as she led the way to the barn.

Lanterns shone brightly from the walls. She had brought four boxes. "He did not thank me," she said afterward, "but the deference he paid me was almost painful." Four or five years later, on a lecture tour, she narrated the incident. A man in the audience leaped up. "I am that doctor. I thank you now!"

An apt coincidence if such it was, and the interrupting gentleman probably was the surgeon of Antietam, his presence at the lecture seeming too good to be true, yet typical of much coincidence in Clara's life.

The 18th dawned clear and quiet. Neither army challenged the other but cared for its wounded and buried its dead. Lee, unmolested, withdrew his troops. Almost dead herself from the fever of exhaustion, Clara jolted back to Washington. She could not walk, but after resting she was again ready to join the army. Quartermaster-General Rucker heard with tears her story of failing supplies. Then would he give her three wagons next time? "You shall have double that number and an ambulance." He was as good as his word.

Meantime an honor awaited her return to the army, probably about the time Lincoln went down to review the Union men. In any event, in October, 1862, the 21st Massachusetts conferred upon her the title "Daughter of the Regiment," and a soldier writing afterward said she was on hand and spoke briefly in appreciation of the title. Back in Washington, she heard again that Harper's Ferry would be the scene of conflict and at once set out with her train of wagons and the ambulance. Her wagons were driven by seven or eight rough civilians, detailed by General Sturgis. These men knew nothing of Miss Barton or her work and, resenting a woman's authority, mutinied. They refused to pitch camp when she commanded. "Conciliation is in order," said Clara to herself, and lay back on her boxes while the men drove on. At length, they stopped for the



night. Clara got down, gathered fence rails for a fire, and over it cooked supper for all. This diplomacy brought abject surrender. After eating, they withdrew, talked among themselves, and shamefacedly offered apologies, which were graciously accepted. The teamsters set up her tent, fastened the flap, and lay down outside on guard. Next morning, they got breakfast. Through six months these men helped her nurse, dress wounds, and bury the dead; never, she declared, were friends more devoted.

There was no fight at Harper's Ferry. The Blue Ridge and Shenandoah Valleys were for some three weeks the battle centers and, for safety from raid, Clara joined the 9th Corps, using her stores in caring for casualties. Around the first of November, on the march through Maryland and Virginia, she suffered from a bone felon, lanced on the field, but did not halt her work. "My hands cannot fail me now," she looked at them, rough from cold, blistered by cooking at campfires, bruised, frost-bitten. "The poor things must complain a little," she smiled ruefully and adjusted the bandage. With a number of sick soldiers, she returned to Washington—leaving her men to move on with the army—but her finger was scarcely healed when she heard that a big battle was imminent near Fredericksburg.

Clara went on the first boat that crossed Acquia Creek, and landed in bitter weather on heads of newly driven piles, without boarding, far out on the current of the river, in the middle of the night—again, the only woman. Half-frozen, she wondered, "What *must* the soldiers feel, this biting winter!" By the 8th of December, she was in camp near Falmouth where, on her arrival with stores, she was welcomed by her officer friends, now a goodly and admiring number. After a supper in her honor, they cheered her with a serenade.

At first, her quarters were in Chatham, known also as the Lacy House, above the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, and only a few rods from her "parents," the 21st Massachusetts. At once she informed home friends, telling them she could

think of many things needed. At two o'clock on the morning of December 12th, she wrote Cousin 'Vira that the Union army would try at dawn to cross pontoon bridges into Fredericksburg. Exactly twenty-four hours earlier the Confederate pickets had observed the Federals preparing to lay pontoons over the river. Throughout the 12th, the Yankee pontoniers suffered heavy losses from sharpshooters concealed on the high banks. When bombardment failed to dislodge them, three regiments of Howard's division, including the 20th Massachusetts, took to the boats, rowed over, and finally drove away Barksdale's men. Gallant, ragged Mississippians, they had forced back the pontoon builders eight or nine times. At the end of this three-day battle, in obscuring haze and freezing weather, Burnside's army of 125,000 were held at bay by Lee's 78,000. Fallen into the trap made by a sunken road, Burnside had wasted many men; great numbers of the wounded were received by Clara and her helper, the Rev. C. M. Welles.

In all the carnage and the fury of the fighting, Clara remained imperturbable. "A shell shattered the door of the room in which she was attending to wounded men," wrote the preacher to his "Brethren," December 14, 1862. "She did not flinch but continued her duties as usual."

On December 15th, Lee consented to a truce. Douglas S. Freeman, in his encyclopedic biography of Lee, quotes Shotwell's description of 1100 dead Federals, some of them piled seven or eight deep, "Lying in every conceivable posture, some on their backs with gaping jaws, some with eyes as large as walnuts protruding with glassy stare . . . here one without a head, there one without legs, yonder a head and legs without a trunk, everywhere horrible expressions, fear, rage, agony, madness, torture, lying in pools of blood, lying with heads half-buried in mud, with fragments of shell sticking in oozing brain, with bullet holes all over the puffed limbs. A fifth of them had been killed by artillery; the *Minié* balls from the heights and from the sunken road had accounted for the rest." This was the



climax of sights to which Clara Barton had learned to steel her soul, scenes to forget in long hours of nursing or standing beside the surgeon.

"How could you bear it, Clara, and you so sensitive to pain?" one of the family asked.

"You no longer have an identity at such times," she replied, "you are merely a channel through which flows hardest work. . . . After a time, the erosion wears you out and you are through—until the next time," she added, with a smile. "O, you would never have to worry about your feelings, if you were as busy as the women who went to the front."

Sometime later she was asked to reply to a toast, "The Women Who Went to the Field," and did so in one of her raciest "occasional" poems, running to a hundred lines or so. She recalls that men ridiculed the idea of a woman's going with the army:

"Imagine their skirts 'mong artillery wheels,  
And watch for their flutter as they flee 'cross the fields  
When the charge is rammed home and the fire belches hot—  
They never will wait for the answering shot."

And so it was settled that the place for the women was at home. But, later, women began to crowd through the lines:

"Show us the battle, the field, or the spot  
Where the groans of the wounded rang out on the air  
That her ear caught it not, and her hand was not there. . . .  
And who were they all?—They were many, my men,  
Their record was kept by no tabular pen. . . .  
A few names were writ, and by chance live today;  
But's a perishing record, fast fading away.  
Of those we recall, there are scarcely a score,  
Dix, Dame, Bickerdyke,—Edson, Harvey, and Moore,  
Fales, Wittenmeyer, Gilson, Safford, and Lee,  
And poor Cutter dead in the sands of the sea;  
And Frances D. Gage, our 'Aunt Fanny' of old,  
Whose voice rang for freedom when freedom was sold.  
And Husband, and Etheridge, and Harlan and Case,  
Livermore, Álcott, Hancock, and Chase,  
And Turner, and Hawley, and Potter, and Hall.  
Ah, the list grows apace, as they come at the call. . . .



The brave wife of Grant stood there with them then,  
And her calm, stately presence gave strength to his men.  
And *Marie of Logan*; she went with them, too;  
A bride scarcely more than a sweetheart, 'tis true. . . ."

These, then, were the women. And what *did* they go for?  
Because, the verses conclude, in their hearts God had planted  
pity for woe.

"Uninvited, unaided, unsanctioned, oftentimes,  
With pass or without, they pressed on the lines;  
They pressed, they implored, till they ran the lines through,  
And this was the 'running' the men saw them do."

But their work was hampered, hindered, done at the cost of  
unnecessary pain and effort.

At the beginning of the Battle of Fredericksburg, on the 12th, Clara with field glasses might have picked out from Chatham House General Lee, himself, who was trying to find through *his* glasses in a moment of pause the tree at Chatham under whose shade he had courted Mary Custis. But as the conflict raged, dividing the Union forces by the Rappahannock, and dead and dying froze to the ground, a courier dashed up with an order for Miss Clara Barton. "You are needed, come at once," implored the surgeon across the river. Friends said, "It's worth your life to chance that pontoon bridge. Don't go."

"I have no choice," she replied, and put on her coat. "I *must* obey."

On the bridge over the rocking boats they met a deluge of shot and shell before they reached the end. There, when an officer helped her over the débris, a shell fragment tore off parts of his coat and her dress. Leaving him, she hastened to the hospital. In thirty minutes or so he was brought in—dead. Clara was numb, felt nothing. In the raging holocaust she could only work like an automaton . . . Later, while wiping away dried mud and blood from the face of a soldier—"I assure you," she wrote, "many brave soldiers have died of this sort of suffocation"—she discovered the sexton of her old home church.

Every house a hospital and Clara the only woman among the men, she walked back and forth on her rounds. A veteran Provost Marshal mistook her for a resident, driven out by the firing, and asked whether she wanted protection. Amused, she thanked him, and told him she thought herself the best protected woman in the United States. The soldiers nearby set up a cheer and the Marshal galloped off, lifting his hat, "I believe you are right, Madam."

After truce was declared, Clara crossed the bridge back to Chatham. There she found 1200 jammed into twelve rooms, every man needing attention, some already dying. When able to be moved or when they died, they gave place to others. Those rooms were with her always, vividly, the apotheosis of war. Somehow, she made her way among the poor fellows, to give life-saving milk or to apply a tourniquet. For months, years, soldiers came to renew their thanks.

Soon Lincoln came, with Mrs. Lincoln, to review the army; and after Fredericksburg the Emancipation Bill was enacted. Clara rejoiced in the freedom of slaves though heart-sick at the cost in human suffering.

As soon as she returned to Washington, the wounded in Ward 17 of Lincoln Hospital asked to see her. She knew why they asked. "Every man had left his blood in Fredericksburg—every man was from the Lacy House. My hand had dressed every wound—many of them in their first terrible moments of agony. I had prepared their food in the snow and winds of December and fed them like children." She went, and stood in the doorway, smiling. The seventy men saluted, standing or rising feebly in bed, falling back exhausted. That was worth all the hardship and suffering, she thought, in the unparalleled conditions at Fredericksburg.

She had returned in January to the familiar muddy wharf and, tired to the core, got into a street car for 488½ Seventh Street. Up the flight of steps she walked, into her bleak, comfortless room. Cold, forlorn, almost shoeless, ragged, blood-



stained, she dropped into a chair and wept tears of self-pity and exhaustion. Gradually, her eyes focused on a big sealed box. Thinking it for soldiers, she got up after a little, looked for a hatchet, and pried off the cover. There, on top, lay a letter for her, "From Friends in Oxford and Worcester." She drew out hoods, boots, gloves, skirts, collars, linen and a beautiful dress—of the incomparable Annie Childs's making—and wept again, but for different reasons. Then, taking off her bloody rags of clothes, she lay down to sleep.

Two of the fiercest engagements of the war lay behind. Clara had fought a good fight, that she knew; but nobody knew when it would all be over. "Angel of the Battlefield, they say. I'm not the only one. Too many women of the Union—O, even of the South—deserve that title. But what a tag, what a pale fancy measured by the unspeakable shamble of Antietam or Fredericksburg." That friends recognized her efforts and extended uplifting hands meant far more. On Valentine's Day, 1863, she wrote a letter to the ladies of the Soldiers' Friend Society, Hightstown. She had just learned from them that they desired to assume the expense of the goods purchased by herself and used at the Battle of Antietam, and she had looked upon the generous remittance with a rush of warm feeling—of gratitude to them and of conviction their check would soon be needed.

"It has always been a precious recollection of mine," she wrote the ladies, "that my means obtained, and my hands helped to administer, those comforts; but I have enjoyed it now five months. The command of General Hooker, whose wounded mostly we that day relieved, has always partaken largely of *your* men; you have a right to your claim and I yield it with pleasure. It is no longer I who fed the fainting at the Battle of Antietam, but the ladies of Hightstown, New Jersey; let it so stand upon your record, and so it shall henceforth stand upon mine. It was a fine thought nobly acted upon. I am proud of it and you, as I always have been."\* (See illustration, page 79.)

\* This letter was published in a local paper, part of the original coming, seventy-five years later, into the possession of this biographer.



## 3

Notwithstanding gifts and sympathy from friends and despite the toll her feelings paid to men at the front, Clara was unable to shake off personal worries. In the general maelstrom, anxiety over Brother Stephen was foremost. He had not left North Carolina, and they heard nothing from him. David had been Assistant Quartermaster at Hilton Head, on the South Carolina coast, since March, 1862; and Cousin Leander Poor, of the Engineers, was there. It would be good, she thought, to be near some of her family; the Carolina coast she was informed, moreover, would soon become a field. Quickly she applied for it, and by March 27th was ordered by the Secretary of War to Port Royal (Hilton Head) as nurse, at the same time Quartermaster Rucker was asked to issue her transportation by way of New York.

Rucker looked at her with mixed admiration and sympathy: her shoulders were beginning to stoop a little; something of the bright determination at first so electric had settled into grimness. "Not enough yet, Clara?"

"To last a long forever!"

"But you're going again?"

"It's a compulsion." Her generous mouth managed a smile.

On the 29th, Edward V. Preston, P.M., U. S. A., commended her to authorities at St. Helena: "The smoke of battle, the roar of artillery, and the shrieks of shot and shell do not deter her from administering to those who fall."

Arriving by boat at Hilton Head Dock, April 7, 1863, Clara learned that the first gun would be fired upon Charleston at three o'clock. She looked at her watch: the hands pointed to the hour and instantly the cannon sounded. The Union vessels, however, speedily repulsed by the Confederates, soon withdrew. The Federals did nothing but return to camp and remain static until reinforced.

For a little while, Clara must have been as nearly content as

possible in a workless interlude. David and Leander and Massachusetts friends saw her frequently and, since she had nothing to do but get rid of provisions and tend a few cases of illness among the soldiers, she had more leisure than war so far had granted. Already, the day-after her arrival, she had the right, through orders by Major-General Hunter, to visit the armies in the neighborhood of Charleston, and to return at pleasure. Colonel John J. Elwell recommended her to Miss Terry of the *Delaware*, as one who probably had seen more carnage than any other American woman. His hope was that Miss Barton might stop with Miss Terry; his hope was not Miss Barton's. A number of Union sympathizers in and near Charleston called to make the acquaintance of the woman whom all knew by repute. Among them was Mrs. Eliza Potter, whose life-story is of tragic interest, and who after the war visited Clara in Washington. Frances Dana Gage, stationed near, took Clara to her heart, writing a series of poems in her admiration, verses that might have turned Clara's head had it been less firmly fixed. Mrs. Gage became one of the countless "Mothers," to whom Clara was daughter; she is also "Aunt Fanny" in diary and letters.

Officers liked to ride with a woman whose horsemanship was equal to theirs, and often called for gallops over pleasant, moss-hung roads. Brother Dave made for her a pretty desk\* from the pine wood of the region, now that she could catch up with her correspondence.

In early July, 1863, Fort Wagner was assaulted from Morris Island. The first wounded, something over a hundred, fell to the care of Clara and the Sanitary Commission. On the 11th, Brigadier-General Gillman gave her a pass as hospital nurse within the lines and ordered all persons called upon to render her every facility. For a time she worked day and night at the Advance Hospital the far side of the landing at Lighthouse Inlet. In danger of being shelled out any moment, she kept her trunks aboard the *Philadelphia*. At the hospital, she had her own ambulance, horses, driver, and saddle horse.

\* Today this desk is the most interesting piece of furniture in the Memorial Home, her birthplace.



Fort Wagner, constructed of heavy timbers and covered to a depth of seven yards with earth and sand, was a chief object of attack. Clara saw the Union soldiers bring up the heavy guns, some eight hundred yards away from the Fort upon which guns and ships would center their fire. The advance charge was under Robert G. Shaw, commander of colored troops, the 54th Massachusetts. Clara trembled at the terrific charge of hail and musketry, which mowed down the 54th and other regiments following, but saw that some won through to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict. At her post in the hospital, she tended the wounded, "saw the scarlet flow of blood as it rolled over the black limbs beneath my hands and the great heave of the heart before it grew still." General Strong, she learned, was wounded. When his brigade retired, General Putnam came up with his men. He was killed. No Union flag rose above Fort Sumter until February, 1865, six or seven weeks before the general surrender. Though in Clara's words "our ever accumulating fleet rose and fell upon the tide and tossed upon the billows of Port Royal Harbor," it could not subdue the two chief forts.

But the siege continued, and hundreds of Federals were buried before the Forts. Clara grew pale and thin there on Morris Island, which Colonel Elwell aptly designated a graveyard; he begged her to retreat to Port Royal.

"While a bombardment is in progress?" she reproved him.

Sand blowing furiously from the dunes injured her eyes; the July sun scorched her face, and the ocean winds chilled her to the bone; yet, while the five forts thundered, she remained. Cumming, Voris, and Leggett all would have died from wounds, said Elwell, but for the aid of this "angel of mercy, doing all in mortal power to assuage the miseries of the unfortunate soldiers."

She saw "one continuous line of floating batteries" circling the Carolina coast; she saw the "Swamp Angel," able to throw missiles five miles and so to rake that part of Charleston near the water; saw Sumter crumble to a huge mass of stone and sand. And still Charleston did not surrender. Clara was in the



siege eight months; nowhere had her labors been so admired or valued. Time endeared her to "the boys."

Whether she was too well furnished with equipment, however, to please a few jealously inclined officers or innocently incurred displeasure for some other reason, Clara sensed hostility from the unchivalrous. They commandeered tents ordered for her use. Upon her complaint, Quartermaster Lamb wrote from Hilton Head that the medical faculty had a way of appropriating things not belonging to them, "and they are thieves." Colonel Elwell had remarked to Lamb, "It was almighty mean!" and urged Clara to leave the Island, as he had been doing. At the end of August she determined to shift her base. On September 2nd, however, Dr. Kittinger wrote that grounds had been selected for her back of the hospital, toward the landing. That afternoon a fatigue party leveled the site, and the doctor hoped she would come soon. She re-established herself but shortly received another shock:

Department of the South  
Headquarters in the Field  
Morris Island, S. C.  
September 15, 1863

Miss Barton  
Morris Island, S. C.

The Brig. Gen. Commanding is informed by the medical officer in charge of the hospital on this island, that your services will be no longer required in connection with the hospital in the field, as the sick and wounded are not to be retained here but will be sent immediately to Beaufort. I am instructed to say that the General appreciated the value of your kind offices to the sick and wounded soldiers, and the benevolence which has led you to sacrifice so many comforts by residing here at the actual scene of conflict, but in view of the crowded condition of the Island and the many inconveniences which such a residence must entail, he deems it best that you should remove to Beaufort, where he will provide for you a comfortable dwelling.

Very respectfully

Your obedient servant

Ed. W. Smith

A.A.G.

Clara laughed and boiled at the obviousness of this communication. Never was she a fool, nor had army politics dulled her acute sensibilities. Go to Beaufort? Maybe, if she chose. "I am moving to Hilton Head."

Although convalescent, she was not yet entirely well from grilling experiences in the recent battles. Something of this illness is conveyed through a letter from Mrs. Lamb, of Beverly, September 14, 1863. This lady was glad to know her son and husband "have a friend near them, like yourself." And glad, also, her husband had been able to "assist in the care of you during your illness. You who are devoting your life to others should be taken care of in your turn." She was shipping a box of delicacies. Still the siege continued, and still the Confederate flag floated above Wagner. Tired, worn, sore-eyed, sick, dispirited, Clara could hold out no longer. "I must have a furlough," she told David, and in October she went home with him to Massachusetts.

"Please, Sissy, may I go back with you?" Nephew Stevé, or "Bub," pleaded. Thoughtfully Clara looked him over. "You are old enough and, yes, large enough to serve in the Military Telegraph," she told him. "Come on! We'll get your uniform, now." It was made to order by a clothing house in Worcester, and when the fourteen-year-old beheld its splendor of army blue and brass buttons he was more than ever devoted to his aunt. He marched out, wearing it with bursting pride, and went with Father and Sissy when they returned to Port Royal. He learned telegraphy in thirty days and soon occupied a dangerous post. Later he was transferred to the Army of the Potomac and was still serving in the Military Telegraph at the time of the Surrender.

November 9th, Clara wrote that she was beginning to think of coming home to Washington. "We have captured one Fort—Gregg—and one charnel-house—Wagner—and we have built one cemetery—Morris Island." She made her decision after deliberation, believing this field was about worked through.



"Something more active I must have: this waiting, waiting means I am all but worthless!" On this same date, however, Major Gillmore wrote Clara a permit to visit Morris and Folly Islands—she was still at Hilton Head, or Port Royal, near David and Stephen. On the 15th, the Superintendent of the Sanitary Commission at Beaufort wrote about transporting her stores and would do himself the pleasure of calling upon her. Also on the 15th, Colonel Hall informed Clara that her tents reputedly had been affected by a general order. Yet he added, "The whole affair was a piece of petty spite and unmanly persecution, and innocent people were made tools to carry it out." He would continue to sift the evidence and advise her of any new light; her many friends would not permit such acts to go unrebuked.

As time passed, Clara's sense of injury gave way to a demon of sardonic mirth. A letter of November 21st, surviving in the copy she retained, displays a bright humor, a knowledge of euchre, feeling for "theatre" and sure vision.

Hilton Head, S. C.  
November 21st, 1863

Lieut. Col. J. F. Hall  
Prov. Mar<sup>1</sup> Dept. of the South

My dear Friend

Your kindly note of the 15th inst. was duly and gratefully received, and I thank you more than I can tell for the prompt and friendly interest manifested in my little matters.

Your opinion of the whole matter perfectly coincides with my own. It was a little play, partly farce and partly tragic, gotten up for the occasion, and to suit a special audience. The taste of the public I think was entirely ignored although they were made to appear in the foreground and the "hisses" ventriloquized until it really required the practised ear and experienced judgment of a Detective *en Militaire* to discover the precise source from which they did emanate. The caste was doubtless good, although to refined sensibilities there was an air about it which in dramatic parlance might be pronounced a little "broad," and as a paucity of actors rendered it imperative that I should appear as leading lady, I considered it but fortunate that my part only required me to walk on the stage and retire as hastily and quietly as possible. Had the

"plot" required me to make an appeal or a vindication or a supplication or to faint or to expire, it would have been perfectly fearful.

I am under a thousand obligations to you for your promise to look the matter through, and shall always be but too grateful for any additional information which you may gain—as I may set even a higher price upon these documentary orders and papers in future years than I realize at present.

I recalled your remark that it was my play now; I know it is and have considered it well. I believe, and after mature deliberation have arrived at the, I think, wise conclusion, that the small trumps are pretty much "played out," having been mostly used in making game, and that those remaining in my hand, being Bowers, I can afford to play at my leisure—any of them will take a trick, play them when I will. This may appear presumptuous, considering the parties I am matched against, but I only play the hand which was given me, I think. I did not deal, and it is owing to the kind, generous, manly and "appreciative" friends of whom you speak in your cheering note, that I do not have to take up the hand and play it alone. I have more than once asked the Good Father for the suitable words in which to bless through the proper spirit I believe I possess.

If nothing occurs more than I at present anticipate, I shall proceed to forward my tents this week, to be set beside the Sanitary Commission—and come myself in about a week with Dr. Marsh. If you know or hear of any reason why sentence of disapproval should be passed upon this course, please let me know. Otherwise, I hope to meet you soon on the Old Battle Ground.

With grateful esteem

I am truly

Clara Barton.

The discourteous officers Clara did not forget. It is doubtful that she ever forgot a favor or a slight, though a repeated saying was, "I distinctly remember forgetting that!" On the platform, years later, she played the best bower in her hand. Nobody knew, nobody except herself, the officers involved but she saved her face in honorable Chinese fashion by these words, in a speech on the enfranchisement of women. "I remember," spoke Clara, "one General Officer and only one, and he shall be nameless, whose entire field from front to rear, and from sea to sea, was not large enough to contain one woman of not



very astonishing proportions, while she could feed and nurse his worn, wounded, and perishing men—and she left his field by order, to afford the General more room.” Her expressive mouth twitched, “It is barely possible that less space would do him today.” She looked out over a wondering audience and finished with a comparison that reduced the “nameless General” to his true stature: “It is gratifying to know that these narrow, selfish prejudices found no abiding place in the minds or actions of our great leaders.”

## 4

“The other ladies could not endure the climate at Morris Island,” Clara said afterward, “and, as I knew somebody must take care of the soldiers, I went.” Her own endurance had been tested throughout the eight hard months. Back in Washington at the end of 1863, she went on to Massachusetts for a short visit. Returning to the capital, she stopped several days in Brooklyn, to hear her favorite divine, Henry Ward Beecher. Her mental state, gloomy as the dismal weather, was lowest since the beginning of the war and continued low. She brightened a trifle on the 5th of April at letters from Mary Norton and Julian and at the gift of a scrap-book for her own articles. She tried to bury herself in Wilkie Collins’s *No Name*, but hearing that George Thompson would lecture before the House, she left it unfinished and with a friend busied herself in preparing to hear the speech. Senator Henry Wilson called and, momentarily, Clara expressed herself as “grateful for the even, pleasant days, which run so smoothly in my course.”

The night of the sixth, she and a friend had seats in a side gallery. John Brown’s brother sat down beside them. Thompson entered with Lincoln and others and was introduced by Hannibal Hamlin. Once mobbed and burned in effigy, the aged Thompson was too overcome to begin at once. When he did, he “filled every inch of the vast house and delighted every loyal, truth-loving ear,” reported Clara. “His endorsement of

the President was one of the most touching and sublime things I have ever heard uttered. His remarks touching John Brown were strong," and she studied their effect on the brother at her side. When the band struck up, "His soul goes marching on," she saw Brown's eye glisten and his lips compress, proud his brother had been hanged.

The same day she wrote her friend Senator Wilson, telling him of wrongs so long borne as to make her suffer even in reproducing them. Unhappy, bitter, she writes in her diary, "It is not to be supposed that any decided revolution is to follow, as this is never to be looked for in my case. I have done expecting it and done, I trust, with efforts in behalf of others."

Besides individual cause for unhappiness, she smoldered over corruption in high places, and on the 14th of April asked, "Is there no right? Are there no consequences attending wrong? . . . Shall lies prevail forevermore?" She looks at the state of things, both civil and military, cursing the country. "The pompous air with which little dishonest pimps lord it over their betters. Contractors ruining the nation, and oppressing the poor, and no one rebukes them." She looks at a monkey-faced official oppressing and degrading poor women who come up to his stall to feed their children, that he may steal with better grace and show the Government how much he saves it. She sees an "ambitious, dishonest General lay a political plot to be executed with human life." Through jaundiced eyes, but clear eyes, "I doubt the justice of *almost* all I see."

Again when Senator Wilson called, she learned that an investigation against a certain General (Seymour) had been closed; he would leave the department in disgrace. This news was too much for her fretted soul and "I poured out the vials of my wrath in no stinted measure." The Committee was imbecile, and its members had made themselves a laughing-stock for even the privates by their gullibility; they were dupes, maybe knaves. Gray of New York had used his blarney on them to fullest extent. Amazed, Wilson asked for a written statement.



Wishing to get the "most reliable facts in existence," Clara said she would go to New York, and made ready to leave next day.

Over continued Union failures she also gloomed, knowing well the consequent increased suffering of the soldiers. Most of all, Clara Barton missed her work. "The gray haired military chieftain, whom all would recognize were I to name him, was correct when he once said to me, 'Strange as it may seem, the days of "rest" at the field are the hardest days.' " And her "passion for service" made even harder for her the days away from the field.

She applied for blanket passes for herself and friend to go wherever she thought best. The Medical Department thought they could do without her. Fuming, depressed, she could not be thankful for this breathing space, so necessary, not foreseeing the holocaust ahead. Before the Battle of Spottsylvania, fought May 8, 1864, she could only try to rest, sadly believing there was no longer a place at the front for Clara Barton. That battle informed her better.

On the 11th passes came from Rucker as quickly as he could get and send them by special messenger; she would report for duty to Surgeon Faxon in charge of the 6th Army Corps Hospitals. On June 23rd Major-General Commanding Benjamin F. Butler ordered medical directors, surgeons and other officers to afford her every assistance in their power, and freedom to pass wherever she might desire to go; she was entrusted by the benevolent in her home State with stores for relief.

"Did Clara Barton never marvel that Massachusetts stood by her unfailingly?" someone asked long afterward.

"If she thought at all, she was grateful for their trust. But, remember, she was administering the relief they provided. Hers was the harder part, and she knew so. She was a daughter of the State, doing her share, as she saw it, a woman who took for granted others would do no less than they could."

Here she was once again, at Fredericksburg Landing, be-

tween the river on the right and towering hills on the left, only a narrow ridge of high land between. The road to Fredericksburg, ten miles away, led through the ridge, curving to the left below the landing and leaving a plain. On the red clay soil, pulverized by hoofs, rain had fallen for weeks. It was now a lake-like mortar-bed, of necessity to be crossed by wagons traveling to the field and returning with the wounded. Clara never forgot the scene that lay before her when on May 12th she stepped from the Washington boat. Two hundred six-mule wagons, headed for the landing, stood in mud over the hubs of the wheels, and the knees of the mules stuck in the smooth sea of mud.

While she stood there pondering, perplexed, a young clergyman asked whether the wagons were filled with wounded men. "Yes," she told him. "They are waiting to be placed on the boats now unloading."

Here is the continuation of the story as Clara set it down quickly, roughly, before patient revision. "What can I do for them he asked still more anxiously—I said they were hungry and must be fed—for a moment his countenance brightened, then fell as quickly, as he exclaimed, we have a great deal of clothing—and reading matter—but no food in any quantity excepting crackers—I replied that I had coffee and between us we could give them all hot coffee and crackers—but where shall we make coffee he asked as he looked about the bare wet hillside. I pointed to a little hollow beside a stump and said there was a good place for a fire—and any of this loose brush will do—Just here he says—Just here sir. He gathered the brush manfully—and very soon we had some fire and a great deal of smoke, two crotched sticks and a crane, and presently a doz camp kettle of hot coffee. My helper's pale face grew almost as bright as the fire and the smutty brands looked blacker than ever in his slim white fingers."

(The verbatim extract here closes—see illustration, p. 98.



The entire manuscript is marked "Not for print"; for the press she made a perfect version.)

Clara tied sheets about her and her helper, fastened all four corners to the waist and pinned up the sides. These improvised large bags she stuffed with crackers and, bearing a pot of coffee each, she and the preacher stepped forward into the mud. The tenderfoot Christian Commission clergyman, she wrote, learned to stand fearless among fire and smoke not made of brush, to walk through something redder and thicker than the mud of Belle Plain. No mere figure. The hem of Clara's skirt was often stiff with gore, and of one occasion she wrote, "When I rose from the side of the couch where I had knelt for hours, until the last breath had faded, I wrung the blood from the bottom of my clothing before I could step, for the weight about my feet."

The unspeakable destitution and suffering of the wounded were augmented by officers in immediate command. One of the highest, according to Clara, was convicted as a traitor. Another, a "dapper captain" quartered in a mansion, remarked that it was pretty hard for refined people like those of Fredericksburg to be compelled to open their homes to "these dirty, lousy, common soldiers," and he was not going to compel it.

Clara gave him time to prove or disprove his words, until in one old hotel, on bloody wet floors five hundred fainting men begged her, as she went among them, for a cracker or a drink, until the wagon train reached so far she could not see the end of it, wagons filled with wounded men racked by restless, starving mules that stood from four in the afternoon to eight in the morning.

When she walked down the length of the wagons and saw that many had dripped blood, her gorge rose. Rushing back to Belle Plain in a light army wagon drawn by four stout horses, she just caught the steam tug to Washington. After the twilight landing, she dashed home and lost not a moment in sending for Henry Wilson. "Sad and drooping under a weight of woe,"

What can we do for them he asked still more  
anxiously - I said they were hungry and more  
he food - for a moment his <sup>countenance</sup> eyes brightened. Then  
fell on quickly - as he asked - (wondered) - we have  
a great deal of clothing - and needlework -  
but we food of in any quantity excepting  
cocoa - (I replied) that I had coffee  
and between as we could give them all  
hot coffee and cocoa - but when shall  
we make coffee he asked as he looked about  
him He gave not - well needs. I perceived &c





he heard her story and by ten o'clock was in the War Department. They did not believe him; he must have been deceived. They had had no reports of unusual suffering. Senator Wilson, to whom Clara's word was as good as his own, assured them the officers were untrustworthy. "One of two things will have to be done," he declared. "Either you will send some one to-night with the power to investigate and correct the abuses of our wounded men at Fredericksburg, or the Senate will send some one tomorrow."

An hour or so later the Quartermaster-General and staff galloped to the Sixth Street wharf under orders. By ten next morning they were in Fredericksburg, by noon the wounded were fed from the city, and houses were free to "the dirty, lousy soldiers." Railroad and canal were opened. Three days afterward, Clara returned with carloads of supplies. The men owed to Senator Wilson what he owed not to an angel, but rather to an avenging fury, of the battlefield. Not everybody had been callous. Surgeons at the front, surgeons and nurses at the hospitals were too busy to see it all; military authorities knew the roads were indescribably bad but supposed the best was being done. Only one person made it her business to see and report. "Everybody's business is nobody's business; I have said that nobody's business is my business."

In a letter of May 16, 1864, she wrote to the clergy and the friends of soldiers: "For the first time in the history of the war, the magnitude and intensity of suffering and want are so appalling as to wring from me a public call for aid." She asked food for wounded men or money to buy it, and directed that it be sent to the Rev. William M. Ferguson, U. S. Treasury, Washington, for Clara Barton. The *American Baptist*, of New York, and doubtless other papers, published this request, May 24, 1864. At the end of her trying days after Spottsylvania, Clara went home tired out, and rested there one month. She could rest now, deservedly, she felt. In her room, a wretched box separated from her warehouse of stores—not many stores now—



by a thin curtain, she lay wondering about the end of it all. And when friends called, they told her the end could not be far away; if Union soldiers were in a sad plight, the Confederates were worse off—in rags, and subsisting largely on corn.

## 5

At the beginning of June, Clara read a request from Superintendent Marsh, at Beaufort. What did she think of the propriety of establishing a depot at Hilton Head where discharged soldiers could repair for board and lodging? Would she, if the project could be effected, assume the general supervision? While she considered, another opportunity presented itself—the Superintendency of the Department of Nurses for the Army of the James. That David had resigned his post at Port Royal from ill health and that General Benjamin F. Butler commanded the Army of the James decided her in his favor at Point of Rocks. Toward the end of June she came to a scene of dust, heat, confusion, and soldiers suffering from every conceivable malady. “Yesterday in passing through a ward,” she wrote a friend, July 5th, “filled mostly with U. S. colored regiments, I stopped beside a sergeant who had appeared weak all day, but made no complaint, and asked how he was feeling then. ‘Thank you, Miss, a little better, I hope.’ ‘Can I do anything for you?’ ‘A little water, if you please.’ I turned to get it and that instant he gasped and was gone.”

At Fredericksburg, after Spottsylvania, when five hundred men, stretched out on the floor of the hotel, begged for a cracker, she had none to give; if they asked for water, she had not a cup with which to serve them. Under her supervision, she determined, the sick and wounded should have enough to eat. So, she wrote the friend, they had celebrated the Fourth with an extra good dinner, to which two hundred or more of the lame, halt, or blind were invited, and at which were served roast beef, new potatoes, and cake. They even had music, of sorts, from the direction of Petersburg.

To this Base Hospital of the Tenth Corps came the food requested through the Rev. Ferguson, whom she promptly thanked. "I have had a barrel of apple sauce made today," she wrote him, "and given out every spoonful of it with my own hands. I have cooked ten dozen eggs, made cracker toast, corn starch blanc mange, milk punch, arrow-root, washed hands and face, put ice on hot heads, mustard on cold feet, written six 'soldiers' letters home,' stood beside three death beds—one the only son of a widowed mother, who up to this time knows nothing of her bereavement—and now, at this hour, midnight, I am too sleepy and stupid to write even you a tolerably readable scrap. It has been a long day, and the mercury is at something over a hundred, and no breeze."

Writing of the wounded who had come in, she mentions Colonel Conger, who had a bullet wound through the hip. To him she gave kind, impersonal attention that would evoke aid many years afterward in the greatest cause of her life.

"The most surprising" of all the things she had seen, known, heard, and done, she wrote her niece-in-law Fannie Vassall, was that she had *turned cook*. "Who would have 'thunk it?' " And she bade Fannie tell Sister Sally.

However busy, she always took time—even if, as frequently happened, in earliest morning hours—to thank all who supported her in contributions of money or supplies. On the 20th of July, the *Worcester Spy* published a letter of thanks to the Soldiers Aid Society. "I could cover a quire of paper in telling you how it all went. . . . One feather pillow is under the head of a little lad dying of quick consumption. . . . The lint and bandages are dressing the wounds gained in that fearful raid and fight (Wilson's cavalry raid). . . . The fourteen sheets dressed almost as many beds (with some quilts I had) and enabled us to take the coarse but woollen clothes from twelve men in raging fevers, growing delirious in their torments, have them bathed, and placed comfortably in bed, with a good cool sheet over them . . . with a tumbler of jelly and some gruel by their



bedsides. . . . Captain B, worn out in one of the old Pennsylvania regiments, wished me to say . . . that since he was a little lad, and sat on the floor with his supper on his lap, and the cat by his side gravely watching his basin of milk, he had never tasted anything so good as the pudding I made him of some of their Indian meal."

Having published Clara's letter requesting food or money, the Rev. Mr. Ferguson published also her letter of thanks. From the Rochester New York *Evening Express*, she later clipped four columns and pasted them into the book of "Scraps," her own articles or letters, mentioned above. In acknowledging the receipt of boxes and barrels of supplies, she warmed the hearts of the "generous donors," by telling what would most please them: If, says she, they could "for one day look on and watch these long lines of tented sufferers, and witness the faint smile as the breakfast slice comes in buttered, and hear from the pale-faced recipient, 'The first butter I have seen in ten months'—or the glance of astonishment which he turns upon you at evening when he receives his bread and butter and fresh-cooked apple sauce and tea—if these kind-hearted people could only look on and see this as I see it every hour, I know it would richly repay them for all their pains." . . . .

Long since, Clara had learned that an army is only as good as its stomach, and the sick and wounded over whom she had charge were fed as well as she could feed them with supplies she herself bought or begged or gathered from general donations.

Here she became a friend of General Butler: "A mile from us his headquarters appear like a little village in itself, and in his tent, shaded by a few dried bushes, and marked by a flag, sits the Commanding General, dignified, wise, and princely, and still, perhaps, the most kindly and approachable personage on the grounds."

On July 30th the Union men exploded the memorable Petersburg mine, resulting in a picture of horror second not even

to that of the sunken road at Fredericksburg. In less than twelve hours, Lee reported to the Confederate War Department, "We have retaken the salient." The explosion had blown skyward earth and men still holding their guns, all coming down in a mass. "Portions of the bodies," said one writer, "were to be seen protruding from immense blocks of earth," while the bottom of the crater was deeply filled with bodies, black and white.

Clara felt that day, as often she had felt and would feel, that war is beyond all doubt the greatest act in and of history. And though she did not then know that Lee had spoken the words to General Longstreet at Fredericksburg, she would have agreed with him that it is well war is so terrible or we should grow too fond of it. Her own account of that July 30th is a horrified exclamation: "The Petersburg mine with its four thousand dead and wounded and no flag of truce, the wounded broiling in a July sun, the dead bodies putrefying where they fell!"

She flew to the scene as soon as a party brought word that a friend of hers had been killed, all offering to go back with her. One, she said, would be enough. It was midnight, July 30th, when they set off in thunder and lightning preceding a deluge of rain. The horses, refusing to travel, stood shivering in one spot for three or four hours. At dawn, they sped onward over the last lap of the twenty miles. Again and again she went to Petersburg, momentarily surrendering her hospital work to assistants, that she might help nurse the wounded after new engagements.

Her common-sense found at least one cause for amusement. "I had been making the rounds of the hospital tents," she wrote, "and for a moment stepped into the commission quarters, when a tall, sun-burned, honest-faced soldier stepped in after me and approaching the agent said he should like to get a pair of socks." The agent was sorry but they had no socks or stockings except for dead men. "If you could have seen the look of puzzled astonishment which spread over the veteran's face. . . . He looked at me, his own turtle-backed feet, innocent of stock-



ings for months, and broke out, 'Socks for dead men!' and stalked out of the tent, apparently no wealthier or wiser than he entered."

Grilling days passed between kitchen duties and attention to the wounded. Some time before the end of August she returned to Washington for necessary oddments and was aided by Sally, in the capital for a time with Fannie Vassall, in purchasing tinware, spices, and flavorings. She longed for "a nice stove," but had not the money for that indulgence. On this visit, Destiny saw to it that Clara Barton got away from City Point just before the explosion that would have blown her to atoms.

At Point of Rocks the soldiers were increased in one night by a transfer of five hundred from the Regimental Hospital. The morning after this addition, old cook John and his assistant Peter were both sick. She assumed responsibility for the kitchen and the feeding of twelve hundred, "and I held it and kept it straight till I selected a new boss cook, and then helped him all the time up to the present day (September 3, 1864)." The quantity, she observed, was more striking than the variety: for breakfast seven hundred loaves of bread, one hundred seventy gallons of hot coffee, two large wash-boilers full of tea, and so on.

Clara was not less economical than she would have been at home. If loaves were broken in transportation, she saved them for bread pudding, made in forty large milk pans. She tried to meet her soldiers' craving for things that "Mother used to cook." If there is one dish a New England housewife knows how to make better than brown bread and baked beans, it is clam chowder or codfish cakes. Clara prepared the codfish in the "old home way." On another occasion, a soldier begged for a pie made with finger-prints about the edges. Remembering the ones her own mother had made, somehow Clara concocted and finger-printed that pie.

Late in August, the Tenth Corps changed places with the Eighteenth, and went up in front of Petersburg. Miss Barton, cook, prepared puddings and gingerbread, easiest to carry. By

two in the morning, she had filled an ambulance with these, and by three set out on the pontoon bridge across the Appomattox to the new base, some four miles distant. She got breakfast for four hundred men and one hundred officers, all of whom had preceded her; then came to rest, the transfer effected in eighteen hours. Since dark, she wrote a day or so later, forty severely wounded men had been brought in, "one with the shoulder off, a number of legs off, one with both arms gone—some blown up with shells and terribly burned." By request of the surgeon, she had carried to them all thick eggnog and chicken-broth, and had then stolen to her own tent, "bare as a cuckoo's nest—dirt floor, just like the street, a narrow bed of straw, a three-legged stand made of old cracker boxes, and a wash dish." She was not complaining, simply stating facts. "I have always refused a tent unless the army had tents also, and I have never eaten a mouthful of my own soft bread or fresh meat, until the sick of the army were abundantly supplied with both." This second statement she made long after.

Just now the groans of a little Maine boy were echoing through the camp, and had echoed for hours. A Swiss soldier, maybe mortally wounded, has gained her promise to be with him when he dies; but she has hopes of his recovery. He did recover and his mother wrote to Clara, pouring out her gratitude. What, Clara asked, was *her* kindness in comparison to what Jules Golay had suffered for her country? He had toiled, hungered, helped stem the foe, and wounded had pressed the bloody soil of an alien land, "and that land my country, that country my home, that home my loved America. Grateful to me! It is I who should be grateful, and I am."

By the middle of September, 1864, with the Tenth Corps at Broadway Landing, four miles from the extreme front, Clara had a comfortable house near the Base Hospital. "They moved me into it one night when I was sick, and here I have lain and the winds have blown . . . and for hours in the dark night I have listened to the guy ropes snapping, and the tent flies flap-



ping in the wind and rain and thunder and lightning." This hospital occupied a former mansion, from which was strung out a long row of negro cabins, of which she had the last. The men built around it a fence of pines or cedars, twelve to fifteen feet high, set close enough together to conceal all the house but the roof. They laid and carpeted two new floors and papered the walls; but that was after a deputation of ten had cleaned out the cabin with brooms and fifty barrels of water. She slept in the second story of her quarters and, on occasion, brought her patients to the lower floor. A young boy from Suffolk, Massachusetts, wasted to a skeleton, was one of these; he lay like a happy kitten until his father came for him the next day, finding him sheltered and fed. "Women's and children's tears amount to little," wrote Clara in narrating the small episode, "but the convulsive sobs of a strong man are not forgotten in an hour."

She was much valued here, where she met many old friends. "Dr. Barlow I worked with at Cedar Mountain and through Pope's retreat, and again on Morris Island; and he says if I am going to desert now, *just say so, that's all*. And I have stood by Dr. Porter all summer, and Porter says he will share me some with the Upper Hospital, but I must not leave the Corps on any condition whatever. And yet the Surgeon in charge of one of the largest Corps in General Grant's Army at City Point came for me last week and would hardly be denied; wanted me to help him 'run' his hospital." She thought it would be difficult to get away in the fall or winter; she was considering the Flying Hospital, nearer the front, where she could "meet wants more timely and surely than any stranger could do." She closed her letter to Annie Childs by mentioning the articles most needed by soldiers in cold weather, articles she would distribute all along the front. She hadn't a pair of socks, she wrote, or drawers, or a shirt for any soldier. Would Annie share this letter with the Worcester ladies busy in war work? Loyal Annie at once made several copies and sent them out to ladies industrious with thread and needle.

Shortly she was transferred to the Flying Hospital, six miles from Richmond, where took place the long hoped for reunion with Brother Stephen. "One chilly day last autumn," she wrote in 1865, "when General Butler's troops were pressing the line of Richmond . . . the poor fellows were dropping back in scores to our flying hospital tents. It was smoky and dreary, and I was out trying to revive and assist them as they were laid down from the stretchers. I saw a Lieutenant who was shot in the lungs. He was lying on his back, strangling. I sprang and raised him partly up and asked the boys to remove him to me," while she seated herself on a coil of tent rope, where she could support him upright, until the surgeon arrived. "While I was in this position, with hands and arms bare and bloody to the elbows, an orderly dashed up, and . . . dismounting handed me a letter. With one hand and my teeth I tore it open, for . . . I saw this was from my nephew Samuel. It enclosed another addressed to himself, and to my bewildered eyes it was in the handwriting of my brother. The post-mark and date were Norfolk, and he said he was a prisoner there, that six weeks before he had been captured by a raiding party of General Butler's men." Stephen had been away from home to obtain medicine for a trouble of some chronic nature, and was lying in his wagon at the time of the capture.

"All had been taken from him," his sister continues, "teams, bed, necessary clothing, blankets, medicine, and he had been thrown into the fourth story of a crowded prison house, to lie on bare floors. . . . He could not eat the food and could purchase none, as they had taken all his cash—nearly \$3,000—from him at the time of his capture." Unless relieved he could not live many weeks, so had written and was asking a negro guard to post the letter.

Clara delivered the stricken Lieutenant to the surgeons and called an ambulance: General Butler was a mile or so away. Silently, she handed the busy General the letter . . . "What shall I do?" he asked. Clara begged to be allowed to go to "Ste."



The General thought they could do better by her brother if he were brought to the Flying Hospital, and asked if she had shelter for him. "I replied that I had an old negro hut with ground floor but it was shelter when I had time to be in it." The General ordered Stephen Barton sent at once with all property and papers found on him at the time of his arrest and, turning to Clara, bade her get ready a place.

"You who know me will understand the fullness of heart and the difficulty with which I saw my way out of that tent." She returned to her post and worked forty-eight hours without rest or sleep, while her man made a loft in the cabin for herself and a straw bunk for Stephen on the first floor. The third night, while she sat alone by the cabin fire, the door opened. There stood the surgeon in charge, with Stephen.

The change in her brother was inexpressibly shocking. The last time she had seen him he weighed over two hundred pounds, a splendid figure of a man, iron-gray, erect and strong. He walked in, "pale, tottering, a hundred and thirty, his thin white locks resting upon his shoulders, bent and walking feebly with a cane." He had assured General Butler he was not a rebel; *that* the General already knew and merely asked whether he could ride a mile or two farther. Supposing he meant the prison, Stephen replied he could, if necessary. And when Butler said, "You will find your sister there," the poor man thought she was in prison, also. He had been sent along, then, in the General's carriage.

He remained six weeks, waiting examination of his case. "How well I remember wrapping a cloak and shawl about him, as he sat shivering in the ambulance, weak and nervous, waiting his turn to enter the crowded office." Two others had been summoned, a man from a New York regiment and a detective from Boston. They had arrested Stephen but knew nothing of the present business until confronting him before the General. Stephen stated the facts; the General reminded the culprits they had left Captain Barton alone and free, after taking his

property, but had thrown him into prison when he followed them to Norfolk. "This money must be restored. I hold you equally responsible," he told them. "In case of failure of either to pay his share, I hold each responsible for the whole amount." The Lieutenant pleaded poverty and his dependent old parents. The General, said Clara, could see this might be hard but could not see why Captain Barton should be obliged to support him or them.

Stephen was a dying man. He hoped he was recovering, while Clara divided her time between him, on the bunk in her tent, and the city full of wounded soldiers.

Still able to write a few long letters, he told of his sister's work at Point of Rocks: "She arises in the morning about 6½ o'clock and goes into the cooking tent and directs the cooks in preparing the light diet for the more feeble of the sick and wounded, whose many wants have her attention until after 8 o'clock. She takes all her meals at the Surgeon's table. Breakfast at 8½ and dinner at 3 o'clock and no supper. Her time between the two meals she generally spends directing the business in her cooking tent, gets through with serving out the delicacies, which those sick and feeble men require about 6 p.m. She then comes into her house and attends to her correspondence, which often takes her until bedtime. She rides on horseback one afternoon in each week about six miles to the Base Hospital situated on the river, where all the boxes and barrels of food and raiment are landed from the steamboats that are constantly reaching her from the charitable people of our yet great nation. This is her regular routine of business; besides, she attends numerous calls each day from her friends and acquaintances. The Flying Hospital is situated on the James River about six miles from Richmond and one mile from the Dutch Gap Canal, where there has been a continuous cannonading kept up since I came here, and some of the time it has been rapid enough and loud enough to shake the ground when



the big guns from the Federal iron-clads took a part in the exercise."

Officer friends thought Clara's cabin needed a new chimney and while it was being built she took her brother with her to the big cooking tent. Lying on his sick couch, interested in details, he observed in particular the great barrels and boxes of apples and eggs, unable to imagine what could be done with the vast quantities. But, he wrote, they disappeared in two or three days among the hundreds of sick men. "My old friend Amasa Eddy used to make two qualities of eggs, which he denominated eggs and pretty good eggs. Clara has gone far ahead of Uncle Amasa for she makes four kinds. . . . The eggs were piled on a long table; her cooks would strike each egg hard enough with the edge of a knife to break its shell, when they could readily decide to what quality it belonged. The first quality were used for omelets, the second for custards, the third for corn-starch puddings, and the fourth were cast away as worthless."

Before his death, at fifty-nine, Stephen suffered much in spirit. Clara told of a sad experience while he lay in her cabin. Tiptoeing down the tiny flight of rude stairs, she heard him praying and learned his distress at the groans of wounded men. Feeling she was somehow to blame for it all, she could only weep and tiptoe back. She was grateful that he died without knowing the victorious Union army would lay waste and burn the last of his hard-won estate in Carolina. In 1866, she copied in her diary a poem "written by poor brother Stephen"—she never wrote of the dead without the word "poor"—"during his solitary hours in North Carolina during the days of the rebellion . . . so expressive of his desolate state of mind and so well done . . . and recited to me at the front of Richmond last winter, and which I copied and was lost in the advance upon Richmond by the carelessness of Dr. R." She had found the original among Stephen's papers. The poem is titled "Midnight," and in the first stanza reveals his brooding state:

'Tis sweet at midnight by the southern fire,  
When all the world is locked in silence deep,  
To let imagination's wings aspire  
To Edens beauteous as the dreams of sleep.

The final line betrays his sense of desolation:

We start and weep to find ourselves alone.

The mutual devotion of Clara and Stephen was rare; these pages have been able only to suggest it. When he died, part of her life went with him, more by far than had gone with the preceding family dead.

Before his passing, it was inevitable that Irving, Sister Sally's boy, whom Clara and Sally had taken as a last hopelessly hoping measure to Rochester, Minnesota, must also die. He was the closest to his aunt of all the nieces and nephews. With the patience of the consumptive, he lingered till April 9, 1865. Of him his mother wrote Clara, who was in London, some years afterward. Sally had been destroying letters. "I have saved a good many of yours," she remarks, "but have destroyed more, and the poor mutilated paper that lies under my table would be a subject for the world to gossip over for the next fifty years. I shall get to Irving's soon. It will be hard to part with them but I will not treasure up his troubles and griefs, his poverty and aspirations, his deferred hope, for others to read who never could comprehend it all because they did not know him nor could understand him perhaps if they did."

Even before Stephen left the Flying Hospital, in December, 1864, Clara was assured that Lee's surrender was imminent. The marvel was that his ragged, hungry men had held out so long with so deathless a devotion to the Lost Cause. In one of her favorite expressions, "It was nearly done"; but for her there was no joy, only a sad relief that the Union was saved. Stephen was to die, and Irving was to die; these she loved best of all to her remaining. How much would be ended for her when they were no longer on earth? What could she now do for others? What, dear Lord, could she do to preserve her sanity? After the



hard life, the nursing and the blood of four years, after the clarion and the bugle and the charge, what on earth could she do to readjust herself with the universe? So she considered, and so she created a new task, "while Sheridan like an avenging cloud sweeps in from the West. And the work is done."

## IV

### THE SEARCH FOR MISSING MEN

#### I

EVERYWHERE WITH THE SOLDIERS, CLARA HAD A HEAVY correspondence, much of it relating to missing men whose homes welcomed the smallest scrap of information. This service, she thought, might be conducted now under better arrangements and more extensively continued at the end of the war. Gathering up a few friends to help, she established at Annapolis, February, 1865, her "Office of Correspondence with Friends of the Missing Men of the United States Army."

"But where, Clara, will you get the money?" Sister Sally was one of the assistants.

"Ten thousand dollars in that New York Bank has drawn interest for fourteen years." She gave Sally a firmly challenging look.

"But—that's your money! And you've spent every cent you ever had on the soldiers. Even your thousand dollars back pay—"

"What," asked Clara for the *n*th time, "is money without a country? If this gift I have so long thought too sacred to spend is ever to do good, now is the time."

"But," Sally persisted, "what will *you* do? How will you get on?"

"That," laughed Clara, "is the least of my worries." And she began drawing on the long dormant fund, which had accumulated fifty per cent of the original sum in interest.



Had she needed to ask for money she could have got it from the same friends who never failed to meet her requests generously throughout the war. The war was not yet ended in February, however; she would requisition nothing that might better go even to one man on the field. A good business woman, always, she may have expected the government would reimburse her if the office justified its existence.

Already she had written to President Lincoln, soliciting his authority and endorsement for allowing her to act temporarily "as general correspondent at Annapolis, Maryland, having in view the reception and answering of letters from the friends of prisoners now being exchanged. It will be my object also to obtain and furnish all possible information in regard to those that have died during their confinement," and she hoped the objects contemplated might commend themselves to the President's favorable consideration (See illustration opposite). Lincoln gave his approval and authority, March 11, 1865—the day after Stephen's death—and published the statement:

"To the Friends of Missing Persons: Miss Clara Barton has kindly offered to search for the missing prisoners of war. Please address her at Annapolis, giving her name, regiment, and company of any missing prisoner.

(Signed) A. Lincoln."

It was one of his last documents.

After Stephen's burial and the unavailing trip westward with Irving, Clara threw all her energy into the search for missing men. The surrender of Lee at Appomattox occurred between the two deaths, passing almost unheeded by her whose grief only work could assuage. More grief was imminent.

On the evening of April 13th, Clara sat in her room at 488½ Seventh Street, where she did much office work. Hearing a noise in the street and dashing to the window, she looked down upon excited men and women. Shortly, she heard the familiar tread of a sentry walking the hall in front of her door. Flinging it open, she demanded, "Why are you here?"

To His Excellency  
Abraham Lincoln.  
President of the United States.  
Sir,

I most respectfully solicit your authority and  
Endorsement, to allow me to act temporarily as  
General Correspondent at Annapolis Maryland,  
having in view the reception and answering of letters  
from the friends of our prisoners now being  
exchanged.

It will be my object also to obtain  
and furnish all possible information in regard  
to those that have died during their confinement.

Hoping that the objects contemplated may  
commend themselves to your favorable consid-  
eration

I am Most Respectfully,

Clara Barton.

CLARA BARTON'S ENGROSSED LETTER TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN  
From the original draft in documents left to Miss Rena D. Hubbell. Now in the  
Library of Congress



March 1865	
Amount brought forward \$	1294
2000 envelopes, official size (white)	22
2000 Postage stamps	60
Bureau expenses, express, gas, unpaid letters etc. etc.	36
	\$ 1412
April	
Mr Ramsey as clerk.	125
" Brown " "	100
" Golay " "	100
Mrs Morrill " "	60
" Fassall " "	60
Keslinger	50
Rent of the office	40
Printer's bill, for circulars, different blank forms of letters, &c.	
heads of 3000 envelopes etc. etc. paper included	107
3000 envelopes letter size	15
3000 Postage stamps	90
Two large blank books for records.	50
Mr imile Clare as agent in Wilmington A. C. His bill	138
Journey to Baltimore to attend to the printing of rolls. Mr B. and myself	32
Mr Moulthrop for clerical services his bill	42
Bureau expenses etc. etc.	27
	\$ 1036
May	
Mr Ramsey as clerk	125
" Brown " "	100
" Golay " "	100
	\$ 325

PAGE FROM CLARA'S ACCOUNT OF EXPENSES IN THE BUREAU FOR  
SEARCH OF MISSING MEN

From property left Miss Hubbell by Dr. Julian B. Hubbell.

"Sent to guard you, Miss Barton. They fear a general massacre." In the night, news came that Lincoln had been assassinated and that others would be—Chase, Seward, Johnson, Grant. Her friends felt she was too close to Lincoln not to be protected. All night, sad, grieving for private loss, national loss, fearful for her country, she walked the floor. In the morning another sentinel relieved the first, forbidding her to go out.

"I should have my mail," she told him.

He would attend to that. Early a messenger arrived from General Grant, inquiring for her safety. When she heard renewed clamor below, again she raised her window, this time upon weeping multitudes. Lincoln was dead, and others might die. Three days the sentry walked her hall, three days of misery for Clara who, while her own woe was sunk in the dread that the Union might still be tottering, bore her trials alone. On the fourth day, Grant asked her to go to Philadelphia, where Lincoln lay in state. With a friend she journeyed up for her last tribute.

## 2

By the end of May, 1865, active in her Washington room and in Annapolis, Clara had ready for publication her first list of 3,000 names. Her assistants were Jules Golay, the young Swiss whose life she had saved on the field; Mrs. Morrell, a former companion on expeditions to the front; Samuel Ramsey, friend of Clinton days; Sister Sally; Mr. Judson Brown; Mr. Wray, Mr. Frank, and Mr. Moulthrop and his sister, besides four or five others on occasion. Though she was generous in maintaining a necessary staff, one of twelve or fifteen at all times would have taxed her capital to the breaking-point. The War Department did not get around to helping her for some two months after she began the work, when they allowed her stationery and a small sum for postage.

Many of Clara's friends thought she had been in love with Samuel Ramsey. When, before leaving America in 1869, how-



ever, she placed her financial affairs in Cousin Rob S. Hale's hands, she denied the imputation in her severest manner. The man owed her a goodly sum of money, which Cousin Rob thought she had lent for reasons of sentiment. Clara retorted that she had never had a love affair, and that if she ever had she would not attempt to facilitate or perpetuate the matter by lending money. Her observation, she continued acidly, had not been favorable to such course of procedure. Cousin Rob got back the money.

When the list of men was perfectly ordered, Clara asked President Johnson to direct that the printing be done at the Government Printing Office. She called his attention to an enclosed circular asking financial aid, and stated that it was at the solicitude of friends, not her own suggestion. At that time, she had received no assistance in defraying expenses, either from the government or individuals, but she thought the time might come when she would appeal and, therefore, desired the President's approval and patronage. Her office always returned, as a routine matter, any amounts—they were usually small—that were enclosed with inquiries. Chief Quartermaster Rucker endorsed her letter, June 2, 1865. Other necessary signatures, including General Grant's, preceded that of Johnson, who commanded the printing to be done as speedily as possible.

To the newspapers of each State represented on her list, Clara sent copies of the list of men missing for that State, asking free publication. In a few days she was receiving information by sackfuls. This work, gradually decreasing, none the less continued for years, and to a diminishing degree as late as 1910. Constant traveling between Washington and Annapolis, an expensive item in her accounts, demanded a conveyance. It was finally granted, at her request, by military authorities. The oversight of all the correspondence can scarcely be estimated, but a detailed statement of money paid out reveals her constant, controlling presence. By the end of November her bills amounted to \$7533.00 (See page 442).

Most of the mail consisted of tearful or informatory letters but now and then among them was one that angered or amused. Inquiry for J. H. H., for example, whose mother had died and to whom his "silent absence" had been a great grief, elicited a reply from J. H. H., who had seen his name blazoned over the country somewhat to his mortification. "If my friends in New York *wish* to know where I am, let them wait *until* I see fit to write them." Clara seized a sheet of paper and wrote wrathfully, closing her rebuke, "I cannot apologize for the part I have taken. You are mistaken in supposing that I am 'anxious for your welfare.' I assure you I have no interest in it, but your accomplished sister, for whom I entertain the deepest respect and sympathy, I shall inform of your existence lest you should not 'see fit' to do so yourself."

Greatest sweeping result of this original and unique organization came through Dorence Atwater, with whom ever after Clara was associated with ties of friendship including his younger brother Francis, his sister Fannie, and other members of the Connecticut Family. On July 7, 1863, Dorence at the age of eighteen was taken prisoner near Hagerstown, Maryland, and sent to Belle Isle, Richmond, where he remained five months. He was shifted then to Smith's Tobacco Factory, Richmond, to keep account of supplies received from the Federal Government and issued to Federal prisoners of war. In 1864, February, he was transferred with others to Andersonville Prison, Sumter County, Georgia. March, April, and part of May he was within the stockade. Falling ill, he was placed in the hospital whence, the middle of June, he was paroled and detailed as clerk in Surgeon General White's office, to keep the daily record of deaths of all Federal prisoners of war. He also made—he was told for the Federal Government—abstracts of all deaths.

Young Atwater thought the mortality too great and suspected the prison authorities meant so to expose and starve the men as to render them unfit for further service. (He must not have



known of the extremities to which the Southerners were reduced, or of the offer to exchange prisoners.) By August, 1864, he was secretly copying the entire list of the Union dead; and this list he brought through the Union lines, March, 1865. Immediately, he wrote the Secretary of War, asking for a furlough of thirty days in which to have the death register published. He had some 14,000 names. On the 12th of April, he got a telegram asking his immediate presence, with his rolls, in Washington. There he found Colonel Breck, with whom he was to arrange for "suitable reward," absent, but left the rolls with the clerk for safe-keeping. Breck, returning, told Atwater, "We will give you \$300 for the rolls." According to his own statement, Atwater did not wish to sell them, thinking they should be published for the benefit of friends and relatives for whom they had been copied. The government would confiscate them, said Breck, if Atwater set about publication, and granted him one day to make up his mind whether or not he would accept the terms. Atwater declared later that he finally agreed to sell them for a clerkship in the department and \$300, and the return of the rolls as soon as copied. The agreement seemed logical enough. The upshot was, however, that after Atwater began work in the department, and asked the privilege of copying his rolls—since they had not been copied, according to the promise—he was succinctly refused.

And now, having heard about Clara Barton's search for missing men, Dorence wrote her something of his experience. She summoned him to her office. "Tell me the whole story." She heard him through, was convinced of his sincerity, and believed that with the list the graves could be identified. With Atwater's drawing of the cemeteries, she reported to the Commissioner-General of Prisons, Hofmann, and laid before him a plan which he accepted and transmitted to the Secretary of War. Miss Barton, he said, would have persons go to mark the graves and would enclose the grounds to protect them from desecration. She asked that Dorence Atwater be one of the party.

Secretary Stanton sent for her to say he fully approved her plan and wished her also to accompany the expedition he would order to Andersonville. She, the originator, would have a clearer perception of the work than anybody else he could appoint. He would send young Mr. Atwater also, and Captain J. M. Moore would head the expedition.

Gruesome as the task would be, Clara did not quail but was eager to join the party. She and Death had been familiars throughout four years; this would be only one more rendezvous. Fired with zeal at the vision of identifying thousands of unknown men, of setting at rest anxious relatives, she accepted the Secretary's invitation. Armed with shovels, axes, spades, and wooden markers, the party got off on July 8, 1865. Clara, Dorence, Captain Moore and forty-two laborers passed up the Savannah River four days later and anchored under the bluffs. Captain Moore spoke to the pilot who met them at the mouth of the river. "The Georgia Central Railroad has not been repaired since Sherman's March to the Sea," said the pilot. Captain Moore at once proposed to abandon the expedition, but the party went on to Savannah. There he telegraphed to Washington that he was in Savannah without further means of transportation, would store the material and return later.

"Without the least investigation we waited for one week for a reply to this dispatch," wrote Clara. "It became perfectly apparent to all that the route via Augusta and Atlanta was unobstructed and had been for two months." Chafing at delay, vexed with indifference, Clara would not be guilty of open insubordination. Atwater, however, ventured to remonstrate and so fell into disfavor, and when some pleasant remarks about him were published by a friend of hers, the Editor of the Savannah *Herald*, he was more unpopular than ever.

"There appeared to be little doubt of the immediate return of the expedition," continues Clara, "and so confident was Captain Moore in this regard that he even purchased a pair of mocking birds designed as a present for Mrs. Secretary



Stanton." With pardonable malice she parenthesizes, "It would perhaps be proper to remark, however, that the attempt failed, as one died and the other escaped." She herself had fully determined not to return but to go on to Andersonville, to examine and report, and to hope for another expedition. She could not retain Dorence; he would have been subject to charge of desertion from his official post in Washington. In what she terms "this pitiable state of affairs," a dispatch arrived from the Quartermaster-General containing peremptory orders to proceed. It was not difficult to guess precisely how and why these orders were at last forthcoming. Clara would have behaved entirely out of character had she waited much longer without doing something to overthrow or move round the lamentable impasse.

On the 19th, the party left Savannah, drawing up six days later (a length of time still not explained) at Andersonville. They selected a camp, and pitched a number of tents, those of the forty-two men on one side, "and in a direct line ranging east and west, from others ten feet apart—the western tent occupied by Captain Moore, and next by his clerk, the next Mr. Atwater, Mr. —— and government undertaker, and the next and eastern—mine."

On the passage up the Savannah, Edward Watts—a stranger both to Atwater and herself—had fallen sick. On the second day at Andersonville, "without a word of consultation to the best of my knowledge, Mr. S—— resigned his place in Mr. Atwater's tent in favor of Mr. Watts, and this person, sick of a malignant fever in that climate in midsummer was brought and placed in that vacant bed in Mr. Atwater's tent—two feet from him, ten feet from me. No other shelter was provided for Mr. Atwater, and his natural nobleness of character and kindness of heart made him the constant nurse and attendant of the poor sufferer by his side. No assistance was given him, save what I was able to render, and through the long hot days and nights of that fearful month, he stood at his self-constituted

post of humanity, with fidelity, heroism and Christian principle."

Clara's annoyance receded as the macabre task progressed and she studied evidence of the prison conditions. In her report, she described the prison fully, commenting upon lack of accommodations, impure water, efforts to escape through tunnels and so on. She also picked up from the ground a number of trophies later used to illustrate a talk, objects some of which appeared to be poor implements given the prisoners, in lieu of dishes . . . Perhaps she never knew the straits to which the South was reduced, or she would not have boiled so resentfully. And even with wooden spoons many a prisoner got far on his way to escape . . .

By making the proposed comparisons, with the written record, of the post or board marking each man's position in the trench in which he was buried—Clara reported that she could identify the graves. These covered nine acres, partly enclosed by a fence intended to include fifty acres. The numbered board was replaced with "a uniform and comely tablet, bearing name, company, regiment and date of death of the soldier who slept beneath." The number of graves marked was 12,920. Original records provided about 10,500, and Atwater's copy was requisitioned for the remainder. Against 400 numbers stood the word "unknown." The expedition marked the graves, placed mottoes at the gates, and erected a flagstaff in the center of this, the first National Cemetery. They finished the work August 17th, and on that date Clara Barton raised the stars and stripes.\* In the meantime, had been formed the Andersonville Association, of which she was made honorary member. From a charnel-house to a fair cemetery the transformation was complete, and nearly 13,000 men lay honorably where relatives knew them to lie . . . Clara returned to Washington by way of Chattanooga.

Before the commission left Washington for Savannah,

\* *Harper's Weekly*, October 7, 1865, carried a double-page illustration, showing Clara hoisting the flag.



Atwater learned that the original register of names was deficient, and his private copy of the rolls was requisitioned to supply the gaps. The original register, that made by Dorence for the government, had become blurred and his copy further aided the task of identifying the numbered trench graves. Publicly and privately consulted, his rolls came back in due course to Atwater. They had been copied, presumably, at Washington and were now by agreement legally his own. When the list was needed in the trial of Wirz, Superintendent of Andersonville Prison, they took only the original.

Back, now, in Washington, Atwater told Breck on inquiry that his own rolls were in his trunk. Breck, despite the agreement, said either the \$300 must be forthcoming or the rolls returned. Still insisting that duty required him to publish the rolls, Atwater turned away to look up Secretary Stanton. Breck arrested him and sent a force to search his room and trunk. In his published report, Atwater says, cryptically enough after the preceding statement to Breck, "My room and trunk were searched, but the rolls could not be found." He must have known that Clara had those rolls if, indeed, he had not given them to her; but he relied on her judgment and Clara must have said, "Say nothing." She meant to see that list in print and advertised to the public. Always cautious, she doubtless feared somebody might challenge its authenticity and had no intention of throwing away evidence. Who knew, she may have argued, whether the government copy would be available as proof? She had seen enough of Breck's behavior to be dubious. . . . After two days in the guard-house, Dorence Atwater was court-martialed on charges of larceny and conduct prejudicial to good military discipline. Convicted, he was sentenced to dishonorable discharge from the U. S. Army, with loss of all pay and allowances due, with a fine of \$300, and confinement at hard labor for eighteen months. He must restore to the War Department the property stolen from Captain J. M. Moore, leader of the expedition. Dorence arrived at Auburn Prison

September 26th, 1865, and had served at hard labor for two months when released, one of many, by amnesty of the President of the United States.

After Dorence arrived at New Haven and learned the record had not yet been published for "relatives and friends of the martyred dead at Andersonville," he addressed to them a letter of explanation, from which are drawn some of the facts here presented. Two months or so later, Clara came to the Howard House, New York, where she had asked Dorr to meet her with his roll. (The ambiguity here in the reference to the roll is Clara's.) She had been unremitting in attempts to get him pardoned. She arrived at evening. "In the morning his name was on the book, and at eight o'clock he met me in the parlor, looking pale and sober, no laugh, no jest, but sad, serious, and thoughtful. He was not well, and indeed he never expects to be again; his two months at Auburn wore upon him more than all of Belle Isle and Andersonville."

Dorence lived to see the stigma removed. Clara continued to fight for his public exoneration, as well she might have done, knowing who had retained those rolls, however justifiably in her own judgment. She urged Dorence's brother Francis to put the case before Congress. In 1898, according to Francis in his *Memoirs*, Congress canceled the court-martial and gave Dorence an honorable discharge from the Army. "At that time," says he, "it was the only court-martial that had ever been set aside in the history of the country." The setting aside was not without humor; after all, Dorence had represented the United States many times in many places for some thirty years before 1898. Through Clara's unceasing interest he got his first consulateship, at Seychelles on the east coast of Africa. To that remote and lonely spot his friends and acquaintances, egged on by Clara, sent him letters and books and magazines. Hustled from one post to another, he finally landed in Tahiti. There he married the richest and prettiest native princess, Moetia, who with her brother had been educated in Paris, and



tried to forget the unfairness of certain of his countrymen. He lived to be sixty-five, dying November 10, 1910, in San Francisco. "Dorr—through at last," wrote Clara, herself nearly eighty-nine.

Almost a quarter-century his senior, Clara cared much for this man, whom she regarded somewhat as son *cum* brother *cum* sweetheart. Twenty years of age when he first appeared in her office door, he looked a decade older, whereas she never—until the final few months of her life—wore the signs of her years. She admired him for what he had accomplished; she was grateful for the tremendous addition to her list of missing men now found and identified (though she never sought "credit" for his contribution) and he partly filled the sad vacancy in her heart left by the removal of Stephen and Irving from future association on earth. Facing herself, she knew she could not love enough to marry him, a man so much younger than herself. They had had experiences more or less in common for four years; they were drawn to each other through a New England heritage. Though all would have been wrong for Clara had she surrendered to the desire deep within her for home and marriage to this "veteran" who admired and loved her, all was right so long as she kept feeling within limits permissible to a Victorian of the Victorians. She could have thought of no relationship outside the code. They were a comfort and a consolation to each other at this period.

In May, 1895, the town of Plymouth, including Terryville, Connecticut, held a celebration. Clara was the guest of her friends Judge Sheldon and family and the Francis Atwaters, Francis then President of the Meriden Publishing Company and Editor of the *Meriden Journal*. "As relics were to be gathered for the exhibition," wrote Clara in her diary, "the famous Death Record kept by Dorence Atwater at Andersonville was desired by the people of Plymouth, and as it had been always in my possession since its second return from Andersonville and the imprisonment of Atwater for his retention of it, it

was naturally asked for by the citizens of Plymouth for the Anniversary Loan Exhibition. The request was made to me through Francis Atwater, and the record sent to him through Judge Joseph Sheldon, of New Haven, having been transmitted by the hand of his wife at the time on a visit to Washington." The Judge spoke on Dorr's record and imprisonment in connection with the display of the record; Clara spoke, asking to have the government remove his dishonorable discharge.

But all that demonstration was long after 1865 and the Andersonville expedition. "For the record of your dead," Clara concluded her report of the expedition, "you are indebted to the forethought, courage, and perseverance of Dorence Atwater, a young man not yet twenty-one years of age; an orphan, four years a soldier; one-tenth of his whole life a prisoner, with broken health and ruined hopes he seeks to present to your acceptance the sad gift he has in store for you."

That Andersonville held memories of a sort different from those suggested, Clara indicated on the first day of January, 1866. She wrote in her new diary: "In only one instance have I met malignity in 1865. This, although I can forgive, I cannot forget and perhaps it is not desirable or advisable that I should, as my enemy is still abroad and I have him to advise and guard against. I allude to the assumed leader of the expedition to Andersonville. I shall not attempt to oppose him more, but unless I have made a very erroneous estimate of his motives and the nature of the acts he has perpetrated, I believe he has yet some difficulties to meet and overcome which will try both his manhood and strength. I leave him with his God."

Meantime she had completed her report and, wishing to publish it immediately, applied both to Congress and Horace Greeley. The newspaperman was first to respond: he would print whatever Miss Barton and Mr. Atwater thought best. In the long run, he told in an editorial, *New York Tribune*, February 14, 1866, about the list and the report he had issued, and ANDERSONVILLE appeared at every available line-space in



the issue. He published at cost a pamphlet of seventy-four pages, with prefaces by Dorence and Clara, entitled "A List of the Union Soldiers Buried at Andersonville."\*

By one swift stroke, Destiny had again aided Clara Barton in what must have appeared even to her an overwhelming task. She herself, however, had prepared the way for Dorence Atwater to walk into her office with his amazing story; she herself grasped the facts and saw what could be done and must be done by way of identifying thousands of nameless graves.\*\*

While she was at Andersonville, during July and August, her office had hummed with busy assistants and now, in the autumn, she began to worry over the end of her resources. Not yet at the end of her search for missing men, her dollars melting away on toiling clerks, she was discouraged and this discouragement was increased, until Dorr's release from Auburn, by her unavailing efforts to get him freed.

3

In the long New Year's Day entry for 1866, she confessed to being down-hearted. Within twelve months, she wrote, she had parted with the two who perhaps in the old time "had twined most deeply" about her heart, "who had traits of character more in common with myself than any others, whose love for me was a mine of wealth. . . . I have never felt the partition so thin between the two worlds. It has grown to be only a veil, a gauze, and I can almost feel them through it." She was tired to the center of her being . . .

"I must close the Bureau, try to do something for myself. But what?" Teach, write, lecture? She rejected teaching and conferred with Jules Golay (See p. 115) who had a room in her house, about writing a book on the War. "Come with me," she was half-enthusiastic, "and let's find a work on the Rebel-

\* Copied from the Official Record in the Surgeon's Office at Andersonville. By Dorence Atwater, New York. Published by the Tribune Association, 154 Nassau Street, 1866. Price 25 cents. Subsequent reprints bear, of course, later dates.

\*\* May 31, 1915, The Women's Relief Corps Auxiliary to the G.A.R. erected a memorial to Clara at Andersonville.

lion." At the nearest shop, she was shortly asking the price of eight volumes. "Five dollars each, Miss Barton." "Too much; I can't afford it." Perhaps, she said to Jules, it might be better to write of her own experience; she might tell of it even better on the platform. She believed she would like the life of a writer but recognized that she might begin too late. Not the "commencing," (her word), but her life of action forbade. Except when necessity forced or a burst of inspiration threw out occasional sparks, she postponed writing for anything and everything else. That she filled enough diaries to make at least a dozen octavo volumes, strictly edited, testifies to the abiding instinct to write. She decided upon the lecture platform.

Early in this year of 1866 she was admitting nobody but Jules and Mr. Shaw, who also had a room in her warehouse-home and who was still working for her in the Patent Office. Shaw had invited her to eat some fruits of his own raising at home and kept in Washington until New Year's Day. "His table was spread neatly," wrote Clara, "with apples, pears, popcorn, jelly of his own make, cake of his mother's, two years old, and a delicious watermelon kept in his haymow in Attleboro." A day or so later, she was reading war recollections to Jules, but was interrupted at once and too often. Sister Sally returned, in better health, from Worcester. Clara got on, but when "almost up to Antietam," complained that it was nearly time for Judge Sheldon to return, "and Mrs. Gage is almost due, and Sam comes tomorrow morning. When is my narrative to be completed?" When, indeed, if she must always suffer inroads on time and brain! Yet, for all books or lectures she might write, Clara would not have refused one of these visitors.

Sam arrived first from North Carolina, with excellent letters about Stephen's loyalty to the Union and the amount of his losses. "We must get a sworn statement," said Clara. If well-advised, a claim for \$40,000 would be instituted against the government. Nothing ever resulted from this claim. Sam and Clara and Sally had a reunion at Mrs. Vassall's home, where



they popped corn and sat around the fire, as in old days at Oxford.

A cryptic Clara emerges through the diary. After stating that a waterpipe had burst and the gas had failed, she mentioned "persecution." From whom? Instead of continuing her reminiscences she soon recorded, "I have spent most of today in manual labor." She could not write while her house was out of order. Like the Samanthly of her later friend, Marietta Holley, she must sit down "in a silk gown and complacency," and would have got up from felicitous phrasing to wipe motes from sunbeams. Every relic testifies to her care and cleanness, and her beautiful furniture is an antique lover's delight.

Characteristically, she felt her quandary returning. Cat-restless, very suddenly she told Jules she would go with him to Switzerland to visit Papa and Mama Golay. She began at once to discuss the voyage with ecstatic Jules. They were interrupted by a knock at the door: there stood Frances Dana Gage, from whom Clara had parted at Port Royal, in 1863. While Mrs. Gage's visit lengthened, Clara was increasingly impressed with her intellect, so deep and clear, "and her sympathies so instant and understanding." Here was a woman whose advice she would heed. Shortly, "Mother" Gage, Clara, and Mr. Brown (of her late staff), joined by two other ladies, went to visit Congress. Mr. Garfield was not in. They called out the Hon. Mr. Lawrence of Ohio.

What were the ladies up to?

Clara went home to get dinner, wishing she could afford a servant. Shortly, Mrs. Gage returned, accompanied by Constance Hancock, "one of the party who constituted our famous night ride in front of Petersburg, a year and a half ago, when all our necks escaped as by miracle." Constance was off to Port Royal, to teach.

Now Frances Gage asked Clara's permission to write about her work for the *Independent* and *Atlantic Monthly*. "I consented and she at once commenced. I went to market."

At this point came the intimation from Horace Greeley that he would publicize Andersonville. While Miss Barton traveled to New York, Mrs. Gage remained to keep house. This was the first time Clara used a sleeping car; she was delighted, "a most comfortable arrangement"; though sleepless, she was happy all night. Happiness easy to understand: Greeley would complete the elevation of spirit begun by the encouragement of Frances Gage; and she would meet Dorence, freed from Auburn. On the trip from New York, mentioned above, Dorence probably accompanied her home: her records show that she placed him immediately on her list of helpers. Undoubtedly, she was in part responsible for Dorence's ever being sent to prison. If she had surrendered the rolls when "Dorr's" trunk was searched, he might have escaped Auburn. But for a good reason, however much she may have kept it to herself, she was determined that list would be published by Atwater, and undoubtedly, again, she believed such publication for his good. If the agents of government had refused to return Atwater his rolls once and had tried to recover them later, how could she be sure they would be in the archives in the event somebody asked for proof of the identifications at Andersonville?

Now Clara and "Mother" Frances perfected the plan they had been formulating. January 20, 1866, Clara wrote to Congress a fifteen-hundred-word letter, a masterpiece of direct statement, free from special pleading, that told specifically of the Office of Correspondence with the Friends of Missing Men of the U. S. Army. She reminded Congress the office had the approval of Lincoln and of Johnson, enclosed a detailed list of monthly expenses—stating she was compelled to suspend operations "simply for the lack of means to carry them on"—and suggested to the Government a plan for continuing the work, whether in her hands or those of others. Mrs. Gage also wrote to the Senators and Representatives of the Thirty-ninth Congress, saying that Miss Barton had devoted \$1,000 a year to her work on the field and had just spent \$8,000 more in the



search for missing men. She would have anyone call at 488½ Seventh Street, between D and E, third floor, Room 9, where Miss Barton's books, letters, bills, and receipts might be examined by any member of either branch of Congress. Mrs. Gage asked a continuation of the search for missing men.

"It is high time," said in effect one of her congressional friends, "that we recognize the unprecedented service of this self-denying, self-immolating woman—one of the most remarkable women of all history." The Committee on Military Affairs and the Militia, to whom the request was referred, recommended an appropriation of \$15,000, as reimbursement for expense already incurred and as aid in completing the work; and the appropriation passed without a dissenting vote. "I personally inspected the vouchers," said Senator Grimes in a speech before the Senate. "In tracing the missing men Clara Barton expended \$2,000 more than the Government gave her for the expenses."

So it was that, for four years and longer as already suggested, Clara continued the search. Congress had only returned the money spent, or nearly all, with almost the same amount for further investigation. At the rate she had expended the first year, she would have consumed by the end of 1866 all the appropriation. Obviously, she must reduce her staff, close the Annapolis office, and correspond from 488½ Seventh Street. She did so only after foreseeing inevitable exhaustion of funds. To rescue from oblivion a Memorial presented by Clara Barton, 1869, this biographer places it as appendix to the text (see page 440). Worth reading for mere information, it is praiseworthy for the final resolution, to the purport that all persons who served in army or navy during the war and who are yet missing or unknown shall be considered as having died in the line of duty, and their heirs shall be entitled to back pay or pension as if they had otherwise been accounted for.

The Chief Bibliographer of the Library of Congress could not find (1940) that the Resolution was adopted but did find

in the United States Code Annotated\* that death in the circumstances may be presumed after seven years' absence. The law, of March 13, 1896, may have been or may not have been the result of Clara Barton's request. In any event, she was far ahead of the law-makers.

\* St. Paul, Minn., West Publishing Company, 1928.



## V

### LECTURER

IN THE MEANTIME, CLARA HAD FINISHED HER FIRST LECTURE, encouraged by the praise of "Mother" Gage and by the comment, "beautifully written," from John B. Gough, temperance advocate and Worcester compatriot. Through all the summer of 1866 she was busy with arrangements for the tour, the first step toward recouping her small fortune.

In October she set out with Dorence as paid companion-secretary, to fulfill a schedule so closely packed as apparently to include no hours for sleeping. In fact, she slept more on trains than anywhere else and then—after a would-be-robber almost got away with her purse—only while sitting up. That season and the one of '67 and '68 she lectured some two hundred times, the exact number hard to determine because to some towns she returned and returned again. The list begins alphabetically with Adrian, Michigan, and closes with Yonkers, New York. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota—all were included in her itinerary which, obviously, covered all the East and Middle West. Carefully planned, the stops on longer sallies dovetailed almost perfectly, with one desired result—expenses were low, incredibly low. Dorence records for November, 1866, for instance, less than fifty dollars paid out for both, on a tour through New York and Massachusetts. To be sure, so greatly beloved was she as to have invitations for dinner or the night at almost all towns, but acceptance

taxed her strength and she refused when gracefully able to do so. Her fee was \$100 to \$125; but for the recently organized G.A.R., her friends forever, she reduced the price. If the lecture hall or the town was small, she reduced it. Even so, she averaged at least \$75 a lecture. The first season, in which, by her statement at the close, she delivered over one hundred lectures, she sometimes made her own engagements; but if these clashed with those of her Chicago agent, she withdrew hers. "Work and Incidents of the War," roused enthusiasm wherever delivered, inspiring another, "How the Republic Was Saved, or War without the Tinsel."

Those were days of oratory. A current reader of Clara Barton's speeches must approve her straight-ahead narration and expressive dialogue, slightly deplore her ringing challenges joined to emotional appeal. To her audiences these were, for the greater number, best of all. Nobody knew that better than Clara. Trained by sitting in the galleries of the Capitol, she had captured every trick acceptable to the era. Her lectures were copied on long, slim sheets, three inches by fifteen. Closed, the thick script fitted into her handback; half-open, it was inconspicuous before an audience. To that script she clung for moral support. "I am the most timid person on earth," she said repeatedly, and "All speech-making terrifies me. First, I have no taste for it, and lastly I hate it." Gough comforted her; after thirty-seven years, he still dreaded an audience. "Often that fear amounts to positive suffering . . . trembling seizes every nerve." And so it was with Clara. Facing her halls with outward calm, impeccably attired in black silk without ornament, she lifted her voice—while her nails cut into her palms. She *must* do it and must do it well, and her trained mind lashed into control her protesting nerves. Despite fear, she was an actress, always provided she was the star, and never did she permit the sheets of script to bar impassioned delivery. Her voice was deep, but soft; she would have thanked God for a microphone. . . . Hear her in condensation:



“Gentlemen and Ladies” [not her sex first]: “When public service is rendered, it is customary to make some report of it; and when great kindness is received, it is proper to acknowledge it [delighted hearers]. The numerous invitations extended, and the waiting audiences throughout the country, I regard as the people’s call for my report, and I am glad of the opportunity afforded which permits public acknowledgment of the kindness received of the American people, and the confidence reposed in me by the officers and men of the army during the trials of the last few years.” [That hooked the G.A.R. and all the others.] But perhaps her audience had not heard of her, she went on, did not know she knew Western ladies created hospitals, stood on fields she never saw, and accomplished great work she never thought of attempting. [Modest speaker, that.] O, yes! she knew it well; and she listed the places where they worked, knew their “bright, brave record.” [She had spent some time in looking up that brave record.] And she knew how the swords of their soldiers had flashed in the East. Rising to her first minor climax, “The nation woke from its dream of peace at the thunder of wave-washed Sumter, and from the steps of the National Capitol, in 1861, we were straining our gaze across the Potomac to the very door of Robert E. Lee for the flash of the guns on Arlington Heights.” [Cheers.]

But, she went on, the armies of the defense poured in, marching weary leagues, and were of the Army of the Potomac facing Petersburg, Richmond, Charleston, and the flower of the Rebel Army. She saw them fight and die, and their bones whiten on the sand. “The fields of Virginia are rich with their blood, and the rivers rolling to the eastern sea murmur their ceaseless hymn of rest.” Then they starved in Andersonville: “We found their graves and marked the spot for you.” [She hadn’t the slightest intention of letting that service pass unrecorded, out here in the West where it might not be known.] She appealed to the mothers, whose hearts were buried in the graves, so far away, and for whom she had dropped tears. [She had, but most

of the time she had felt most a logical disapproval of Captain J. M. Moore.] She begged them to cast aside all that pertained to herself, remembering only the brave men. [How would that meet the ear of a G.A.R. veteran?] Since the events of one day would often occupy an hour in the recital, she told them, she would limit herself to two fields, selecting among the earlier, before relief societies were rendered efficient, before the two great and noble commissions found their way to the front, that they might appreciate the necessity and value of their own labors during those first days. She had struggled with her sense of propriety, but with humility and shame "Before God and before you I am ashamed that I thought of such a thing."

She spoke of Cedar Mountain and Bull Run, of her packing supplies and steaming out of Washington with two ladies and her attendants. The coaches had no seats, no windows, no platforms, no steps. "A slide door at the side was the only entrance, and this often higher than my head." She climbed up over boxes, barrels, and boards. She described Fairfax Station and the acres of wounded under flag of truce, waiting for the little band of almost empty-handed workers. She told of their scanty equipment, of adverse winds in building camp fires, yet of how in fifteen minutes they were preparing food and dressing wounds. She spoke to thoughtful mothers who had not forgotten to send delicacies to the front. [Beaming mothers.] Every can, jar, bucket, when emptied, became a vehicle of mercy, bearing bread and wine or soup and coffee to a sufferer. She pictured the fearful scene at night when lighted candles moved over littered hay covered with wounded soldiers. Generalities she buttressed with special incidents; of wounded Hugh Johnson, for example, who mistook her for his sister, of how she comforted him, and how she made them bear him to Washington—though he must die—to see his mother and sister, and of that last, sad reunion. [Tears hardly would be restrained here: too many had in mind other Hugh Johnsons.] The lecturer rapidly switched to another incident, of her using fifty men under



guard for burying the dead, loading cars, making soup—their services good as any. Describing the renewed battle-roar and flash, joined to nature's thunder and lightning, she lifted her head and flung the challenge: "And the courage of the soldier who braved death in the darkness of Chantilly, let no man question." [Applause from G.A.R.]

Shifting to the personal, in a tone of conversation, she laid aside her notes and told what she did as train after train of wounded men arrived. Told how at length after days without sleep, she struggled, falling and falling again, until she lay down on the wet grass in the little Sibley tent through which rushed a torrent; how she slept two hours before more wagons came; how silence fell at last on Chantilly before Kearney's leaderless 10,000 men came struggling through. She pictured herself and helpers struggling on until an officer at breakneck speed commanded her to flee, described her rush to the train in two minutes, with the last wounded men, and the conductor's setting fire to the station. She summed up the days of darkness, the shattered bands of Pope and Banks and the Peninsular remnant gathered beneath the guns of Washington.

If there had been a man in the audience acquainted with the letter to Cousin Lizzie Shaver (see page 74), he might have marveled at the difference in the two recountals of that first trying experience. If, however, a thoughtful man, he might have commented, "Then she was bowed down by the reality; now remembering, she feels all the emotion a stay-at-home might then have expected her to feel."

Turning to Harper's Ferry and Antietam, she told of her service there; and now she had a word for possible rebels in the audience. She had directed her men to drive a large white ox to a house wherein lay hungry wounded Confederates. Swiftly, she canceled any emotion favorable or unfavorable to Johnny Reb: "Three years later as I stood among the 12,000 graves of Andersonville, filled with the skeletons of martyrs of freedom, the victims of deliberate starvation, I could not but

think how ill that day's generosity had been requited." [Mutters and imprecations.] Then she told the myth of Barbara Frietchie.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare my country's flag, she said."

[And the walls echoed with cheers, while Clara quenched her thirst with a glass of water.]

In swelling tones, she spoke of Antietam, conferring victory upon the Union—as, indeed, some historians yet do—and so balancing success here with defeat at Fredericksburg. And of "proud, rebellious Charleston, whose first great act of treason startled every civilized nation upon earth—shocked every lover of freedom and human progress, and thrilled every loyal heart from Behring Strait to the China Sea," a passage that brought cheer upon cheer from the G.A.R. brotherhood. She dramatized the fight at Morris Island, paying tribute to Col. John Elwell, to the dead and dying Chatfield, Shaw, Putnam, Strong, to the tawny hand of Africa, "which that night for the first time in the history of the ages had been permitted to strike a lawful, organized blow at the fetters which had bound him, body and soul."

"Charleston did not yet surrender." [Was there a Johnny present? He *hi-eed* the Rebel yell if but silently in his heart.] "Was she humbled? Humbled! Prouder than ever she sat, under her palmetto and rattlesnake rag, with her haughty face still turned to the sea." Then Sherman's men marched to conquer.

"Some critic said I was visibly agitated when I arose to address my audience. Why should I not be when among the upturned faces were men who fought?" She was humbled, abashed. How could she speak of a nation that from civil life had produced armies, captains, colonels, brigadier- and major-generals? She crowned Abraham Lincoln. She placed laurels on the brow of the State: it had sent scores of grand regiments to the field, regiments that had returned weary, limping, and the State opened its arms to welcome home its sons. She challenged con-



tinued friendship to any wounded warrior among them. Maybe he was in their debt? "When you settle your account with him, be careful he doesn't hold a little note against you for services and injuries, which time has not yet outlawed. You paid him? Would you have taken his pay and done his work?" Cautioning against ingratitude, she begged generosity in heeding their need for food and shelter and warmth, begged the Old Army to help each other.

Her working face, earnest words and gravity of demeanor spoke from the heart.

One more allusion: Sergeant Plunkett lost both arms as standard-bearer at Fredericksburg, after planting the flag on the blazing heights, but continued to hold the colors with feet and shoulder until they were tattered, worn out, but never lost. [At this recital, audience either wild or weeping.]

Praising the consecrated hall, a place where patriotism should be taught, she would have them teach that treason is a crime, loyalty a virtue, and eternal vigilance the price of liberty. There was the apex of her greatness, in this lecture. How many yet know, what she so ardently believed, that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty? Believed with all her mind, as the man who first uttered the words believed.

A final appeal to the men—strength of the land—would have them see that fatherless children fill no martyr's grave, as their fathers had filled them. "See to it, brothers, that they died not in vain." So end the closely written eighty-five pages, a popular speech for 1866, '67, or '68. Planned for a particular audience, thought out to the last word, it flattered them, not too deeply, gripped them, made them weep a little and smile a little in recalling deeds and scenes not too far remote; it conciliated audience with speaker, wrought upon varied sympathies and—perhaps—made some do what she begged.

Among the sheaves of press-clippings, at least ninety per cent are highly complimentary. A very few reporters recognize a calculated appeal and give moderate praise—not quite grasping

# LECTURE !

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**MISS CLARA BARTON,**

OF WASHINGTON,

**THE HEROINE OF ANDERSONVILLE,**

The Soldier's Friend, who gave her time and fortune during the war to the Union cause, and who is now engaged in searching for the missing soldiers of the Union army, will address the people of

**LAMBERTVILLE, in**

**HOLCOMBE HALL,**

**THIS EVENING,**

**APRIL 7TH, AT 7½ O'CLOCK.**

**SUBJECT:**

**SCENES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.**

**ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.**

From copy in the Library of Congress



April 3, 1865.

April 3, 1868.

*Anniversary of the Fall of Richmond.*  
**REUNION**  
OF

**Post Sedgwick No. 11, G. A. R.**

**Miss CLARA BARTON,**

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF AMERICA,

Will, by special request, deliver her celebrated Lecture:

**"Work and Incidents of Army Life,"**

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

**Suffering Families of Deceased Soldiers.**

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS  
BY

**GENERAL RUSH C. HAWKINS.**

**G. W. MORGAN,** the Celebrated Organist,  
HAS VOLUNTEERED HIS SERVICES.

By permission of **Mr. LESTER WALLACK,**

**Mr. W. H. POPE** will recite **"BARBARY FRETCHRIE."**

**THE UNION GLEE CLUB**

HAVE ALSO VOLUNTEERED.

**2d Regt. N. G. S. N. Y. Drum Corps** will sound **"Tattoo."**

**STEINWAY HALL,**

**On Friday Evening, April 3d, 1868.**

**TICKETS, FIFTY CENTS,**

For Sale at all the principal Music Stores, and at the door.

**COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:**

General Rush C. Hawkins, U. S. Vol.; Major Gen. McCallum, Chief of M. R. R.; General James Melvor, Corcoran Legion; Major-General Geo. P. Green, U. S. A.; General F. Eugene Trotter, U. S. V.

COLONELS—Levin Crandell, 125th N. Y. V. Infantry; Barent Van Buren, 192d N. Y. V. Infantry.

LIEUT. COLONELS—Henry Hartford, 8th N. J. V. Infantry; Walter S. Poor, U. S. V.; Frank Page, 155th N. Y. V. Infantry; A. P. Green, Ira Harris' Cavalry; J. K. Perley, 9th N. Y. V.

MAJORS—Henry V. Martin, 43d U. S. C. T.; Putnam Field, 10th N. Y. V.; John W. Lewis, 102d N. Y. V. Infantry.

CAPTAINS—Edwin V. Sawyer, 4th N. Y. V. Cavalry; Adolphe Schneider; Henry Clench, 4th N. Y. V. Cavalry; Chas. Kifler, 15 H. Artillery; James Meagher, 1st N. Y. Heavy Artillery; John S. Dingwall, 79th N. Y. V. Infantry; F. W. Judge, 79th N. Y. V. Infantry; John W. Meek, 95th N. Y. V. Infantry; G. A. Barnett, 9th N. Y. V. Infantry; Michael Cregan, 82d N. Y. V. Infantry; Robt. Laffan, 69th N. Y. V. Infantry; Eugene Schilling, 102d N. Y. V. Infantry; David Lynch, 69th N. Y. V. Infantry; E. B. Warner, Eng'rs 13th A. C.

SURGEONS—James Norval, 79th N. Y. V. Infantry; G. H. Owen, 125th N. Y. V. Infantry; Lewis Applegate, 102d N. Y. V. Infantry.

CHAPLAIN—S. B. Willis, 127th N. Y. V. Infantry.

LIEUTENANTS—A. H. Mulligan, 103d U. S. C. I.; Joseph A. Moore, 4th N. Y. V. Cavalry; E. P. Abbot, 1st R. I. Cavalry; Oscar B. Tompkins, 4th N. Y. V. Cavalry; Robertson, 79th N. Y. V. Infantry; M. Graham, 9th N. Y. V. Infantry; J. B. Pannis, Ordinance Officer, 16th Army Corps.

SERGEANTS—H. B. Thompson, 2d N. Y. H. Artillery; G. Merriweather, 11th U. S. Infantry; J. Gildersleeve, Sergeant Major 79th V. Infantry; H. W. Rowlandson, Mate U. S. Navy.

PRIVATE—G. W. Munson, 9th V. Infantry; G. A. Wright, 83d N. Y. V. Infantry; John Farrell, 3d N. Y. H. Artillery; John Rockett, Drummer, 83d N. Y. V. Infantry.

Capt. D. J. HOGAN, Recorder.

Major JOSEPH FORBES, Chairman.

CHAS. F. SPAULDING, Treasurer.

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that Clara was perfectly sincere, her emotion remembered in tranquillity elevating her quiet style and rising to something near poetic fervor. Only one carper reminds Miss Barton that m-y spells "my," not "me"; b-y spells "by," not "be." To the audience the lecture was highly satisfactory. Many towns asked her to come again, and paid her to come.

Others in her "fan mail"—term then unknown—drew spirited replies. General Voris was "hurt that she had not included Akron." Hear her "back talk."

General A. C. Voris

My dear Friend

How do you suppose that I "single"(handed), as you know I am, am to repel such a charge as this you have brought down upon me?

You knew I *must* surrender when you made it. So here's my sword!

Didn't you look after my comfort at Bermuda Hundred!

Certainly you did!

Didn't you see that my house was fitted up at 10th Corps Hospital?

Truly!

Didn't you have my old smoky chimney reconstructed?

Yes, indeed you did! And I guess it was the one thing south of Mason and Dixon's line that ever has been reconstructed.

And didn't you let me ride your best horse with a good escort?

Yes. And I wish you would again.

But why didn't I tell you I was coming to lecture?

My General, I didn't believe it myself until it was almost over and then it was too late.

But this coming winter I will come and tell you as nearly as I can recollect what I said in Cleveland. And anything else I can think of, and anything that you and the good people of Akron wish to hear.

Please remember that I am no lecturer—no talker—you know that. I work better than I can talk, but nevertheless people ask it and I try to gratify them.

Applications are coming so constantly, that as yet I cannot quite arrange my route, but when I can, I will place Akron in it and manage to spend Sabbath with you if possible.

Please give a great deal of love to Mrs. Voris, and thank her for her kind invitation. . . .

P.S. I came near forgetting to reply to the questions of your com-



mittee. My subject will probably be "Work and Incidents of Army Life." At all events, will have reference to the army, and my terms are \$100, but if that is disproportioned to the size of your town halls, you must reduce it to the proper standard, because I am coming to Akron if I lecture anywhere.

Clara Barton

In those lecture years she won friends in States new to her, as always she had widened acquaintance and bound to her many who loved, revered, or admired her, whom her enthusiasm galvanized into that fervor of which she was forever possessed. In after days, looking back upon that period, she was aware she had proved herself worthy to be classed with Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, Henry Ward Beecher [of him she might have smiled, "Not quite!"], Horace Greeley, Anna Dickinson and all the other superb speakers of early post-war years. Her social prestige—not that she cared for it—was immensely increased by her travels: entertainments of varied nature were proffered by many towns or cities.

As her experience grew, more and more she threw down her prepared speech, to extemporize or to continue from jottings of recently preceding hours. Extemporaneously, she was not so oratorical, but spoke with a fervor of soul that moved as not even her highest forensic flight—a tribute to Lincoln—moved, though it was one of the strongest ever written and delivered. At a town in Iowa, one bitter day in '67, she arrived to find herself "immensely placarded over the town . . . the papers contained the most flattering notices. After arraying me in sufficiently gorgeous attire, investing me with all the virtues I had, and had not, they had completed their peroration with the following comforting assurance:

'We can promise our citizens a rare treat of patriotic eloquence, such as is seldom listened to, and we can assure them that there will be no cause for disappointment; they will not have thrust upon them a lecture upon women's rights after the style of Susan B. Anthony and her clique; Miss Barton does not belong to that class of woman.'

“My blood boiled as I read. I went upon the platform and faced an audience of which the most exacting speaker might be proud, not even standing room in the aisles. I treated them to their feast of ‘patriotic eloquence’ with a vim. I had no power to curb, I could feel the indignation hiss between my teeth as the words rolled unbidden, but I held firm to my subject till my address and all pertaining to it was ended, and when they shouted and cheered to a ‘tiger,’ I resumed in the following text:

“ ‘Soldiers, you have called me here to speak to you of the war we lived together. I have done it. Now I have a word to you. I wish to read to you this paragraph which you have used to help fill your hall.’ I read it very slowly and distinctly.

“ ‘That paragraph, my comrades, does worse than to misrepresent me as a woman; it maligns my friend. It abuses the highest and bravest work ever done in this land for either you or me. You glorify the women who made their way to the front to reach you in your misery, and nurse you back to life. You called us angels. Who opened the way for women to go and made it possible? Who but that detested “clique” who through years of opposition, obloquy, toil and pain had openly claimed that women had rights, should have the privilege to exercise them. The right to her own property; her own children, her own home, her just individual claim before the law, to her freedom of action, to her personal liberty. Upon this, other women claimed the right and took the courage, if only to go to an army camp, and drag wounded men out of a trench, and try to save them for their families and their country.

“ ‘And, soldiers, for every woman’s hand that ever cooled your fevered brows, staunched your bleeding wounds, gave food to your famishing bodies, or water to your parching lips, and called back life to your perishing bodies, you should bless God for Susan B. Anthony, Cady Stanton, Frances D. Gage, and their followers.

“ ‘No one has stood so unhelped, unprotected, so maligned



as Susan B. Anthony, no one deserves so well; and soldiers, I would have the first monument that is ever erected to any woman in this country reared to her; and that monument *will* be reared, and your daughters, boys, will help proudly, gratefully help to set its granite blocks like glistening silver, for everlasting. Aye, set it where all may see, and I would recall the eloquence of Webster at Bunker Hill. "Let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

"*'Boys, three cheers for Susan B. Anthony!'*" And the very windows shook in their casements."

So Clara wrote, April 2, 1891, to Frances E. Willard, with her contribution to a statue or a bust of Miss Anthony, proposed for view at the Chicago Exposition of 1893.

Already, in April, 1867, Clara had joined forces with Susan, who had written her from West 34th Street, New York, begging her to come to the first meeting of the American Equal Rights Association or to send some word in the form of a letter. "All my friends in Rochester," she declared, "were delighted with you." She refers to Clara's lecture in that city. Long years afterward, Susan remembered that Clara Barton was present at that first convention.

"From the time I could think, I believed in the rights of women," and she gave her reasons, sound, indisputable, for woman suffrage. That struggle is long ended. Suffice it to say that her life was an argument for woman's right to the ballot.

Below Mason and Dixon's line she did not venture, but kept within the limits of her tremendous popularity and possible acceptance. Southerners would not have tolerated many of her sentiments; they might have mobbed her—and not only in effigy. Yet a day would come when even Charleston would honor Clara Barton.

She began her third season, but the strain of consecutive engagements and constant travel on jolting trains broke her steel resistance. Many times she had bent, since Bordentown fifteen

years back. On an early winter evening, 1868, at Portland, Maine, she rose to address a crowded house, opened her mouth, and made not a sound. Her voice had failed, again, from what—she said—they called nervous prostration, a new medical term. In Washington she lay incapacitated much of the winter, tended by faithful doctors and friends and Aunt Rosa (whom she had brought up from Andersonville) and her negro man, Uncle Jarret. When spring met her still unrecovered, she was ordered by her physician to Europe, where she must stay three years. “You must rest,” he told her. “You can’t rest in your own country. They won’t let you.” And he repeated, “You must do nothing for three years.”

The doctor little knew that he was another tool in the hand of Destiny, who would permit this daughter to rest—a brief time. Clara herself spiritually welcomed the order. Though she could not know she had traveled but half the road, she did know she had sufficient to live thereafter wherever on earth she chose. Her lectures had increased her capital by \$12,000 to \$15,000.



## VI

### INTERLUDE AND EUROPE

#### 1

UNABLE AT ONCE TO SET OUT FOR SWITZERLAND, CLARA MOVED from her long-time headquarters at 488½ Seventh Street, to a house on Capitol Hill. Her diary for 1869 records this removal as of the last days of December, 1868. John Hitz, Swiss Consul-General to Washington, owned her new home, for which she paid \$30 rent monthly, and to which came in February as a "partial member" of her family one Mr. Gleason, formerly of Massachusetts. In April Miss Mary Willard joined the household; already Mrs. Eliza Potter had come for a month's visit.

Clearing up and out, Clara recorded a number of financial transactions from which is deducible her business sense both in borrowing and lending. In 1868 she had invested a small sum in Iowa land; that she would hold, assured its value would increase. Twelve or thirteen years later, when she sold it in two parcels, it brought nine times the purchase price. Of one Mrs. H—— in Boston she borrowed \$1,000 at 10%, giving as collateral two \$1,000 Bonds on Oakes Ames Western R.R., besides her note for the \$1,000. "Settled with Mr. S—— in this wise: I placed in his hand a \$1,000 Bond, Cedar Rapids and Missouri R.R. and took his receipt for it, and he paid me \$825 in money and gave me his note for \$800 more and took up all previous notes I held against him. He owes me this day \$800 on demand and interest." "Mr. L—— took up his note."

She believed in the future of the railroad, by which she had traveled so much, and had placed practically all her hoardings in Railroad Bonds.

“What must I do with my furniture? Too expensive to store, and the family do not need it.” She looked lovingly at the chairs, passed her hands over the tables and exquisite dresser—all inherited from Mother. “I’ll never let *them* go.” But to a gentleman who wanted her “estazia” [étagère?], she surrendered it for \$115. To Jules Golay she sold a set of walnut furniture, newly purchased from New York, for \$180, and her dining table for \$35.

Wondering whether her small French would serve, she asked Jules’s advice. “Learn something of the Teutonic tongue,” said he; and speedily her diary transforms itself into a mere copy-book for German lessons. With equal celerity the lessons appear to have been discontinued. Obviously, there was much to which only she could attend. Many letters were yet arriving at the Bureau for Missing Men. February 4, 1869, for example, Mrs. Reighner, of Emlenton, Venango County, Pennsylvania, wrote the Postmaster at Washington, asking his aid in finding her brother Thomas Luthers, who at ten to fourteen ran away and enlisted in Chester County. Her father, old and almost blind, was very nearly crazy about him. Postmaster Alexander, February 11th, sent her letter—with one from himself—to Clara, who replied next day. Revealing something of her skill in attacking the search and her familiarity with the pitifully young volunteers, it is here for the first time published:

Dear Sir

Your kind letter enclosing that of Mrs. Reighner, concerning the little drummer boy is received. It will be exceedingly difficult to get any trace of him unless some information can be gathered of the regiment he enlisted in. I will wait a few days in the hope that some clue may be given you by the sister [to whom Alexander had written]; if not, the best method will be to apply to the Adjt. General of the State of Pennsylvania, and by causing close search among the records of Chester County. They will find him unless (as is very probable) he assumed a feigned name, in which case all is lost. His



tiny bones rest and whiten with the great unknown army of sleeping martyrs bivouacked from the Susquehanna to the Rio Grande, and the name his mother called him by, and his dark little history stand on the pages of the Recording Angel, if the pitying tear did not blot them out.

Nothing in the whole war so tried my soul as the sight of the poor little shelterless fellows, scarce better than babies, drumming their way to eternity.

If nothing is heard which can assist the search in a few days, if you will address the Adj. Genl's office of this city, I will that in Penn<sup>a</sup> and see what comes of our inquiry. Possibly they will give *us* closer attention than they would the sister.

With very great respect

I am most truly yours

Clara Barton

These searches, then, required no little time, while wholly unrelated calls poured in. Bernard Vassall wrote from Boston about a crisis in the Salem Post Office, requesting her mediation with General Butler. Bernard and Fannie were taking a new house in Boston; Clara sent a woman to help. Sam besought Aunt Clara's aid for an unfortunate soldier boy, who craved the Post Office at Webster, near Oxford. At the same time, a friend wanted that at Plantsville, Connecticut. Nephew Stevé, now with the Overland Cable Company, at Plaster Cove, Cape Breton, asked Sissy's mediation in personal affairs. Steamboat Agencies constantly kept her informed of service to Seychelles. "We shall despatch Barque Florentine for Zanzibar," wrote one of them, "about February 10th, and will take charge of any packages you may wish to send Mr. Atwater." That meant also informing his friends and relatives of the date.

From Cousin Fitz Roy Sessions, of the Secret Service Division, Cedar Falls, Iowa, she received the deed to the recently purchased tract of land, and with it the request to use her influence to an appointment of a man he favored. From Frances D. Gage, crippled from an accident, scarcely able to write legibly, she got the reminder, "Once on a time you said to me, 'If you ever need my services, command them.' " Mrs. Gage's son wanted the Collectorship of the Port at Beaufort. From

Hinsdale, Illinois, a mother asked posts in the Treasury for both herself and daughter.

In short, Grant soon would be inaugurated President, and apparently office-seekers thought they required only a word or line from Clara Barton. Other requests are pathetic or amusing: a veteran from the National Military Asylum, near Dayton, Ohio, requested her autographed photograph and enclosed his own. A friend in New Haven commanded "the titles of books you think will be best for me to read. I do not think works called fiction improve my memory or give any great benefit."

All very flattering, these assumptions that Clara Barton could and would be all-powerful in a hundred ways. "How little they know!" and she was beside herself at the inflow of demands or tearful pleas.

Somehow, by the middle of May she had "ceased to be holden for the rent of this house or for Rosa's wages, or to receive board for Miss Willard or Mr. Cranch, but I still provide the table for all until I leave, Miss Willard taking all other responsibilities upon herself at that date." She handed Jules \$420 to buy gold for her voyage to Europe, but she was weak, ill, and shuddered at the thought of traveling alone to a land yet unvisited. With that suddenness often remarked—suddenness moved by slow causes under the surface—she canceled her July sailing and ran off to Massachusetts. Returning, she stopped to see friends in New York and Frances Gage on Brooklyn Heights. Her Washington home, meantime, she had left in care of niece Ida, later Mrs. Riccius, who wrote Aunt Clara a jolly letter on July 13th. Ida was interested that Clara had found sister Mamie "very pretty," and agreed to the description pleasantly enough. Mamie, David's youngest daughter, now seventeen years old, was greatly beloved of Clara; but the gap between them in time and place and age was never quite bridgeable. Again and again, the diaries pause on an accent of Mamie's behavior not comprehensible to Clara. In one respect, at least,



they were too much alike: Mamie Barton when young was as sensitive as Clara had been at the same age.

On the visit to Oxford and Worcester, Clara indicated her hesitancy at sailing alone. "Abby and Joe Sheldon may come along," she remarked to Sally. "If not, maybe I can get Josephine Griffing," a friend well-known in Washington as a promoter of freedmen's education. Sally laughed. "If they are not with you, darling, you know I'll be—even if I must turn round and come right back." That was what Clara most wanted. Relieved, she said, "Of course, I'll pay your passage, but I dared not hope you could leave the family—" So that was settled.

She discussed finances with Cousin Rob S. Hale. On one extant memorandum of papers and securities handed the Judge, items vary from insurance policies, a warranty deed to herself on an Oxford farm, to promissory notes and receipts from Brown Brothers, Bankers, Wall Street, August 14, 1869, for \$9,000 of Cedar Rapids and Missouri R.R. Bonds.

Around the middle of August, 1869, Clara sailed with Sally, on the *Caledonia* from New York to Glasgow. On the boat they met a gentleman with whom Clara arranged to travel to London. Sally saw Edinburgh and Stirling Castle but not then or ever did she see more of Europe. She returned on the *Caledonia*, says Clara, "and I bade her adieu with a heavier heart than I was willing to portray, and not without many doubts if it were not the last earthly parting with my only living sister."

Scotland offered no beguilements after Sally sailed on the 4th of September. Almost at once Clara continued to London where "we rode about in a cab with a stupid driver, who could only point out hotels, club houses, and churches." Finding a Scotch guide in need of help, she and her companion bought him new clothes and visited more interesting places, "he was so competent to explain to us." By mid-September she was in Paris, where she called on Minister Elihu B. Washburne, with whom she was on friendly terms ever after until his death. On to Geneva, where at 16 rue de Cendrier she was welcomed as

a daughter by Isaac and Eliza Golay, parents of Jules. "The acquaintances I found and strengthened and prized most, outside of the family, were those of the Consul and wife, C. H. Upton, with whom I spent three weeks; the family of the newly arrived American Minister, Mr. Rublee, and Mrs. Hitz, wife of the Swiss Consul-General to America, whom I had known at home."

Geneva was the proposed end of her journey for health, and at first she thought she had found the right spot. With November, however, the sun went under, apparently never to emerge, and Mont Blanc was barely visible under leaden skies, while down the ravines flowed half-melted snow. Clara, who once before had escaped to a milder climate, looked out upon Lake Lemman, "threatening to blast itself into a monster iceberg," and heard the Bise howling down the valley of the Rhone. She shook with cold. Nothing could withstand that Bise, "surely not myself."

"Where can I go to get warm?" She shivered under her shawl before Mrs. Upton.

"What of Algiers?"

"Too far," promptly replied Clara, who had no inclination to put a yet greater distance between herself and the United States.

"What about Corsica?"

"Also far off—but Corsica is Napoleon's birthplace. Yes, I'd like seeing his early haunts." As simply as that she decided and by the middle of December was at Marseilles, ready to embark for the ocean-amoebea companion to Sardinia—"little sea-girt Corsica, weird, wild, soft, and bewitching, strange, unique," she characterized it long after. And, indicative of her spirits there—"but Corsica had so much that one wearied of."

"I shall never forget the loveliness of that peculiar morning [December 17, 1869]," she wrote in her Journal—"for it must have been peculiar and unusual—as Marseilles with her capacious harbor could not hold the admiring world which flocked



to behold and enjoy her beauty—the mildest May morning, it seemed, with a soft, delicious haze which, in their efforts to pierce, the gorgeous rays of a southern sun transformed to fleecy gold. Every hill and town and spire and sail was wrapped and gilded in its glorious light. The idle fishermen rested in it, their slanting, tapering lateen sails appeared to lie in it . . . the sea rolled green and gold. The populace was instinctively drawn to the sea-shore, and on the long wharves and quays we stood and watched in a kind of silent ecstasy.”

This is one of Clara Barton’s first extant expressions of her response to beauty. All her life had been too busy for more than the instant appreciation, but now she transcribed her impressions of a unique scene: “Soon a beautiful green island rose from the sea where was none before—higher and higher it rose, the sea always rising with it. Then a ship, full-rigged, three-masted, every sail set, slowly rose in front of the island, higher and higher, always the waters circling about her hull—clearer and fairer in the golden light—till her graceful sails pierced the clouds. And there she rested, a thing of beauty, a phantom ship . . . with her green island background, canopy of gold clouds, and the graceful waves lapping at her feet. Suddenly the silence was broken by a thousand voices, ‘*Un mirage! Un mirage!*’ And so it was—the most beautiful and perfect mirage one might ever hope to see.”

The mirage faded, and a real boat appeared to row Clara to the *Insulaire*, lying out at anchorage. On board, she suffered excruciatingly from sea-sickness—as she had done in crossing the Atlantic and the English Channel—though she could write about it amusingly enough, afterward. In her worst state and mood, she remembered, she was helped somewhere to lie down and, wherever that place was, there she remained twenty-two hours, knowing nothing, caring nothing except that toward the end she felt the Atlantic in a gale would be a panacea; Lake Erie, and Hatteras in a blow, comforting; the Channel a satin

ribbon—that the giant exercise of sea-riding was to be found in the Mediterranean.

By and by, conscious that her “little masculine *femme de chambre*” was announcing to her, “Ajaccio! Ajaccio!” she tried to get up. “Between rising and lying down, I was attempting my toilet, which in fact I had not found time the day previous to unmake very thoroughly, and while pursuing this rather uncomfortable occupation, I heard a rap at my door, accompanied by a slightly accented English. ‘May I come in?’ This might not have proved an open sesame to the dressing-room of a more prudish or, perhaps, proper lady than myself; but, under the circumstances, it did to mine; and I replied not ‘Oui, entrez!’ but a genuine English, ‘Yes, come in!’ ”

The gentleman was proprietor of the Hotel and Pension Suisse, recently remodeled from a rangy and massive monastery on an eminence above the town. With the help of Proprietor Dallman, Clara made her way to the deck, where she first viewed the quaint capital. The orange and lemon trees, the streets moving with a colorful throng of men, women, children, donkeys—all suggested that warmth she had come to find.

They moved up the long steep hill to the entrance of the hotel, surrounded by orange trees and cactus plants. Clara delighted in the brooks that poured from the wall of each terrace into cisterns, in the vegetable garden where tomatoes were still bearing, and in the grape-vines beyond. “You may pick fruit as often as you choose,” said the beaming owner.

Unfortunately, though she had bargained for a room with southern exposure, Clara nearly froze, the first night. “The moment I came in contact with my linen sheets, I experienced the same sensation as if suddenly dipped into the bay, or one of those stone cisterns in the garden . . . Sudden pain shot along every nerve and centered in every joint. My teeth clenched, my blood seemed still.” Desperate, she used friction and piled on all the blankets and all her own clothes. At sunrise, “faintly as the sun, I too struggled up, and started for a



walk along the shore of the sea." She trudged on, entering at last a neck of land covered with thick-set brush, having a peculiar aroma. "It was a kind of mixture of honeysuckle, southernwood, and spruce, but sweeter than any. It occurred to me then that I had somewhere read long ago that Napoleon, in alluding to Corsica, while homesick and heartsick on St. Helena, said that he should know Corsica by the smell. Poor Bona, it was the sweetest of all your little islands, and had no fetters."

She climbed a wall and gained the highroad, which she followed back to town, encountering to her admiration a great herd of goats, "how many hundred I don't know but the brush was filled with them, of all sizes from a wee puppy to a yearling, stately and grave, with majestic beards. They paid very little attention to me as I stopped to admire and wonder, except to look up with very fine eyes, and keep on browsing, as if they both understood and liked my feeling."

Despite walking until four o'clock, she was still cold. She called for a fire, which was made with "a champagne basket of old, loose, water-soaked plank about three feet in length, my fireplace being less than two feet. . . . There was plenty of smoke, and most of it came into the room; if any succeeded in getting up the chimney it was by accident. . . ."

Her accounts of trying to find comfortable quarters are both amusing and distressing. None of all the Hotel and Pension guests seemed able to give helpful information though, following French custom, she called upon a number of ladies. Before long, Clara's acute intelligence discerned that most of them were, for one reason or another, interested in the success of the proprietor.

So far, nobody had recognized in the small, self-effacing woman anyone of importance. Of an early evening in the public sitting-room, she writes, "Mrs. Arnold, an American woman who had married sometime ago and was living in England, led the conversation and, after it turned upon America, asked me if I was in the hospitals during the Civil War. I replied, 'Not

much in hospitals.' She said a great many women were, and did a great deal of good for the soldiers, that her father was a member of the Sanitary Commission, and accomplished a wonderful amount of good, that his labors were most incessant, that he used to write home such long, detailed and interesting accounts of what he was able to do, that his rooms were opposite the Sanitary Commission Rooms . . . He did a world of good."

Clara was not to be "drawn." She concludes, "I was interested."

Experiences at two pensions, to each of which she removed in the hope of warmth, were not happy, yet she exercised her sense of humor in narrating them close upon the occurrences. On the first evening, for instance, at the caravansary of the lady fascinatingly named Madame Paradis: "I rose to go to my trunk the other side of the room, with an immense space of brick pavement between us, with a kind of indefinable feeling that it was over on the other side of the street and, in spite of all the reason I could muster, I felt that I ought to put on overshoes and take an umbrella to reach it. Getting the better of these impressions, I set out on my pilgrimage, but with the first step fatal to a successful journey, for no sooner had my boot-heel come in contact with the slippery, waxed and polished tile than it shot from under me, like a skate from the luckless novice, and like him I measured my length not upon the ice but something quite as cold, and far more solid and unyielding. . . . My marvelously good joints which have served and saved me so often and through such perils were once more true to me and, as my custom is, I was no sooner down than up and standing upon my feet again, I scarce knew how. After balancing a moment to get 'the hang of the floor,' I set out again." This time, she ended at the trunk.

Ready for bed, she stepped into the "second chamber, with cautious tread." She got up next morning, cold, stiff, and strengthless. "I reached from my bed for my stockings and boots, as I used to from my cot in the old army days, when my



floor was good Mother Earth and the winter rains were soaking through her sods to lighten the deep stains of blood . . . But then I was strong, strong of body and soul, and it mattered not how cold or hot the place I set my foot. I never knew if it were either." Apparently, she had forgotten all about Hilton Head and Morris Island.

"But these are other days," she adds in a tone of deep melancholia, "and the strength has gone out, and I have little with which to meet the ills that come, and the hope has gone with it, and purpose has departed, and there is only to wait, wait the end." At that time, Clara Barton had never heard of the Red Cross, nor did she suspect she would soon again be off to battlefields.

Her landlady came and made her a smoke—Clara could still turn a jest, if mildly—but great drops of rain and big balls of hail came tumbling down into a fireplace that was four stories below the roof. "It will be a great day for old Europe," said the latest Corsican resident, "when some wise man is born into it who can construct a chimney."

Clara became somewhat accustomed to the cold. But to the youngster his own mother declared "wicked," she could not steel her ears. "His continual scolding cries and tearing and fretting ring in them yet. Many days I was driven out of the house by those cries, utterly unable to endure them longer without a rest."

She began a course in French but after four or five days, "my poor eyes refused another hour's duty, grew red and inflamed and for weeks I could not read a page. I could only write with my eyes closed." Often she so wrote, as many letters yet attest. In this sad state, Clara needed human companionship, but she had not told anybody of her antecedents or of her former life and all regarded her with mild conservatism. "I had come to the place alone, unintroduced, and American, and *not a Rebel*, and how were these English people to run the risk of me?" Bitterness, there. One thing they had urged upon

her: "Leave your card with the Prefect." She continued to astonish them by her indifference to this custom. But when "it was evident that I was supposed to be in imminent danger of being found not having on the wedding garment, I thought perhaps it might be well to make myself known to some persons in authority on the island, being so entirely alone and at a discount, as I perceived myself to be."

She would make herself known in no halfway fashion. She wrote the Hon. Mr. Washburne, at Paris; Mr. Rublee, at Berne; Mr. Upton, at Geneva. Would they send letters of introduction to the Prefect of the Department of Corsica? "Their replies all reached me at once, the last day of January, 1870. I also received letters from Mrs. Hitz, informing me that Mr. Hitz had arrived in Switzerland, and it was their intention to visit me."

The Hitzes came, with letters and papers from America and Geneva, and Clara dined with them at the Hotel Suisse. What a change in the eyes and manner of the guests! Why had she remained incognito? "I was accosted with all flattering epithets and treated with all the honors of war." They expatiated upon her extreme modesty, which had kept them in ignorance. When Hitz remarked, "We are going to dine with the Prefect, Wednesday," the Hotel was in consternation; and on the eventful evening, "Mr. Dallman accompanied their carriage to my door and came rushing up to my room to announce their presence, assuring me it was a great honor the Prefect was doing us, the like had not been done for any persons this winter." Clara and Mrs. Hitz pronounced each other "ready," she in black silk, Mrs. Hitz in purple.

The really beautiful mansion of the Prefecture, Clara portrayed with all the detail of which she was particularly capable. "I could not describe the dinner but it was excellent, and the company sociable and agreeable. After an hour or two at table, we returned to the dancing rooms and passed the evening till eleven, in conversation, examining books, pictures, and listen-



ing to music, which finally provoked a waltz, and the drawing rooms grew very gay."

On another occasion, while visiting the garden of the Prefecture, a tropical Eden, Clara and her friends were led into an adjoining yard, "to see a mouflon, a wild sheep, which greeted us with its pretty agate eyes and nimble foot." After climbing up a ladder to the flat roof of outbuildings for a view of the sea, they discovered the mouflon had taken advantage of an unfastened loop over the gate and entered the garden. "In the exuberance of his delight, he was leaping from bank to bank and often six feet in the air, raising himself on his hind feet occasionally to browse off the towering tender top of some geranium or other exotic in full bud or bloom." He treated with equal levity the gardener and half-dozen servants and the Prefect, all of whom vainly tried to coax him back to his enclosure. They left him "reveling in his freedom and glowing in his democracy."

While the Hitzes were with Clara, they read Corsican history and left unvisited no spot connected with the name of Napoleon. At Milliti, the favorite resort of the Emperor when he visited the land of his birth, stood a monster live-oak in decaying majesty. In its shade was his favorite seat, where he read or meditated. "How much I wondered, as I stood under its glossy foliage, what he thought, as he sat there eighty years ago. He might have dreamed of the Crown of France, for his ambition stopped at nothing. But did he dream of Waterloo? St. Helena? Glimpses of the Old Guard might have passed his vision even then . . . God only knows what a mind like Napoleon's could think out under the old trees of Milliti."

Clara took cold that day, cold not improved by going to the English church, sitting in a draft, feet on icy bricks. As if that were not the last straw, "I became sensible that my room was terribly infested with fleas. At first I thought I got them in the streets, as we walked so much, but later I became convinced that I manufactured them at home." The new landlady

was careless, "leaving me sometimes two days and nights without even water, and I ill." The Hitzes had left the Hotel Suisse and sailed for Nice, but Clara sent for the proprietor and told him what she *must* have if he could provide it. "I was mutilated with insects till I could scarce bear the weight of my clothes on my body, and every article I had infested with them, and must take more or less of them for *seed* with me." No woman ever roused greater indignation in Clara Barton's personal cosmos. "I don't care anything about her giving up the ghost now, because I am well away from her, but it would have been money in my pocket and flesh on my bones if those long waxy tapers in my room had been lighted for her before I ever saw either of them." Somehow she packed up and, tears of anger and exhaustion on her face, awaited the porters for her trunk. The stone-stepped lane leading up to the Hotel Suisse looked long and steep; but she slowly mounted it and reached the haven of her room. Trying to clear up the floor, she stopped for lack of strength, sat on the floor and ran a brush over the worst spots. "I have a southern exposure, Praise God!"

Her trials in the island beloved by Napoleon were not over: "The roof of the hotel is flat and serves as a flower garden. One evening before I had sufficiently recovered my strength to go below to dinner, a robber passed down through the open door from the roof and entered my room. Table d'hôte had left the rooms tenantless. I was half-asleep on my couch but saw him enter and commence his search in the dusk of an unlighted room. My trunk stood open with all the money I had with me, my watch lay upon the stand, and all the house were two stories below me at dinner. There was but one way: I must disclose myself and face him—which I did. He stood still and motionless a second, then muttered something in Corsican and left the room as suddenly as he had entered it by the little staircase leading to the roof."

"The police came," she adds, "but found nothing, of course."

And now, though observing that all Corsica had taken off its



hats to her, Clara knew herself to be the object of renewed gossip. Nobody believed her story of the robber, until he got away with several good English pounds from another guest. Though she had sat in all the Oxford churches, she had never joined one, and a lady at the Hotel spread the report that she was unable to pay her dues to the Church of England. Another branded her a pauper because, not appearing in the dining-room, Clara was subsisting on a fare of bread, olives, wine, and cheese, primarily for reasons of health. At length confessing her inability to live in a house full of such women—though all the gentlemen had been kind and helpful—she exclaimed, “They are not like me!” and without announcing her plans, sailed in late March, 1870, for Marseilles. She hoped not to return, and never did.

With the Golays, in Geneva, after three months’ absence, she felt at home.

## 2

Obviously, to the most casual reader long before this phase, Clara Barton was a neurotic. Hers was a neuroticism apparently affecting neither judgment nor emotion when work must be done, but a state of nerves that induced unhappiness or bodily illness in seasons of comparative idleness. In Corsica, restlessness drove her from hotel to pension, a second pension, and back to the hotel. In Corsica, she wrote letters which, from tergiversations, she could not bring herself to post—one to Dorence, saying she would join him in Seychelles, as he commanded. Pronounced attentions from high officials meant nothing, roused her but superficially. Constantly weak, she had been in bed three weeks of the three months and, painfully sensitive, she was disturbed by superficial gossip. After a few days in Geneva, she felt that Eliza Golay had changed toward her. “Only petty jealousy of a poor woman, who had unfortunately praised my hair and spoken enthusiastically of me. Poor human nature!”

April first, the "poor woman," whom Clara had befriended, was to do some sewing for Miss Barton in her room. The arrangement did not please Madame Golay, whereupon Clara went immediately to the United States Consulate and engaged rooms with the Uptons. There she would prepare for the first boat to Seychelles. Once more, Destiny stretched out a staying hand. While the Uptons sent for Dr. Louis Appia, Member of the International Committee of the Red Cross, to consult him about passage, the Consulate at Seychelles was abolished. "Whom can I enlist in his favor?" Clara busied herself in having Atwater retained or transferred. There was Charles Sumner, who had said of her, "Clara Barton has the brain of a statesman, the command of a general, and the heart and hand of a woman." There was her most respected General Benjamin F. Butler. There were many others, of whom she asked aid for Dorence. Since he was never without an appointment, all must have responded efficaciously to her call. Pending their replies, Clara rode, gathered flowers—between the leaves of her diary of that eventful 1870, poppies and pansies crackle and fall to dust—visited and was visited, dined at hotels and studied the organizations of Switzerland.

Dr. Appia had asked at their first meeting why in her opinion the United States had not acceded to the Treaty of Geneva.

"What is the Treaty of Geneva?" she asked in wonder.

"You have never heard of the Red Cross?" he parried.

"Only since hearing you are a member of the International Committee."

"And you have not yet been told of Henri Dunant?"

"I am deplorably ignorant."

"I should like to begin at the beginning, and prefer to bring with me books and documents." When he came again, he held her rapt with the story of the Genevan youth who became a banker and industrialist and, by chance, saw the Battle of Solferino, eleven years ago, "the most murderous blood-bath of the century," and with a selflessness the greater in being



spontaneous gave unwearying labor to relieve suffering on the field where suffering was greatest. He told her how Henri Dunant toiled day and night for seventy hours as if in a dream.

"No one knows that toil better than I," she said, while Appia picked up one of the small volumes he had brought.

"Dunant," he continued, "was nervously shattered"—Clara nodded; that she could understand—"but recovered and returned to his banking. But unable to forget the soldiers covered with blood, swarming with flies and maggots, he wrote his experiences in *Un Souvenir de Solferino*. And then," Appia said surprisingly, "I met him." He, too, had been at Solferino but as a medical observer and chiefly in hospitals where he distributed linen bandages, and so had not then crossed Dunant's path. They did not exchange experiences until a year or so ago, after Victor Emmanuel awarded to them both the Order of Saints Moritz and Lazarus . . . "In this little book," he held up the *Souvenir*, "lies the origin of the Red Cross. You have observed our national flag?"

"A white cross on a red ground. Very beautiful, Dr. Appia."

"The Red Cross flag reverses it: red on white. But I go on," and he read from the close of Dunant's work, "'Would it not be possible, in time of peace, to form relief societies for the purpose of having care given to the wounded in wartime?'"

Laying aside the booklet, Appia resumed: "Dunant closes with a number of illustrations of men and women who have given themselves to saving men on the field and in hospitals; of those in recent years he mentions Florence Nightingale."

Remembering the many times she had been compared with the Lady of the Lamp, Clara smiled.

"He will yet know of you, Miss Barton. It is but a little while that I have known of your service on the field."

M. Dunant not only would know of her but would exchange letters with her and send her books, with his compliments.

"And from that sentence the Red Cross grew?" she brought him back to the narrative.

"I approach that Treaty," he smiled, "but would ask you to read for yourself much more than I can tell you now. Dunant's idea was, you must know, that these relief societies in each country should have as members of their governing board those men enjoying most honorable reputation and highest esteem. The committees would appeal to all who could philanthropically devote themselves in any emergency to the work of relief, which would bring aid to the battlefield and take care of the wounded in hospitals."

"Isn't it much like our Sanitary Commission—this plan?"

"I grant you, yes. But you were not one nation working with a confederacy of nations. From the time the *Souvenir* was published, to be reprinted again and again, this idea of a brotherhood spread. Victor Hugo wrote Henri, 'You are arming humanity and serving freedom.' Ernest Renan told him, 'You have created the greatest work of the century.' But I pass on to M. Gustave Moynier."

"I have heard of him. A resident of this city?"

"A lawyer, yes. President of the Geneva Society for Public Welfare. A great organizer, a practical man, whereas Henri is a visionary. Opposites, each complemented the other. Seven years ago, Mademoiselle, in February, 1863, those two men, with Dr. Maunoir, General Dufour, and myself—we five only—founded the Red Cross, on the principle advocated by the *Souvenir*. By this time, Henri was insisting that the powers among nations must recognize an international code to be determined by a covenant. We would, of course, have the movement centralized here, would have it international, and free from all partisanship."

He looked at the vibrant small woman, whose eyes reflected his own zeal. At the woman of whom Martin Gumpert would write, long after, "She traveled for her shattered health to Europe, never suspecting that there in the meantime a work had begun that would henceforth fill her whole life, and to



which . . . through the founding of the American Red Cross, she was to render immortal services.”

“I cannot tell you now of all our labors, how Dunant gathered names for founding Central Committees, how we feared he had gone too far in his now famous circular—”

“Circular?”

“Secretary of the Geneva Conference, Dunant published it on his own authority. Briefly, every European Government would give the National Committee organized in every European capital its protection and patronage. The governments would declare the military sanitary personnel, and all persons connected with it, as neutral persons. In time of war, further, the governments would facilitate dispatch of materials for the personnel, and donations which the Societies would send to the war-stricken countries. Our Committee wished that the International Conference should study the means whereby this humanitarian work—that of the Red Cross, as it is now known—might be realized with regard for customs and laws of the various nations. The Conference would also like to investigate how effective aid could be rendered to either army without avoiding suspicion of espionage.”

“A great purpose, Dr. Appia! If we had but had such an organization behind us in our Civil War . . .”

“Ah, but we were not fully organized until 1864! Henri concluded his circular in the hope that European governments would give their delegates to the Conference all necessary instructions. We were all busy getting representatives to the Conference. How many nations were represented, think you?”

Clara would not venture to say . . . Three or four, perhaps, she was guessing.

“Sixty-two delegates from sixteen nations came, in addition to delegates from certain welfare societies. We were in conference from the 26th to the 29th of October, 1863. Moynier has become our President, I should have told you; he is suited to handling masses of men.”

"And your part, Dr. Appia?"

"In the Danish war of 1864 I was again in the hospitals, but I was back for the Geneva Convention of August 8th, that year."

"You invited no delegate from my country?"

"Your Mr. Charles S. P. Bowles came as representative of your Sanitary Commission—"

Neither he nor Clara then knew or for some time later that Bowles, who was appointed Foreign Agent in Europe of the United States Sanitary Commission, discussed the Geneva Congress with Seward, Secretary of State. Seward declared that while our United States held itself aloof from European congresses or compacts of political nature, it had nevertheless sent delegates to a number of congresses in Europe, some of which he listed. The Congress now proposed to be held at Geneva, however, was for modifying the International rules of war, and if we participated would involve our signing while in the midst of a civil war. Sending a delegate empowered to act for our government was "nearly or quite impossible." Seward added, however, that the United States stood ready to treat with anyone, or with all other Powers individually, for the accomplishment of the grand objects of the Geneva Congress, "or even to adopt later the Treaty stipulations which shall wisely emanate and result from that Congress. The government wishes to act as a free agent, with option in these premises, and in its own good time."

So it was that Bowles was sent to Geneva not as national delegate but as partly official observer.

"A Mr. George C. Fogg, your Minister at Berne, also came as informal representative. He had just come from his work, in the United States, with Sanitary Commissions and spoke to us of that work."

Clara nodded, full of memories.

"In short, Mademoiselle, your own Sanitary Commission explained by Minister Fogg proved that our plan was not



impossible. His rooms at the Hotel des Bergues became the rendezvous of delegates when the Congress was not in session. His diagrams, medals, photographs, his clear expositions—all swayed the delegates in the right direction.”

“So we had something to do with the outcome, after all? And what was that outcome?”

“Certain delegates signed the Treaty of Geneva, as it is called, a Treaty you must study fully to evaluate but which, in general, provides for security of hospitals in which the wounded may be collected; they shall be held neutral and be respected by belligerents. All persons employed in the care of the wounded in these hospitals—surgeons, nurses, chaplains, attendants—shall be held neutral. When not required for the wounded, they shall be conducted under escort to rejoin their posts, not permitted to roam free under cover of neutrality. Field hospitals shall not be subject to capture. All who entertain and care for the wounded in their houses shall have military protection. By the Treaty, any signatory power is bound to give required care and treatment to all sick and wounded who fall into their hands, and to return them ultimately to their own country and friends.”

“And why did you call your organization the Red Cross?”

“To secure the neutralization of hospitals and materials and nurses engaged in the services of the wounded, a common sign was needed and established. Out of compliment to the Swiss Republic, you have guessed, we reversed the colors of our insignia.”

“How many governments signed?”

“On August 22, 1864, twelve. Delegates from your country, from England, Sweden and Saxony were without requisite power to sign.”

“And since then?”

“Nine others by the end of 1867. The Papal State entered in 1868.”

"And why have we not signed?" Clara was troubled, not grasping the application of the Monroe Doctrine.

"Why, indeed?" Appia extended his hands and let them drop. "Perhaps you will take up the question with your government?"

"Perhaps, when I return. I must study the subject, you will agree." He put into her hands all the important documents bearing on the Treaty of Geneva, the establishment of the Red Cross. "Your Dr. Bellows has been unsuccessful," he added.

"The Head of our Sanitary Commission?"

"The same."

She opened her eyes and wondered more than ever.

### 3

While in Corsica, Clara had written the editor of the *G.A.R. Journal* reminding him she had once refused to correspond with his organ, but a loss of \$10,000 from her collapse on the lecture platform prompted her now to say she would gladly send a letter or two, at his own terms. The *Soldier's Record*, of Hartford, also asked her for her impressions of Europe and she wrote at least once for the *Golden Age*. "I'm feeling better," she told the homefolk, and her spirits rose at news of a Clara Barton degree instituted by the Grand Army of the Republic. Small charities occupied her free hours; one of these brought her into association with Mlle. Minna Kupfer, "lying ill of pneumonia, after being abandoned by a crazy woman." Clara interested herself the more on learning that Minna had taught Mrs. Hitz and the Rublees at Berne. When the Hitzes returned to Washington, D.C., Clara and Minna found a house at Wabern Baths, near Berne, where they awaited Judge and Abby Sheldon, now in England. By early June, the four were luxuriating in Clara's first European home, a little house of four rooms. Soon Clara was busying herself with the Society of Orphans and Poor Schools, and going to a Convention of the managers. Joseph made a speech, Clara



wrote an address which, translated into German, was read at dinner.

Rhyner, of the American legation, and Swiss authorities, consulted Miss Barton about Swiss emigration to America. She was receiving that respectful homage which, ordinarily, comforted or inspired her to further efforts for humanity; but she was not happy. Listless, caring little where she was, she wrote, "just as well to live and die across the sea as any way." The only drama that could rouse her from a paradoxically restless apathy was that of war. War came. On the 12th of July, after a six-mile walk, she heard through Rublee that in a dispute over the crown of Spain, France might declare war on Prussia. Next day, the French lesson with Minna Kupfer was "hard, and I learned it hard." Her mind was with war, rumors of war, and she was asking herself, "What can I do? How would it be if I should join this Red Cross?" France seemed to her to be meddling in the Hispano-Prussian affair. Probably she never heard that Bismarck had suggested a Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne!

"I must get to the Swiss Congress," she announced, and requisitioned an escort. As she arrived at the session, she thought, "Congress in America is just closing." At that instant, she heard later, France declared war. Switzerland proclaimed a strict neutrality and ordered up 40,000 men for protection. The night of the 16th, Clara heard guns at practice.

## VII

### THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

#### 1

WHILE TROOPS FILLED THE ROADS AND AMERICANS FLED from Germany into Switzerland, Clara's feet scarcely touched the ground in her swift eagerness to hear of all movements. A German lady called to ask her help in the field; she arranged to go, and wrote Dr. Appia, offering herself through the Committee of the Red Cross. Appia thanked her; he was setting off for the field himself and would write her again. Unrest disturbed the household. Only a few weeks back Clara had wanted the Sheldons more than all Europe: now she would leave them without excuse or regret. When Abby pleaded with her, "Consider your health!" Clara said fixedly, "*I must go,*" whereupon Abby helped to cut out and sew the old-time sacques and skirts. On July 30th, Clara settled accounts, left her finances in the control of Brother Joseph and with a member of the American legation took the train for Basle. En route, she was invited by the newly elected Swiss General, Herzog, to aid the Swiss in event of need. She promised.

After reporting to the Head of the International Committee of the Red Cross at Basle, with many other volunteers Clara "picked lint." Soon she saw that she was getting nowhere, and still she heard nothing from Dr. Appia. "In all this land whom can I enlist in my cause?" she asked herself and, mentally canvassing the possibilities, elected Minister Washburne. She wrote



him it was not "curiosity to see armies or a battle that one might feel who had never seen them but the interest that another soldier who had seen much of war in his own country, but only there, would feel to know and see how armies and battles were managed in other countries; how other troops compared with his own." She was watching events in Basle, but she might desire to enter France and, besides her passport, she would like a guaranty from the Minister that she is an American known to him and probably not a spy.

"I am at the Headquarters of the International Committee for Relief of Military Wounded, which Committee you will recollect as having grown out of the Geneva Convention of 1864." The letter adds that she has promised to do what she could to arouse the charitable sympathies of America in the event Switzerland should be compelled to enter the war, and to aid among the soldiers. France, she had heard, was not so able to care for the wounded, and if she had but one good colleague she would like the co-operation of French authority to serve. "So far as the war itself is concerned, I fail to discern either cause or sense in it, but that neither matters nor betters the condition of the poor fellows who must fight it."

She hesitated, finally, to come to Washburne at Paris for a conference and for laying before her countrymen there some propositions which, if accomplished, would result in good to humanity and credit to America; hesitated not for want of strength but for fear of giving trouble to others and failing to meet co-operation. This is the first mention of "propositions" that disturbed her for some months.

Early in August the Prussians were victorious at Weissenberg: nobody could help Clara in getting to the front. "The Committee at Basle is a fudge," she declared, "a type of the old Sanitary Commission of '61 and '62 in Washington." Perplexed, baffled, she hesitated between Carlsruhe and Mulhausen, to both of which she suddenly received invitations. The road to Carlsruhe had been destroyed and while she spent one more

night at Basle, "a young lady arrived, Miss Antoinette Margot, of Lyons, with papers from the International Committee." Destiny had sent her precisely the companion necessary.

Clara speedily found that Antoinette had undoubted artistic talent if not genius, that her paintings were the only self-expression she knew, that her own will clashed with the ideas of her parents who, remarkably, had permitted her to offer herself to the Red Cross. She was young, ambitious, and would be strengthened in purpose by Clara. When, after many years, she entered the cloister, she averred that even the consolations of the Church she owed to Miss Barton, from whom she gathered courage to accept them. Much would happen before Antoinette retired from the world. Now, she recognized in Clara the greatest woman of her experience; she gave her allegiance wholeheartedly, at once.

"You are not afraid to go with me?" but the question was perfunctory. Clara saw in the calm eyes and firm chin only the desire to serve. The girl would do. Enthusiasm and fidelity were blended in that personality.

On the 8th of August, they left Basle by carriage, meeting throngs of fugitives who cried out, "Turn back! The Prussians are coming!" In one town, the mayor pleaded with them, saying the Prussians were crossing the Rhine and battles were in progress near Mulhausen.

"We hope to go to the field," Clara told him, and explained their mission. He blessed them, and the frightened refugees held up their children to be touched by the brave women in the carriage. Slowly they entered Mulhausen, where the President of the International Committee there said there was no suffering. Clara dismissed a "bad coachman," evidently of murderous intention, with their money for his object, and finding no vehicle that would go in the desired direction, the two set out afoot. Shortly, they fell in with the carriage of a lady returning to Strasbourg to rejoin her children. Unmolested, the



party progressed from Mulhausen, partly by train, in time for supper in the historic city.

Next morning, Clara sent word to the American Consul, Petard, that she would call at noon. Meantime, she walked the streets for views of "the quaint, queer buildings, for a glance at the grand old Cathedral, its famous clock, to smile at the meditative storks perched upon chimneys. . . ." At the Consulate, United States flags were flying, "in honor of your visit, Miss Barton!"

"But how—why—?" What did the Consulate know about *her*?

"The Vice-Consul and I were both with you in the Civil War," smiled Petard. "I was a surgeon, he a chaplain."

"Then," she implored, "you will help me to reach the battlefield near Hagenau?"

"The Vice-Consul is taking out of Strasbourg an omnibus of German-Americans," said Petard, "all trying to escape. You may come with us. I shall be riding alongside."

Next morning, in pouring rain, the crowded vehicle drove from gate to gate. The military hesitated to open one, lest the Prussians enter.

When the rain ceased and no Prussians were advancing to storm the city, the omnibus rolled out and on, protected by the United States flag. One ignorant sentry halted the party, asking what emblem they were flying and, when told, said he knew better. "Get out your chart!" ordered the Vice-Consul and while the sentry fumbled with illustrations of national flags, Clara whispered to Antoinette, "Have you brought your brassard—the Red Cross?"

"Heavens, no!" In the haste of leaving at four o'clock in the morning, both had forgotten their insignia. Even while the sentry argued, at length to be convinced about Old Glory, Clara asked to be excused a moment and bidding Antoinette see the 'bus did not go without her, stepped to the waiting-room. There she tore across the red ribbon, unwound from the

throat of her black jacket, and with needle and thread—she was never without those aids—tacked the crossed pieces on her left arm. The sentinel, recognizing that device, bowed, and the lumbering wagon moved forward.

“Six or seven miles from Strasbourg we came into a German camp. Troops without number, horses and wagons at rest, tents pitched, and the scarlet and gold of Baden floating . . . These were forces of the Grand Duke.” As the omnibus drew up, the Long Roll sounded and the Consul’s horse fled—on what Clara dubbed a John Gilpin ride—leaving the party to manage for themselves. Clara undertook to be spokesman and asked to enter the lines. “You will be a prisoner, Madame.”

“Thrown into confinement?”

“O, no!” He regarded the red ribbon. “Free within our lines but not to pass out of them before the end of the war.”

“Your lines extend from Belgium to Switzerland and from Berlin to this place? Space enough!” So she became a “prisoner,” just as the recalcitrant horse came up with the flustered Consul.

Though stirring reports of the battlefield near Hagenau were published, Clara was not impressed; she had served in fields more devastatingly horrible. Hearing the wounded were being received at Brumath, she and Antoinette made their way to that town only to be rejected by Prussian officers, who permitted no strangers near the sufferers. “It is not like me,” writes Clara, “to be sitting quietly where I can just watch the sky reddening with the fires of a bombarded city, and neither have anything to do with it, nor be able to go near enough to see the shells which set the fires.”

Unable to sit still, she proposed to Antoinette that they could at least do their duty in trying to see what was going on. “Let’s set out on foot.” After they had put three or four miles behind them, they ate a lunch of cold meat and hard-boiled eggs and walked on to Vanderheim. Told they could go no farther, they were advised by a kindly surgeon to try for lodgings. Hotels and rooming-houses, quartering 4,000 soldiers,



were unavailable. "Can we make it back to Brumath?" Clara knew her companion was used to no such walk as she had already trudged that day. The girl nodded bravely, and they had turned their faces to return, when rain caught them. There followed one of Clara's most fearful nights in her European experience.

In front of them, they saw a German woman, half-way out of her window, staring at them. "May we spend the night in your house?" asked Clara. She shook her head; only one room, two children. Suddenly the wind swept all before it—but they were in the shelter of the house—gutters overflowed, water rushed from the path to the door, hail fell.

From her window, the woman handed down a stool. Clara leaped to the sill, above her eyes, landed, and drew up Antoinette. They might stay, said the woman, her husband was off with the army. Neighboring women flocked over, to stare at the guests; the crowd, said Clara, was as dense as that of the White House East Room at a levee.

One of the visiting women insisted, "Come with me, I have a bed." A man who had joined the group explained in French that the present hostess would share her two beds. That was a relief, for the other woman frightened them with eyes that had a fire in them "little less than the redness of a flame."

After a wretched meal of rice and water, in which the two did not share, the children went out to look at the fires of Strasbourg. Their hostess sat by the fire and dozed. The "woman with the bad eyes," Antoinette called her, glared in at the casement; she and a peasant boy exchanged significant glances. "I suspected that robbery if not murder was abroad. We could be brought to almost any harm, and no one be the wiser, and with the village in confusion, no one could be held responsible. I saw it all in a moment." It was too late to strike out for Brumath now. They must make the best of things and took counsel with each other. They would not sleep at the same time but would watch alternately through the night.

Drowsily their hostess woke and waved them to a bed of straw, covered "with filthy rags one could scarce find in the streets of a clean city." They took over their satchels and were standing by the straw-box when five or six rough soldiers entered. "What are you doing here?" asked one, in German. Clara asked for somebody who could speak French. Antoinette told the interpreter who offered himself that they had been caught in the rain and would go on to Brumath in the morning.

"You are spies," said the stiff-necked German Corporal. "Give me your passes." Clara handed over one from the Mayor of Brumath, her American passport, and their papers of the International Committee of the Red Cross.

Not one of them could understand the documents, "but that big spread-eagle looked as if it meant something, and he informed us that he should take all the papers to his Captain." Meantime, again the neighbors flocked over, roused by the disturbance.

"You suspect me," said Clara, looking the bully squarely in the eye. "Then you will take me at once to your Commanding General." He would not agree without reference to his Captain. She waited in dignified silence on the long bench by the table, on which still remained the single supper dish and one tumbler.

Upon this scene, "a six-foot 250 pound soldier entered, much more than half-drunk. He had a large cloak thrown over his shoulders in the Spanish style, and wore a sword heavy enough for William Wallace, which dragged and clanked upon the floor, and with boots above the knees. He advanced to me, evidently in his drunkenness taking me for the mistress of the saloon, as he could divine no other attraction for so many soldiers.

"Stopping in front of me, he extended his hand, which I was not in a frame of mind to take, and declined the honor, appearing not to see it. . . . He picked up the empty glass, flourished it, and set it down, talked a great deal of bully lingo, if I might judge by the tone, among his comrades and approached the



'Old Gal' again. . . . This time I put away both the glass and the hand in a way he understood, and I think they must have explained to him that I was not the 'Gal' of the house, and could not fill his glass.

"He stood and looked at me a moment, placed his hand upon his sword, drew it with a quick angry motion, gave it a little whirl in the air, brought it into position, pointed it directly at me and advanced. He brought it up until the point of it rested just in the center of the chest, perhaps four inches below the chin and held it there, pinning me to the wall, as my back was against the side of the room. I made no motion whatever, did not raise a hand but after noticing the position of the point of the sword, I looked him directly in the eye. He returned my look, still keeping the sword against my heart. No one in the room appeared to breathe. Of some ten armed soldiers not one had the courage to seize the sword arm of this villain. I did not look at them: I only *heard* that they were still."

After half a minute, the officer slowly drew back his sword, returned it to the scabbard with a resounding clash, threw the folds of his cloak over his shoulder and strode out of the room. "I looked at the faces of those standing by," said Clara. "They were like ghosts; ashy, and poor Antoinette seemed like a piece of paper, her lips like the lips of a marble statue. She could say nothing but rose, and fell back again."

And now the Corporal returned to say their papers were in order. "You are free." Tired out, they lay down to rest.

"There is a face at the window," whispered Antoinette.

The French interpreter wanted to come in and lie on the floor to protect them. Antoinette was overjoyed.

"How little you know, child," and turning to the would-be-protector Clara informed him in her lowest, deadliest tone, "If you enter, I will kill you—if I can."

Shamefaced, the scamp went out, put up the shutters he had dislodged and called in, "Close these, ladies, and you will be safe."

They were not further disturbed. "We had succeeded in instilling into the minds of these brutes something like a feeling of respect, which impelled them to keep their distance."

Early next day they were off, soon given a lift by a driver and a Prussian soldier, and were back in Brumath by ten o'clock. There they heard of the Prussian advance upon Paris which, deserted, was held as a fortress.

The Vanderheim experience was too much for Antoinette: she was ill for some days. Again in Basle, Clara was told that a telegram had arrived from the Grand Duchess of Baden, asking Miss Barton to come to the Palace at Carlsruhe. "Now, I wonder what this means? Appia's help? Washburne's? It is something to be considered." Clara, though no woman of the world, was schooled enough not to rush off in a hurried flight to the palace of any Grand Duchess.

The month of August, 1870, had been crowded, dirty, dangerous, and apparently an unsuccessful month. Clara had been ill not one moment; she had got back her old courage and fortitude, she had learned something of the "lie of the land," and would keep right on trying to get to the field.

## 2

Soon a request came from Paris: Would Miss Clara Barton help organize Field Hospitals at the French front? Neither the message from the Grand Duchess nor this petition pointed the way to the goal of her desire. While she debated, news came of the battles above Metz, then of the French surrender and the capture of Napoleon. After Sedan, September first, the French Republic was proclaimed and set up a Government of National Defense. "No one has confidence in the ability of the Republicans to sustain themselves," wrote Clara. "They have no arms in support of their theory, Prussia having captured so largely."

The German Army marched on to Paris, to besiege the city and finally to starve it out, while Clara wrote her letters to the



*Journal* and the *Record*, sadly missing Antoinette who had gone to Lausanne to cure a cough.

"I should like to write a book dedicated to the soldiers of America," Clara stared down at her writing pad, "my recent travels have filled a horn of plenty for contrast." One of the American legation ended her days of hesitation, "Join the Prussians." She wrote to the Grand Duchess that she would present herself on the 17th of September.

On that day, she first visited the American Consul at Karlsruhe. He assured her the Duchess was greatly beloved. "So I have heard," said Clara. "What I have learned of her work with the wounded inspires me to go to the Palace."

With the card in her hand, indicating the hour at which the Grand Duchess would see her, Clara appeared, was passed from flunkey to flunkey and so stood before Louise of Baden. For her part, the daughter of William I regarded through level blue eyes a small figure, all black and white, the tiny body rising above billowing folds of black silk; a pale complexion, a generous mouth, darkly glowing eyes, neat braids of black hair wound again and again about a well-shaped head—a woman at once modest and assured. And while in a split second she made her inventory, Clara made hers. "Beautiful, how beautiful!" all but escaped her lips, and "Here is true nobility." Louise was then not yet thirty-five, in the full bloom of grace and power. Clara saw that she, also, wore a simple costume, that her pale gold hair was drawn up almost severely but for one long curl that lay along her throat, that in a countenance reflecting devoutness and intelligence was, besides, the look of command, that in her girlish figure was the bearing of royalty. What each thought of the other might have been summed up, "I'd trust her, anywhere."

Clara spoke of her wish to help the Prussian soldiers. The Grand Duchess spoke of other needs but would see what might be arranged. She asked the Baroness Mentzingen, one of her ladies, to give Clara hospitality, since Clara preferred not stay-

ing in the Palace—and now ensued all the old familiar delays. Meantime, Clara rode with a German surgeon, who admired her horsemanship, spent evenings in the Palace or with Princess Wilhelm, and began to visit military hospitals. “Not so good, discord and dirt,” she wrote of these, but of the Grand Duchess’s Chateau, opened to the wounded, “Very beautiful.” All along, she and Louise were confirming first impressions of each other. They were sisters in spirit, whose friendship forged by bonds of love and trust surmounted limits of rank and time and place. Long after, when Clara feeling the social gap between herself and an Emperor’s daughter, lagged in correspondence, her royal friend wrote again, never letting her go.

Before Clara went with her to Mannheim, to assist in the hospitals, a copy of the *Soldier’s Record* arrived, with a “very good” article on Clara Barton. Louise read it. Clara left Karlsruhe, September 30th, with a pass and letters to the doctors at Strasbourg.

The ’bus stopped at Kehl. Clara walked to the Rhine, crossed in a rowboat and walked on to the city. Before resting at the home of a doctor, she met the Consul, his wife, and Major Kruger, of the American staff, and delivered letters. “Everything is confused and disagreeable. Am very tired; have walked several miles over fallen trees and in a high wind and dust.”

With the usual invasion of new correspondents—those from America all knew of Clara Barton—she visited the military works of both sides, entering Strasbourg over the moat at one of the demolished gates, and passing through areas “most burnt.” Next day, with Kruger, she took notes at the Civil Hospital of forty cases of wounded women; listing their needs, she returned to Karlsruhe to report to Louise. One of a committee appointed to carry supplies, she visited the poor, distributed clothing, saw the poor cellars and hovels. “What a Conference of American Charities could do to help here!”

To aid in the distribution of clothing, undertaken at Clara’s suggestions, the Grand Duchess sent Hannah Zimmerman,



daughter of a clergyman and governess in the royal household. Here was the third disciple of Clara Barton in a foreign land: with Minna Kupfer and Antoinette Margot, she would have followed into any danger the woman who made them fearless, even as she herself was fearless when something greater than fear compelled. Clara and Hannah took a schoolhouse from which they dispensed clothing, and from which Clara did not forget to write of her efforts to the Red Cross Head at Basle. With the Mayor she called upon the Committee of Strasbourg, which gave her "the same old impression of Committees, heartless and soulless."

While trying desperately to arrange for an American Conference of Charities in Europe—her travels are a young Odyssey—she also formulated a plan for her permanent workroom. With money she would provide, funds to which she hoped Louise and others would add, she would buy materials, engage cutters, and pay the poor women of the city to make garments, to be sold for nominal prices to the very poor. From the beginning, the workroom was thronged: scores came, hundreds followed. The women sewed and brought back for inspection the warm garments, provided by private funds until December 3rd, the birthday of the Grand Duchess, who then exercised a royal prerogative. Sending a thousand francs to the Committee of Strasbourg, she asked that it be delivered to Miss Clara Barton. That stroke meant an audience for the drama now approaching the stability necessary for a favorable "run." On the 7th, Clara was surprisingly informed, while directing her staff, that Bolen, Bismarck's Adjutant, was outside with Madame Bolen. Might he see Miss Barton? The workroom stood at attention while Clara rose to receive the emissaries of the Iron Chancellor.

"He told us the Grand Duchess had written Bismarck of us and he [Bismarck] would like to see me if I desired. He was in his office from 12½ to 2." As simply as that she recorded the epochal visit.

So far, not one of the Committee of Strasbourg had called to observe the woman fighting a lone fight with those she had enlisted. The Grand Duchess sent another thousand francs, requesting as before that it be delivered to Miss Barton. The Committee, slowly enough, saw they must include her in their plans for rehabilitation. And now from Geneva came a messenger with a box of materials and a thousand francs from Mrs. Appia. Dr. Appia had not forgotten Clara, had in fact called upon her once or twice to offer advice to her and Louise in conference, and once had ridden the short 'bus journey with her from Strasbourg to Karlsruhe. He was gradually aware of the dominant personality that emerged triumphant above the customs of a strange land and, far away from home, in the dirt and débris of a city half-destroyed, accomplished the clothing of a multitude.

Should she call upon Bismarck? Though she had ruined her eyes in studying German, she was no match for him in that tongue. Go with an interpreter? She shook her head. A letter would serve her purpose, and she wrote another of her masterpieces, apologizing for her inadequate German and French, and plainly stating the facts of her struggle at Strasbourg. "At first, we could only give indiscriminately to the hundreds who thronged our doors," she wrote; but she had perceived that a continuation of this system would be productive of greater disaster to the *moral* condition of the people than the bombardment had been to their *physical*. "One winter of common beggary would reduce the larger part to a state of careless degradation from which they would scarcely again emerge." And so her plan for remunerative employment had opened the "Workrooms for Women."

"I thought that to be just, the employment and the payment should be given to Strasbourg, thus making of the inhabitants *workers* instead of *beggars*, but that the warm garments made by them should be sent to the half-naked peasants of the villages, and little country homes where the harvest has been lost, and



neither money nor clothing comes within reach. And to the extent of my means I have done this." The peasants, she added, often walked two and three leagues to ask for the garments, and clergymen from around the old battlefields appealed in behalf of their half-naked people.

"This population must always be the neighbors, if not a part, of the German people; it will be most desirable that they should be also friends; they are in distress—their hearts can never be better reached than now . . ." Recognizing that she was giving a lesson in statecraft to the Governor-General of Alsace, she smiled, and added: "But pardon my boldness, Honored Count; I am neither a diplomatist nor political counselor; I am only a maker of garments for the poor."

The prominent features of her work, she concluded, might be listed under five heads:

1st, I desire to give employment, and payment therefor at the usual rates, to some portion of the destitute families of Strasbourg.

2nd, To distribute the garments made by them among the people of the surrounding districts.

3rd, To make beyond this no appropriations of charities, but to refer all such applicants to the various societies and committees.

4th, To obtain this object and carry on the work is required material in warm stuffs of both wool and cotton.

5th, Money to pay the workers.

To this letter dated December 9, 1870, Bismarck replied immediately. He wished to see her. At this renewed request, she called at his office next day, Saturday, the 10th. "He is a tall thin man with a kind face, and seems to be genial. He is gentle and good at heart, I think." This is the estimate of a woman who, with few exceptions, thought better of most human beings than they deserved. In the interview he was most gracious and said he would call on Monday. He never was charged with lacking perspicacity and has not been accused of being anybody's fool.

Before the Chancellor arrived at the workrooms, Gustav Bergmann, of the Strasbourg Committee, called with Mrs. Bergmann, past high time to look into the work of this American woman. While they were there, in the shop—Hannah and Clara directing, two dressmakers, a tailor, forty women for work—Bismarck and Bolen rode up. "Greek meeting Greek," Clara observes, "a little stiff." Bismarck was amiable, pleased that Miss Barton wished to do for Alsace. He thought Strasbourg had had enough. "It was a good day for us, and we felt encouraged." That mild understatement for the bright satisfaction that must have been hers, while the Bergmanns saw Bismarck's approval!

In a day or so, "The Committee want us to make something of their old things. We will do it." She asked Bismarck's advice about change of rooms and when he referred her to the Committee she consulted Bergmann and with him got new accommodations.

Now Christmas, 1870, drew near. Hannah must go to Karlsruhe to spend the holidays with her parents and brothers. "I am to remain alone until she returns." Christmas Eve, she clipped newspapers accumulated and filled her scrap-book—a large folio made from brown wrapping paper or that from which were cut the workroom patterns, a book that would serve also for 1871 and '72. Into the space for 1870 went copies of her letters published in America, articles by Henry Wilson, Theodore Tilton, Schuyler Colfax, and poems by her friend Phoebe Carey, with other verses that struck her as poignant or tragic or humorous. One of these lodged in her brain and there remained until her death when her last words reverted to one of the stanzas.

By the Rev. John Purves, the verses are entitled "The Old Soldier," in memory of John Pitt, who fought under Wellington in many sieges and died at Woodbury, Connecticut, August 1, 1870:

"Loose me, loose me, and let me go,"  
The old man faintly cried,



His face was pale but all aglow  
For Christ unseen was by his side.

• • • • •  
“Loose me,” he cried, “and let me go!”

While she cut and clipped, that December 24th, in her private room separated only by thin white curtains from the large hall, she saw mysterious lights and flickering stars. At last, she walked out to face a Christmas tree in full splendor, all for herself. Her assistants had brought it in, burdened with fruit, flowers and other gifts, and asked the domestic staff to light it in the evening.

A hard year, a memorable year, this 1870.

## VIII

### STRASBOURG, PARIS

#### I

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS, HANNAH COLLAPSED FROM HARD WORK and went home to Carlsruhe. Clara superintended the rooms, cooked her meals, kept the books, purchased materials and measured them late at night. Drooping over the day's record at midnight or after, she often wrote "Very tired." Bismarck required her presence at one of the towns in the wake of the army at the moment Hannah broke away from Carlsruhe and was able to help serve the wretched villagers.

Now that all Strasbourg was aware of Clara's philanthropy, many drew upon her socially. At a school for girls, "one of the most noted of eastern France," she told war stories to an enthusiastic audience. Grand Duchess Louise, happy over the success of the establishment, presented to Hannah and Clara, each, "a Red Cross pin, which Hannah reciprocated with a photograph of our work rooms."

On the road between Consulates, Dorence arrived; simultaneously Antoinette came, and almost at the same moment Bismarck asked Clara to visit him, the Countess and their children at Neuhof. As a mere matter of history, she went with Jules Favre, the statesman, now the "superintendent of pioneer work," and took Antoinette along for companion. Bismarck was more than pleased with her re-establishment of the poor people of Strasbourg and liked her ideas embodied in the first letter she wrote him.



Though she had failed to arrange a Conference of American Charities, Clara had received money and promises of more for altruistic work in Paris. "Will you come with me to Paris, Dorrr?" She felt that now was the time for a preliminary survey of that field. He would be glad to go, and Clara gave herself a week off.

In war-scarred Paris they found no cab and walked to the Hôtel du Louvre. Clara visited Minister Washburne, the Place Vendôme, Champs de Mars, Arc de Triomphe and acquainted herself generally with the city. Disappointed not to find Consul-General Read, she was pleased that Mr. Lanier bore gifts to her from New York. All Paris was in revolution, citizens being shot, all stores closed, a National Guard over the city. As soon as railroad service was resumed, Clara went back to Strasbourg, which she had left on St. Patrick's Day and to which she returned on March 25th, entering without pause into the great work-day that demanded her oversight of a thousand garments.

Supervision of these women required not only routine of a difficult sort but tact and generalship amounting to genius since, separated by differences of language and caste and sympathies, Clara and her force met on the common ground of humanity only. They were all women, and on that premise Clara conducted operations. But for Antoinette Margot's "Three Stitches," written on pattern paper of the workroom, details would be lacking which, fortunately, it supplies. "When I joined her," wrote Antoinette, "300 women were coming every Wednesday and Saturday to bring back the garments, be paid, and receive another package. One can easily understand that the passage of 300 workers in the rooms disturbed the peace, and when this means 300 packages of garments to be overlooked, 300 payments to be distributed, and 300 new packages to be made, labeled, tied, inscribed, delivered, one should not wonder if sometimes the patience of the pretty and quick-tempered head cutter, Caroline Klingler, on these days was somewhat ruffled.

Mine, too, was when work too badly done was presented to the table Miss Barton had arranged for my examination of work."

Some of the women had never sewed. Antoinette could be patient with those who showed "amelioration," but was annoyed by the dirty, disorderly, and unkempt, whose work was in all respects unsatisfactory. "I remember one very particularly. She had been the distress of one of the examiners. This lady had scolded, had refused to accept the work and finally sent her to my table to see what I could do with her. I discovered that I could not do much; and after using all my eloquence, giving her many hours of as good teaching as I was able to do, I was obliged to threaten to tell Miss Barton how ill-willed she was—warning her at the same time that Miss Barton loved justice as well as charity and was not likely to keep a worker on whose account such reports were to be made. The woman entreated me not to tell Miss Barton yet; she would do better next time."

Saturday destroyed Antoinette's faint hope. "The stitches varied from half an inch to half a thread; the hems were more crooked than ever." Despite the creature's protestations, Antoinette pushed her way to Clara's table. "She was looking so quiet, so peaceful, so benevolent, so full of dignity and of noble and holy joy in her work, I hesitated to mar that joy; but duty was there." Would Miss Barton please come over to examine the work of Mrs. H——?

" 'Very bad?' she asked in a whisper.

" 'Nasty,' answered I in the same way."

The woman looked as if she would defy Clara herself—who cast only one short look at her. "Her quickness and sureness of judgment immediately grasped the situation and told her how to deal with the woman.

"She took the two skirts, and examined the first in deep silence, her face showing not the smallest change of expression . . . The woman seemed anxious and troubled, and she too was silent.

"Every stitch of the first skirt was passed in review; she laid it



down gently and took up the second skirt." When there remained only three or four inches of the large hem to complete the minute examination, Clara stopped. "The woman started a little, and so did I, in apprehension. But Miss Barton's face looked pleased and encouraging; between her two thumbs she was holding carefully a very small bit of the hem, about a quarter of an inch long. 'What can it be?' thought I. At last, Miss Barton spoke: 'Look, Madam, at these three stitches; how regular they are, how perfectly you have made them. Are you not glad of that little bit? I must say I could not make them prettier; they are very, very good. Are they not, Miss Margot?' she asked, turning toward me at her side. 'Yes, those three stitches are very good,' said I, emphasizing the *three stitches*; but the elbow of Miss Barton met mine rather sharply, 'For Heaven's sake,' whispered she, 'don't say "but!"' I swallowed my 'but' the best I could, for Miss Barton's sake and admired three stitches in two skirts.

" 'I see, Madam,' Miss Barton told the woman, 'you can sew very well, and I should not be surprised if next week your work were among the best we receive. It would certainly be today if it were all like these three stitches. I am full of hope for you, Madam.' "

Thankful at being neither scolded nor dismissed, the woman promised to do better. Antoinette was dubious. "When Saturday came, I kept an eye on the door to watch the arrival of Mrs. H—— and her basket. She came in like a conqueror, passed my table, went straight to Miss Barton, and opening her basket pulled out two skirts. At that moment several women approached my table and made me forget Mrs. H——. But some minutes after, I saw her proudly making her way with her elbows toward the payer, and holding in a firm grasp a red C.B." The red check, with Clara's initials, meant "Pay the full amount for work."

When the room was closed, the women gone, and Antoinette ran to Clara, "Miss Barton, smiling, took the two skirts that

she had kept on her table. We opened them, and I saw with joy, surprise, and a bit of confusion that the two were as well made as the three stitches of last time. . . .”

Bergmann continued to send money from the Committee; the rooms were sending out hundreds of packages. But there was perverseness, more than indicated in the story of Mrs. H——, and plenty of bad temper. For three weeks Clara was too busy and tired to write up her diary. Besides the work at hand, she was preparing for France. In April, Dorence returned and was her agent to London with letters to Benjamin Moran, Chargé d’Affaires. Moran gave her £500 from his fund which, she assured him, would be used for supplying clothes to the French poor.

“Thousands who are well today,” she wrote him, “will rot with smallpox and be devoured by body-lice before the end of August. Against the progress of these two scourges there is, I believe, no check but the destruction of all infected garments; hence, the imperative necessity for something to take their place. Excuse sir, I pray you, the plain ugly terms which I have employed to express myself; the facts are plain and ugly.”

Countess Bismarck visited the shop twice again in early May and was enthusiastic over its success. The month sped with a tremendous acceleration to June 1st, the final day, when all workers sewed for Clara, or for the French poor to whom she would distribute the garments. Bergmann paid her in full the money she had advanced, and Clara added it to the gift of the London Committee for France. On a yellowing sheet, May 11, 1871, is this note in her script: “Amount received of the London Society for the New York French Relief Fund, 12,500 francs.” Another column indicates that this sum had been received in thirty parts: though she had been unable to assemble a Conference, here was substantial commendation from her countrymen.

Dorr preceded her to Paris. Late on June 2, 1871, accompanied by Mary Hindenach, a German woman she had be-



friended, Clara arrived at a hotel in the rue de Strasbourg, the French capital.

## 2

With Atwater, Clara called upon the Prefect of the Seine, who was to assign her a house. He appeared not to understand what she wanted or why she wanted it. Sending the weary Dorr back to his hotel, Clara set off, with unspoken grimness, alone, for the scene of her work. From the Mayor at Villette, she got her house, 60 Boulevard de la Villette. Atwater left for America but Mary remained throughout the six weeks Clara served the poor.

Her rooms filled with boxes from Strasbourg and her hands with gold, Clara made the rounds, working hard and thinking hard in days of subsidence from the perils and terrors of the siege. Relief Committees reposed all confidence in her: Edmund Dwight of Boston sent 5,000 francs early in July and at the same time through Baring of London, £1,000. To some extent, her notes now and then indicate, she was working in co-operation with the Red Cross. For example, among the persons visited was a man "sick of consumption. Dr. Appia has the three children. Has had all burned in the bombardment. Have written to Dr. Appia. 5 francs."

At night, she tottered home to climb the stairs and rest her feet while Mary Hindenach combed her hair. Sometimes, even then, applicants kept her occupied until late hours. "Madame Clemence Berbinère has three children and an aged grandmother of eighty-five. The woman brought her own letter of supplication signed by her physician, and with her a most darling little boy of ten years, so polite, so clean, but so threadbare and out at elbows and knees—worn through and through the patches. I got her outfits for all, and at night took a carriage and carried her a dress, or material from our gray stuff, and a suit of black for the dear little boy." It was pleasant to Clara to see later the old grandmother dressed in all her new clothes

and the "baby smiling in its little new frock." She added in her notebook: "This family should go to America. I have them listed for my colony."

And that comment touches two new Utopian, Bartonian dreams: first, a colony in America to be formed of desirable foreigners; second, a colony in the south of France. This second project failed because no such colony could be established without objections from the French of that region. For the first colony, she had not enough funds of her own, and her plans were too ideal to please the practical-minded, who might have helped otherwise.

How well she labored in Paris not only Mary Hindenach knew, to whom Clara often talked of the day's toil, but many residents and visitors. Throughout, she had the advice of Pasteur Theodore Monod and Pasteur E. Robin. On the Fourth of July, Monod sent her a bouquet of red, white, and blue flowers with a poem of thirty lines, lauding her loving heart and helping hand.

" . . . . . But when at last we saw  
Our sin and folly end in crime and shame,  
The brother slaughtered by the brother's hand,  
Streets red with blood, and mansions wrapped in flame,  
The city full of anguish and dismay,  
Of widows and of orphans—*then you came.*"

To Clara there was pathos in the poor wretched beggars not understanding that something might be a gift, without expectation of return. But, at last, "the dullest perceived something out of the usual course, and by and by they commenced to come back to render the thanks which they appeared to feel had not been fully given; and this spreading from one to another they finally came in as great numbers to thank and bless as to ask. Then the French enthusiasm broke out, and they would fain gather at the gate below the grounds and demonstrate. The porter had orders to keep them back and not let them accumulate; but at length they became the stronger and



the porter's turn came to be put back, and they did gather, and such waving of kerchiefs and hats and such shouts. Live America! Live the Republic! Live true charity!"

Even the police respected the air of peace and good will among them, and they were not molested, but "having said their say they departed to their wretched holes and dens of poverty, with the satisfied air of those who have performed a well-determined duty. In all this, there was to me a deep moral and political lesson—the government that would have its people faithful to it must first prove faithful to its people."

In particular she felt horror at the condition of women, of whom she saw thousands, babies sacked upon their backs, belted to one side of a cart tongue, a large panting dog on the other, the two hauling a load of manure along the public highway. Not only in France and Germany but in republican Switzerland she observed this yoking of woman and beast. The woman must prepare food, do the housework, care for her children, while the husband smoked his pipe or took his glass; she must go to the field with him, remain as long, and carry the tools home at night. Mary told her with "evident satisfaction and apparent pride" that her husband had never whipped her yet! "A woman who would be considered an accomplished lady's maid, speaking three languages well."

Parisian barbarity froze her blood, which reacted—warm with pity or hot with indignation. She saw rubbish-strewn streets, pavements thrown up in barricade, fumes of smoke curling from the foundations of the Tuileries and Hôtel de Ville, a sullen sentinel at every corner, his murderous bayonet "fresh from its feast of blood." Saw heaps of ruins, riddled houses; saw the populace stand, a hundred deep, in front of the Mayories, silent at the eternal guard and bayonet. Saw women, lean and hollow-eyed, carrying about their shriveled babies, up and down the outer streets, leading from the boulevards. Saw men lounging in rags.

Before, in the midst of Villette and Belleville, the hotbed of

Communism, she heard tales of suffering from those to whom she gave alms. Heard how men fled through the streets before the troops of Versailles on their entry, how they were thrust against the walls and blown to atoms with mitrailleuses. How women had hidden sons and husbands in chests and between beds, "and when the hour of search came and the sword or the bayonet of the guard was thrust through everything in the house, not a shriek came forth from the pierced victim and only the blood on the weapon revealed the success of the search, and he was dragged out to be finished before their eyes."

Her conclusions about this war were not complimentary to Paris. "A Turco is not a merciful specimen of humanity; a German army is neither a trifling nor a genial foe. Strasbourg and Metz and Belfort and Paris in siege were long and full of suffering. Wörth and Gravelotte and Sedan were bloody and dreadful . . . but it was reserved for Paris, alone, to show to the world the refinement of cruelty and madness."

In the dire need and pitiable devastation, she was discouraged at her ability to do little. What she could she did, first, for the families of the prisoners of Versailles, and the ships of the Manche. Family support, she reasoned, was often lost in the person of the prisoner, who received but fifty centimes a day for food and bed. So far as she could, she wrote further to Edmund Dwight, she did for the families of Alsace and Lorraine who, refusing to become German, passed over the lines by hundreds, even thousands, into France. Their coming was deplorably unwise; they were burdening the French by their numbers. "But I did not understand that your mission was to the wise, but to the unhappy, and I have taken the liberty to give them something."

She was also considering help for the region about Belfort but, hearing that such help would be more welcome at the beginning of cold weather and would be best in small sums of money, deferred her visit there and accepted an invitation to the home of the Margots in Lyons. Before leaving Paris, she



required two full days to write out her accounts for Moran, of the New York French Relief Committee, finishing fifteen sheets and giving them to Dwight before he left for America. He would deliver the report while passing through London.

Importuned by friends, she also sat for a bust before packing up for Lyons. Five days after the final sitting, she observes laconically: "My medallion bust comes home. Pd. 75 francs. Failure." It is.

### 3

Lyons was hot, but Clara rested a night only. "I must find a place for Mary," and she tramped until she rented one she thought would serve. Soon, however, Mary's husband turned up—he had been missing—and came to Lyons with the children. "Try to settle the Hindenachs," she writes, "and cannot. I give M. 300 francs and leave her to do her own settling."

Clara now sewed a little for herself, mentioning "a bathing suit of black and red." She loved clothes as much as any woman and because in her work wearing only the plainest blouse or jacket and skirt was the more inclined to "dress up" afterward. All who remember her speak of her pronounced individuality in costume. Simple black without ornament, already mentioned, she often preferred for occasions of dignity and formality; but green she favored, and red, she averred, was her color. Regardless of dress as an end, she well knew its value as a means. She never had the money, however, and would not have spent it extravagantly if she had, for that perfection achieved by artist couturiers. Her own taste toward simplicity was thwarted by an era that demanded frills and furbelows too numerous for good taste, much less beauty.

"Clara did not—I am sorry—did not dress quite well enough," said deprecatorily the sole surviving member of the first American Red Cross organization, with all the grace of ninety years, 1939. Dressmakers came by the day, the week, or the month; they made and remade and made over again her garments—

always of the best stuff—and presented bills that today seem incredibly small. In later years, not surrendering bright colors—wherein she was right, a more sophisticated age has affirmed—she used more black and brown and purple. For her reds and greens she was criticized, but she paid no heed except to say, “I daresay that young lady doesn’t know I wear what I please!” In a sense, she was far ahead of the day when style-sheets advertise dresses that may be exchanged by grandmother and granddaughter.

That “little bathing suit of black and red” must have been a winning costume. And if Clara could have worn it, as she would wear it now, when at fifty she ran races with Antoinette in the old park paths of Lyons, she would have passed, still, for a youthful thirty.

For a brief space she enjoyed a happy season of rest and recreation. She and her friend wrote letters to the *New York Tribune*, duly published, and she helped Antoinette paint a portrait of herself, in a green dress. But the best of all surprises was a visit from her friend Henry Wilson, who two years later would be Vice-President of the United States. He was in Paris, he wrote, and would like to see her. He came. They talked, rode, dined with the Margots, drove through the park, to the conservatory and to the station, where he left for Geneva. That was one of the idyllic days of Clara’s life. Not that she made a comment. But he was her best friend in all official Washington, if not in all America—and he came to tell her how gratified he was at the reports he had heard of her philanthropies. “And you bearded Bismarck?” one hears him say. “He is a simple, kindly man,” Clara replies. And Wilson emits a long “Ph—ew!”

Happy days were over. On the day of Wilson’s visit, Margot *père* gave permission to his daughter to accompany Clara on her relief expedition to Dijon and other towns. Three days later, around the middle of August, poor Antoinette said to Clara, “Mother is jealous of my love for you.” In great reticence and dignity, Clara moved her trunk to her own rooms, but at



the same time bought table linen, a rug, and tidies for Mrs. Margot. "Poor Antoinette. I fear they will finish her with their jealousy. Poor child." They begged her to stay with Antoinette, but she told them she preferred to take food in her own place, "and let them settle their own differences."

Antoinette, however, visited Clara's room and painted. "She cannot think what to do and wishes to run to me." Clara urged her to hold her ground with the parents, but "I cannot succeed; she is too yielding." The Margots now recognized that by their behavior they might have broken up arrangements best for their daughter; "and at length Mrs. Margot comes humbly to me and begs me to take Antoinette to Dijon. . . . I demur and consider and caution her against trusting her daughter with me. She is ashamed, apologizes, and begs; and I consent. Next day they depart for Switzerland, leaving Antoinette to get ready and go with me."

"We shall drop some of our boxes at Dijon," Clara told Antoinette, "and pick them up on our return from Paris."

"And why do we go to Paris first?" Antoinette guessed but waited to hear the words that made her dance.

"You are going to work in your own atelier awhile, if only a few weeks," and she smiled broadly when the girl caught up her hand . . .

A distant relative, Mrs. Curtis Bullard, in Paris wished to see her kinswoman before crossing to England. Editor of the suffragist sheet, the *Revolution*, she thought Clara might like to write something for it. After seeing her off and attending to the still considerable sum of money for charity, Clara settled down to watch Antoinette paint a cat that aroused comment so favorable that she, the artist, was ever afterward known as "Kitty."

In a happier part of the city than she had hitherto lived Miss Barton, philanthropist, received visitors and accepted invitations, saw the ruins at Montmartre, enjoyed a fête day at St. Cloud. Dr. Mary Safford, a Civil War worker, en route from

Germany to America, stopped to see her friend of 1865. . . . Letters to Clara told her that among distant relatives one old couple was badly off. She wrote at once to Judge Hale—recently honored by appointment to the Alabama Claims—to send \$100 out of her funds to Cousin 'Vira Stone, and asked 'Vira to take care of the old people. Perhaps Ida and Mamie, she thought, might like to come to Paris, and invited them to be her guests. Ada, Ida's twin, had married Charles M. Clark, of Oxford, December 4, 1869.

She visited the shops, and from the Alsatian Relief Committee got necessary information about the approaching relief work in the provinces. Half-waiting for a meeting Washburne would hold to consider sufferers from the big fire in Chicago, she heard he had not asked women to be present. That slight, as she felt it to be, shot her off to Dijon on the 15th day of October.

## 4

Reclaiming their boxes, they journeyed by omnibus to Besançon, where Clara wrote Mrs. Bullard and others, offering to go to Chicago, before she called on the Prefect, made proper connections, and continued to Belfort. In a deep fog they approached this fortified town in the high hills, the castle half-cut out of solid rock looming through mist and clouds. Delivering to M. LeBleu her letter from the Prefect at Besançon, she was invited to accept a room in his house, from which she might dispense money to the people. In four days, aided by Antoinette and all the household, Clara received over four hundred families, distributing to them, hospitals, and societies over 4,000 francs.

According to a letter from Antoinette, Clara stood in the room of the LeBleu mansion from early morning till night, smiling, graceful, meeting family after family, asking their circumstances, how deeply they had suffered, giving them sympathy and what money she could afford. Relics of the eight months' siege, these people were all very poor, many homeless



and dispirited. They had never listened to words so respectfully spoken; they wept while holding out trembling hands. Authorities, fearing a rush, placed policemen about the house. Antoinette was amused that Clara protected them from the rough men and shrill-voiced women crowding them to the wall. If a quarrel arose between the guards and the throng, "Miss Barton prayed them to wait a little and be quiet. Then the noisiest and wildest were ashamed." *La bonne dame Américaine* puzzled the police, who were amazed that methods so gentle could effect order. When the Council expressed thanks, Clara told them, "You will remember that America and the city of Boston should receive your gratitude. I am but their agent."

"The three names are so united in our hearts, Mademoiselle," the President of the Council, hat in hand, bent half-double, "we shall never hear the one without thinking of the others!"

Clara did not choose this personal distribution; but accepted it after authorities explained that, living among the poor, who might expect impossible things, they would be embarrassed. And the people would receive with more satisfaction a gift from a stranger than they would ten times as much, regarded as indemnity, from the municipality. Leaving 1,000 francs for further aid, she felt she might now heed the third message begging her to come to the Court at Baden. At Karlsruhe, Antoinette wrote up the Belfort papers while Clara helped the Zimmermans to iron. A "liveried lackey" from Princess Wilhelm prayed her presence; she visited that lady while Antoinette painted Hannah, with whom Clara had been discussing "philosophic things."

"You must come to the opening of the Baden Parliament," Louise invited Clara, who sat in the hall where gathered all the decorated gold lace. The legislators rose and cheered three times as the Grand Duchess entered—now her Imperial Highness, since her father had become Emperor—followed by her three children, and stepped to the gallery seat. At three more shouts, the Grand Duke walked up the lower aisle and seated



CLARA BARTON

Photo by C. H. Winter, Place Kleser, Passage de la Pomme de Pin, Strasbourg,  
1871. From copy presented the author by Miss Rena D. Hubbell.





himself on his crimson throne. Clara thought he read his brief speech beautifully. In telling of this event, she observed that the government made concessions to a strong Republican party: all Europe was becoming more liberal. "They should cut asunder their church-and-state notions and have some reasonable liberty of conscience," she thought. "That might check their march toward atheism."

Worried that she had not sufficient funds to help all the towns on her list, Clara entered one of her cat-restless phases. A draft for £400 from Dwight ended one perplexity; she could finish as she had hoped to do. She could not, however, order her mind to study German; she wearied of the hotel room; she found other quarters; fleas drove her from an accustomed restaurant. November was dull and gray. In short, her range of activity had narrowed. She would not be a hanger-on of the Grand Duchess, and "It is so dull and stupid here!" she wrote. The Margots were fretting her raw: "Antoinette has a letter from her father . . . He accuses me of many little things and is silly. I try to have her reply like a woman to him, but I am tired of these old European quarrels." Hannah was down with erysipelas and Minna Kupfer was in Berne.

A Protestant clergyman's daughter, Hannah alternately pined and railed at bondage of body and soul. Walking Clara's room, after the attack of illness, "like a chafing lion with her hot, red cheeks, and great black eyes full of life and fire, she throws her arms above her head. 'They tell me that my own thoughts are wicked—of the Devil, and I must not follow them. My God, if I don't think my own thoughts, whose thoughts shall I think!'" Antoinette was to enter a convent; Hannah was to wed a clergyman and consumption would take her off in middle age. If Margot *père* and Pfarrer Zimmerman ever met, they had undoubtedly a conversation-piece on strong-minded American women who put notions in the heads of French *jeunes filles* and German *fräuleins*. "Poor Hannah!"

In early December, Clara set out to complete her rounds of



charity. At Besançon they were heartily welcomed, but in a cold hotel. Clara sat up half the night and went along next day to Montbéliard, where she and Kitty were the guests of a noble family. As before, the poor came in hundreds, stretching from doorway to gate and down the snow-covered street.

"So wise is Miss Barton," said Antoinette, "she gives the women orders for wood and rent. Their husbands cannot compel them to surrender such orders for drink."

"That was the suggestion of the President of the Ladies' Committee, Kitty." Clara's mouth widened in a generous smile. "I adopted it as a canny thing."

They wound up that relief in ten days. Antoinette went home to Lyons; Clara returned to Strasbourg and Carlsruhe, busying herself with Hannah for an entertainment to the Strasbourg working women on December 30th.

"Will you spend Christmas with us?" invited the Zimmermans. "We should like you to have a part in our merry making and in our thanks to God."

Yes, she preferred being with them. She bought everybody a present; the parents pleased her with a journal, to be filled in 1872, and it was—Hannah gave her a basket of apples. On the 25th, her birthday, Clara opened her door to a servant from the Grand Duchess who appeared with a framed portrait of her Imperial Highness, and an old-fashioned English plum-pudding. Clara spent that day alone, taking stock at the end of her first half-century.

For the party the two combined their heads and hands to have everything right for the invited hundreds. They wired purses—a coin in each from Louise—to hang on the tree. They bought gifts of boxes and portfolios. They rented crockery from a kind merchant, who would take no money. They ordered twenty large plain cakes, raisins and almonds, milk and chocolate. They received and distributed the Grand Duchess's contributions. Bergmann addressed the assemblage, and at the end of the party he with others crowned a bust of Clara with

green oak leaves and gold acorns. Singing, cheering, the working women of Strasbourg said good-by.

Next day, Clara in clearing up saw that a number of gifts were unclaimed. "They have moved, no doubt; I must get Mr. Bergmann to find them." She obtained his promise. The midnight bells rang in 1872.



## IX

### INTERLUDE, GRAND TOUR, ENGLAND

#### 1

CLARA SPENT NEARLY ALL THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE YEAR AT her rooms in Carlsruhe, suffering from weakened eyes, barely able to walk, and all but wholly collapsed. For six weeks she wrote nothing in her diary, but despite bandaged eyes contrived to scrawl "blind" letters. "All is lost time," she wailed. Yet her association with the Court of Baden flourished; meetings with the Grand Duke and Duchess were more frequent and profitable, each side asking and receiving advice. Consulted about the problems of Hannah and Antoinette, the Duchess at once found a post for "Kitty," and tried diplomacy with Hannah's parents, who remained firm in denying to their daughter permission to follow Fraülein Barton wherever her ceaseless ministration might lead.

The tempest in the teapot that stormed about Clara suggests antics of children, rather than of grown-ups. From a visit to the Grand Duchess, Hannah came home hysterical; Clara called to inquire about her health but did not enter since "the family seemed very chary of themselves . . . What foolish people with their children." That the mothers of Antoinette and Hannah might object to their daughters' addressing Clara as "Mama" appears not to have entered Clara's head. Firmness with Hannah, elicited from Mama Barton, "I will accept the co-operation of no woman whose parents hold her so tena-

ciously, nor will I accept the responsibility." And now Minna Kupfer begged to come and serve Clara, who saw she must run away. Suddenly she announced that she was going to visit the Sheldons, in London.

"I must have a new costume," she reflected, better at the mere prospect of movement, and bought a gay outfit, quite the most elaborate of all purchased in the four European years. She walked in the Royal Gardens with Louise, heard concerts, and in her half-blind state was relieved by a message from Abby, "Joe and I are coming for you." Friendship resumed with the Zimmermans, she graciously accepted from Frau Zimmerman six nightcaps of Hannah's creation, and said pleasant farewells. From Antoinette she received a jet locket, with tresses of Antoinette's and Hannah's hair. She washed her flannels and was ready by the spring equinox for the Sheldons. From the Grand Duchess she bore away, final token of esteem, the Cross of Baden.

In Paris, Clara—again suddenly—"decided to go to Italy." Papa and Mama Holmes, with their daughter and son-in-law, the Taylors, were making the tour. Against her own desires, Abby urged Clara to accept their invitation. Joseph E. Holmes, American Commissioner of the International Exhibition, London, 1862, and Paris, 1867, had lived since his commissions in London and Paris, a representative of American science and invention. Clara would find it agreeable, she thought, to have the protection of himself and family.

## 2

March 28th, Paris faded into the distance for the party on the train to the Mont Cenis and Turin. At that city, seized by an old familiar spirit of wavering, Clara said, "I must go back." Papa Holmes, humoring her, told her he would see her as far as the border. "Meantime, come out and walk with me about this interesting old town." Vast quantities of grapes, with an abundance of other fruit, influenced her hesitant progress: she con-



tinued not so much by decision as indecision. Because pictures of the "grand tour" are no longer novel, only a few details are mentioned or implied here, details that held for Clara peculiar fascination or that in some way illumine this "necessary pilgrimage." In Turin she searched out the sword used by Napoleon at Marengo, and walked through the gallery of armored, plumed knights. En route to Milan, they passed the battlefield of Magenta, saw the statue to Napoleon III and the graves of soldiers. In Milan, models of fine horses pleased her more than renowned paintings. Between Milan and Venice she looked eagerly upon the battlefield of Solferino, where the French had lost a thousand officers and where Henri Dunant's service among the wounded was the origin of the Treaty of Geneva, in short of the Red Cross, with which she had now some familiarity. At Venice she was frightfully interested in the Palace of the Doges, opening a receptive ear to tales of the torture chambers, the Bridge of Sighs, the beheading cell, "with the holes to let the blood run through into the sea," she chronicled realistically, "and door to cast the bodies out." She was horribly mesmerized by the accounts of the Condemned Doge and the Two Foscari. She visited the Public Gardens of Napoleon, the Arsenal, the Church of Good Health, and the Civil Hospital. Mightily impressed, she stood before two of Titian's paintings, one made by the master at fourteen, the other at ninety-nine.

On the road to Florence, the party turned aside to Pistoja, "where pistols were invented and named," and where Catiline was defeated and died, in 62 B.C. Traveling on to Rome, thence to Naples, she saw Vesuvius after dark, "blazing, a dull red light at the top." Tired after much tramping, groaning after the "tiresome National Museum, I shall be so glad when my lesson ends!" she mustered strength to visit the castle where deserters were confined.

The high spots, for all Clara's soldiers and battlefields and mementoes of war, was Vesuvius. They drove to the Hermitage, the last house near the volcano, and at the lava fields took a

guide and horses, riding to the base of the summit, and two hours later stood before the blazing crater of the peak, the larger crater too active to be approached. "Throw in, Signora!" suggested a guide handing her a lump of rough pumice. Clara tossed it into the twisting, surging flames and felt awe at the roll of lava and thunder evoked. She had encountered, at last, a phenomenon of a difference, a spectacle superior to any display of war implement or regalia. The devastating eruption of 1872 occurred only a few days later.

"All know," she wrote in June to the Grand Duchess, "that several horses would be required to draw the bits of the True Cross, which are actually displayed, and . . . the offer of a few francs will produce from some urn or altar cloister, of almost any fine Italian church or cathedral, a piece of the 'veritable' linen in which the Sacred Body was prepared for the tomb . . .

"But Vesuvius was a different matter. Though every human eye were blind, and every ear closed; yea, though every mortal being were extinct from the face of the earth, and not even the wolf howled in its lavatic caverns, or fled before its rolling tides of liquid fire, or the eagle from afar snuffed its sulphurs on the gale, still its sublime exhibitions would go on just the same. . . . Its summit would still rock with its rolling thunders, and its rivers of molten fire still rush to the sea. Of all that I saw in that beautiful old land, this was the one thing before which my soul stood in awe—here the one thing real! Here rested the hand of the Omnipotent, and here spake the voice of the eternal."

That outburst succeeded reflection. Immediately on leaving the scene that struck awe to her soul, she carefully noted expenses: five francs for each guide, "and eight for useless refreshments." Sardonicly, "drove home rapidly and brushed off the ashes." A trifle later in Rome, wishing again "to bring this journey to a close," she spent a gallant day in sight-seeing but "came home finished; am just unhappy all the time." The odds are that nobody knew of her misery; habitually, she concealed



woes under a serene countenance and bearing, and almost immediately she was swinging along beside Papa Holmes to the Pincian Hill. Apart from a routine list of "things to see and do," she visited the studios of Harriet Hosmer and W. W. Story. Fit climax for non-Catholic but not the less devout Clara, she bought a veil and was received by Pope Leo who, on April 23rd, blessed her and all the gifts she wore or carried in her pockets.

"Not sorry to have left Rome," she continued to learn her lesson on the train moving northward to Leghorn, looking out upon Elba off the coast and envisioning Corsica, lying just beyond. At the town famed for hats, she bought small objects—fans, lockets, bracelets—and remembered to visit the tomb of Smollett. At Pisa, she climbed the leaning tower and reconstructed Galileo's experiment in the Baptistery. At the fairest of all Italian cities, she gathered up strength and resolution for walks along the Arno but, weary to tears, was unmoved by the Pitti and Uffizi galleries. More interested, she described the tombs of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Theodore Parker, in the Protestant Cemetery. Stopping for a point of departure to the battlefield of Magenta, she saw at Como the Prince and Princess of Wales. Through historic Lodi, Montabello, and Marengo, the party at length arrived in Genoa where, characteristically, Clara inspected the poorhouse and "2,000 inmates comfortably at work."

All day of May 9th, on the Riviera, she admired mountains reaching to the sea. And so past Arles, Avignon, and Nîmes, they stopped at Lyons where, in a high room of her hotel, Clara was too faint and hungry to sleep, and dreamed of being bitten by snakes. Freud was far ahead, or she might not have told her dream without intimating material origin of those serpents. In a slightly Rabelaisian burst, she once declared of a bad night, "Could not stand the livestock." She sent her card to the Margots, who invited the party to a silk factory and afterward to dinner.

In Paris a letter from Joe and Abby said they were about to

leave London for America, but were waiting to see Sister Clara. By the Dieppe boat, she crossed at once, ill all the way across the Channel.

## 3

Tossed by the waves, Clara again asked herself, "What is to be the end of all this?" Recovering on the run to London, she felt her spirits rise at seeing Abby on the steps of Papa Holmes's house in Vowler Street. After dinner in a land where even the servants spoke a tongue at least approaching her own, she experienced that feeling of home, of England as the land into whose backward depths her own line extended far. Beside this island, the European Continent was a land of foreign speech and customs: "I knew this to be true, but must be here to *feel* the difference."

That same evening she went with the Sheldons to 204 Euston Road, where Abby handed her several thousand dollars "in bonds and gold." Brother Joseph had managed certain of Clara's financial affairs to advantage. "What shall I do with my life, now?" Practical Joseph, aware of her earning power, advised: "Come home with us and lecture. You've been here nearly three years."

"I've not rested much in all this time," she told him.

"Truth is, Clara, you don't know how to rest. Come home, think of yourself while no wars are brewing."

She would see, and next morning took up the stack of letters that held her all day. Some of these exist with others of later receipt, the neat paper-enclosing band inscribed "Filed in London." Bergmann writes that he has sent on the chest containing the bust crowned at Strasbourg and advises her how to place it for best effect. When she got around to thanking him a month or so later, she promised to follow instructions and to cherish the gift as "a reminder of days of humble toil in a foreign land, made high and rich and precious by the presence



of the noble souls that gathered me to their homes and hearts . . .”

Clara was to remain in London until September, 1873. From letters and closely kept diaries, with however the inevitable gaps when illness paralyzed her pen, she was constantly with friends or within easy distance of their homes; met Londoners, but chiefly Americans sojourning in the city; visited scenes of which she had read; was present at meetings or congregations for purposes to her of vital concern; was alert to all institutional progress. And she was thinking of the Treaty of Geneva. Something the Red Cross lacked, and that something she would discover.

Before the Sheldons left at the end of May, Clara had gone with them to hear the American Moncure D. Conway preach at South Place Chapel, and there she continued one of his temporary flock. In June she met, among others, Horace Greeley's daughter Ida—author of *The Girl of the Period*—and that semi-bounder John Chapman, Editor of the *Westminster Review*. Invited by him, who kept open eyes and open house for lucrative possibilities, she went to Somerset Street, Portman Square, where she heard much talk of literary figures and of the *Westminster* in relation to poets, essayists and novelists. Whatever his faults, Chapman had—so long as he was in control of the magazine—a commander's ability for assembling under his roof and in his pages the best writers of the day.

“You know of George Eliot's books, Miss Barton?”

“Some of them: *The Mill on the Floss*—”

“Then you will wish to read her latest work, the final installment of which will be published in December.” And he told her that George Eliot, when only Mary Ann Evans, had been his assistant on the periodical that had been the greatest of its time. Now, he was practicing medicine, and had recently had the misfortune to lose his son, “an accident in my chemical rooms.”

Despite burning eyes, Clara read *Middlemarch* as soon as it

was off the press, over fifteen hundred pages of magic into which she sank her own problems, abeyant while she read.

In the meantime, in June, London entertained delegates to a Prison Conference, including Julia Ward Howe and Elizabeth Chase. Kate Field, of Washington, left for Paris before the Convention. Clara heard Mrs. Howe preach at the Masonic Tower and was promptly invited by the author of the "Battle Hymn" to serve on a committee. When this committee gathered, she looked about with pride on her countrywomen, but at a subsequent meeting of the Prison Congress she felt "no interest in arrangements. . . . It drags, and they have no confidence in their own success and fear a failure." Clara believed she could have, and doubtless would have, managed more efficiently. On the 9th of July, she went to Middle Temple Hall, where the Congress sat, to see friends from Paris—Pastor and Mrs. Robin—who were delegates, and again heard Mrs. Chase. Her attempts to meet the women on what should have been a subject of mutual interest failed: "I am miserable with all these people. Cannot come near them. Don't want to go live near them. They are all good, but I am not at home with them."

Once more she went, to be cordially greeted by Mrs. Howe, and more than ever felt out of harmonious adjustment with fellow-countrywomen. The explanation is that Clara Barton was not managing the show. An executive, a commander, as well as a humble private under her own generalship in her particular domain, never could she serve as underling. Another woman might have chosen a seat at the back of the house and by apt suggestion aided the Chair or even been offered the Chair. That was not her way. Probably she is the only great woman in history who never craved that power already vested in another, who never aspired to succeed to another's throneship. She said by her life if not in words, "My work is mine. Nobody else's work is mine." If she was the less commendable in that inability to serve powerfully another's



cause, she is the more praiseworthy not only in never stealing, but in refusing to consider, promotion to another's authority.

At the end of the Congress, she accompanied the Robins, with the Paris Advocate of the Court of Appeals, Victor Bournat, and his wife, to Purfleet and Greenhithe. They examined the prison ship, *Cornwall*, and that for destitute boys, the *Chichester*. Urged by desire to learn more of British institutional facilities, she visited the Foundling Home for five hundred children.

To be near the Holmeses and Taylors, she took lodgings with Mrs. Rouse, 5 Hewson Street, across the garden. Part of this period, she was happier—in a front and back parlor—than in a long time. "I shall learn this city thoroughly," she promised herself, "at least certain neighborhoods, and shall visit what I find most entertaining." Agricultural Hall drew her to admire the skill of women participants in leaping and driving. Of Rotten Row she was critical: the ladies, in her opinion, rode only "tolerably well"; their sitting leaned too much and was not true. "They ride part jockey-hitch and part gallop, and since the latter gait is new in England, they do not gallop well." About the driving, always after the riding, she wrote from the vantage point of a penny seat on the course; twice the lovely Princess of Wales drove by, bowing to the onlookers.

A boat-race, to which the party went by omnibus to Hammersmith Bridge, was not enjoyed. There were "a million people; the weather was cold and windy; we sat five hours on top of a house." But at Surrey Gardens they heard a concert, saw fireworks, and a ballet, all for one shilling. "You get your money's worth," she concludes, comparing the show with Barnum's New York Museum. At South London Palace, the "joined negro girls," the Nightingale sisters, held first place; second were the acrobatic Comets, whose performance she rated "wonderful." At another acrobatic exhibition, she made friends with the youngest member, buying and trimming a doll for the baby before the troupe passed on. With all the world, she

29180  
 NOT TRANSFERABLE.  
 THIS TICKET ADMITS  
 Miss Clara Barton  
 5 Beacon St. New York  
 TO THE READING ROOM OF THE  
 BRITISH MUSEUM,  
 FOR THE TERM OF SIX MONTHS  
 From the 19th day of July 1872

Permission to use the Reading-Room will be withdrawn from any person who shall write or make marks on any part of a printed book or manuscript belonging to the Museum.

Press Mark.	Heading and Title of the Work wanted.	Place.	Date.	Size.
11688. a	'Liber dyer's' Mrs. Julia Ward Howe	Boston	1866-8	Probably small - not known

(Date) July 19 - 1872  
 This Clara Barton (signature).  
 Jaded seat 4 (Number of the Reader's Seat).  
 Please to restore each Volume of the Catalogue to its place as soon as done with.

CLARA'S TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, SUPERIMPOSED UPON  
 HER FIRST REQUEST FOR A BOOK  
 Property of Miss Hubbell





CLARA'S BOMBAZINE BASQUE, PIPED IN VELVET  
Property of Miss Hubbell. From an original painting by Edna W. Dodson



applauded Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, even to the Chamber of Horrors.

At the playhouses, she saw Miss Bateman in "Leah," and Mrs. [Scott-]Siddons in "Ordeal by Touch, or The Galley Slave." This drama, she commented, had not the depth of "Leah" and the actress reminded her of Caroline Klingler, the Strasbourg cutter, "quick, bright, handsome, but sharp."

At least one extant slip, calling for a book, testifies to Clara's learning the ropes at the British Museum. (See illustration p. 208.) She asked for, and got, a copy of Mrs. Howe's Poems, from which she copied the "Battle Hymn." The process of drawing books she thought too circumlocutory "but probably not too much for the entire protection of the library."

Among out-of-town jaunts, she mentions that to Gravesend and Rochester, rousing memories of Dickens. They mounted the old castle, saw the ivy and rooks, and came home from Gravesend by the river.

All along, she kept her two rooms and replenished her wardrobe, comments on which recall style-sheets of that bygone day: her white polonaise comes from the dressmaker; "I buy stuff for a basque and to make a front for my jupon, with fringe for trimming"; she brightens her black silk with new rose ribbons. She cuts out a garibaldi—a loose blouse similar to that worn by the Italian patriot and his followers—finishes a gray skirt and "does up" her lace or washes her corsets, while Mrs. Rouse "gets on with my purple petticoat." She shops with Mrs. Taylor, both knowing precisely where to go for what they need. So complicated became her life at this juncture as to demand a lady's maid; she found one at the rate of £20 a year.

The first English citizen to bring joy in the renewal of associations was L. N. Fowler, the phrenologist who had recommended that she be given a school. Invited to meet her at the home of Theodore Hyatt, he was much as of old. "I was so happy all that evening," she wrote, "so quiet, so old-time. I



was a little child again. I lived it all over once more, and the long, hard gap between us was all covered." She would have liked to rent a house in Camden town to be near the Fowlers but sadly, if wisely, concluded her funds would not bear the strain of expense involved.

In his large church, near the Elephant and Castle, Clara heard with mixed emotions the famous Spurgeon: "Sermon good but very orthodox"; heard Bradlaugh on "The Teachings of Christ Immoral," and explained what this apostle of freedom meant by "Immorality"; heard at street-meetings poor but well-meaning brothers striving to make clear the way of salvation, a way "which was a perfect mystery to themselves." And in a land accepting Comte as prophet of a new order on earth, she looked for evidence that positivism had worked a change for good. In many postulates, his concepts were hers, or perhaps she had adopted his long ago. "Do your best on earth, nor worry about the future," she might have summed up for both.

Politically, America kept her alert for news. The question, "Grant or Greeley?" was soon answered and the sequel, a sad one to her who owed him much, was the death of Horace in November after that of his wife in August. Overjoyed to hear that Henry Wilson was Grant's running-mate, she cabled congratulations when he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency at Philadelphia.

Never since landing in Europe had Clara's correspondence flourished so well. To family and friends in America she wrote voluminously of the Continental tour and her London life; to Antoinette and Hannah letters of advice and discussions of political phases. She schooled them in American humor by sending a copy of Josh Billings's book for their study. "I wonder what they will make of *him*!" she remarked, tying up the parcel. She introduced them to her fellow-lecturer Gough through his *Autobiography*, and to her favorite Massachusetts writer with the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Bound up

with the London file of letters, one from Hannah—dated some months later—reveals solicitude. She would not encourage “dear Mama” to come to Carlsruhe, remembering the bad days of last year suffered for her, Hannah’s, sake. “If I am freer now, I am not free enough to do what my soul wants . . . Only if you come, don’t come too late, when Grand Duchess is away.” Minna Kupfer exercises a more practical interest, “Let me know how your eyes are and if you consult an oculist in London.”

To the Grand Duchess’s letter of May, Clara did not reply before late June, when she condoled with Louise on the death of a lady of the Court, and took up again the problems of Hannah and Antoinette. The two, then living near each other in Carlsruhe, were “a bond of comfort and safety to each other.” The Grand Duchess had made Hannah directress of a little school at which her daughters and a few friends were being taught. To this kindly act, Clara paid tribute: [The plan] “lifts her out of perplexity and bondage and compels respect for those who demand not only undue obedience but unwholesome submission, which could not be rendered without sacrifice of self-respect and often the finer points of conscience.” But Hannah never terminated the struggle between bondage to family and desire to use her brains, to work with Clara Barton. Marriage to her clergyman was the only way out—and her early death.

In August, 1872, Mrs. Taylor wrote Margot, inviting his daughter to visit her in London. “Kitty” arrived a fortnight later, set up a studio in Clara’s rooms, painted a portrait of Mrs. Taylor and gave her lessons in oils and water colors. Clara took care of her “daughter’s” wardrobe—mending her clothes and buying new outfits—and established her comfortably “where you should be, in your own atelier.” Antoinette soon was able to pay all her bills in this perhaps the happiest year of her life. She left London, in the late summer of 1873, just before “Mama Clara” sailed for home.

Social gatherings increased, and Clara usually recorded



“pleasant evening” if she had helped to provide the entertainment. At the temporary home of the Darlings, from Worcester, Massachusetts, she “recited” Napoleon First; at the Bacons, also from her home State, she read verses in which she punned on Darling, Bacon, Holmes, Taylor, and other guests.

. . . “We’re here from many hundred miles, where the western  
ocean foams,  
But, though a paradox it seems, we have not left our Holmes . . .  
By the watery distance we have come, one might judge us merely  
sailors,  
But we’re nae thoughtless nor improvident, for we’ve even bro’t our  
Taylors . . .  
But we have very English grown, so soon we habits take on,  
We cannot even sip our tea but we must have our Bacon.”

From nearly a hundred lines these six illustrate the tone of her jingle. The whole exemplifies her inevitable economy, since to it as a basis she added other lines on subsequent evenings and deleted any inapplicable. With one English family she enjoyed most friendly relations until a spinster sister, who had been away, returned to take malicious pleasure in her persecution. “Passed a miserable evening. Miss L—— cold and vicious as a snake.” Not to please even the Holmeses and Taylors would she return. “To keep my self-respect I must stay away.”

From this wholly inadequate summary of her life in London, obviously Clara had been busily occupied all four months ending with the close of August. Yet she had suffered from colds and eyestrain, and with Mrs. Taylor—who had endured a serious illness—went for a month to the Isle of Wight. They took with them Antoinette and Clara’s maid and rented a cottage at 6 Baltic Terrace, Fitzroy Street, Sandown. The pretty house, back of a flower garden, stood a few yards from the sea, with English friends for neighbors. On the whole, the four weeks were balanced between elements favorable and unfavorable. Sandflies were annoying; the women disturbed one another at night; the beach-wagon made Clara ill; she was not

hungry; there was too much rain. "I can't find a minute alone. Nothing makes me so sick of life as to feel I am sacrificing it." At the end she dismissed the month as "dull and stupid and stiff. I don't want to know how much it has cost." Favorable: a pleasant evening when Taylor came from London, with his friend McKean, bringing honey, grapes, and pheasants; a ride to Shanklin, Bonchurch, and Ventnor; a visit from Papa and Mama Holmes; an acrobatic performance on the green, and rowing lessons. "I've always wanted to learn the use of oars," she announced. "Now seems the time to begin." At her first lesson she covered a third of the way to Shanklin and said she had enough. "I can row in an emergency; the feathering can wait to be acquired." Reviewing her journal of Hagenau she was surprised to find it so readable, and she was rhapsodic over the ocean in equinoctial storm.

Here she asked Ida and Mamie to join her in London and, when Mamie accepted, wrote Cousin Rob to send her \$100 for the voyage.

Back in London lodgings, despite ill health, she kept an eye on affairs: 66,000 Alsatians had entered France; the Spanish Escorial was partly destroyed by lightning . . . "Poor pay for all the trouble," she visited the International Exhibition, and with keener interest saw Papa Holmes's new sewing-machine, an exhibition of water colors and a cat-show. In October, setting out to dine at the John Chapmans, she read a letter from home: Mary was coming, and Clara must know that the beautiful girl had lost her hearing. Immediately, she consulted Chapman about an aurist; but in those mid-Victorian days otic affections were to be borne, not healed. . . . Mary, or Mamie—the forms used quite interchangeably—arrived on the *Egypt*, at Liverpool on November 6th. "So strange to have some one from home with me once more."

With Antoinette for teacher, Mary began to paint flowers. They would enjoy pageantry, thought Clara, and presented with seats by Bacon at his place in the Strand all saw the proces-



sion of the Lord Mayor, himself in the time-honored gilded carriage. Unfortunately, Clara soon felt her two charges were responsibilities beyond her strength. Neither of them was well; she was not well. "Dr. McKechnie says I have inflammation of the windpipe." She revived sufficiently, at Kitty's completion of Mrs. Taylor's portrait, to create a motto:

Flowery Fortune, Fame and Favor  
Fond friendships, fresh and free!  
But faithful, fair Fidelity  
Shall crown them all for me.

When Mamie's eyes were too weak for the flowers, Clara engaged Miss Baxter to give the entire household lessons in dancing. To divert her niece further, "I go and buy her a concertina for 15/. She seems very happy with it." But if against all precautions gloom entered, Clara drove it out and made everybody laugh by reading from Mark Twain.

In early December, she was present at a meeting of regrets for Horace Greeley. On the 16th, she announced, "Here is an invitation to a party at the Chapmans." To herself she added, "I must repair my black silk dress," and later remarked, "I went to get lace collarette."

Mary could not finish the lilacs. Aunt Clara rushed her out to the London Crystal Palace and then to the larger Palace at Sydenham. The 25th "was a miserable day. . . . Never felt my nervous system more broken." That fifty-first year had enriched by varied experience but not through her own achievement. The year 1872 had been, therefore, not wholly happy.

## X

### LONDON, CONCLUDED; HOME, ILLNESS

IN THE DIARY GIVEN CLARA BY RHYNER, WHO CALLED IN January, 1873, after leaving the American Legation in Switzerland, the first record is of physical inability to go to the burial of Napoleon III. Instead, she and Mary removed, with a large part of bags and baggage, to Dr. John Chapman's house, where they remained some three weeks, snowbound, sleetbound, in a cold room, while accumulating bills all but drove Clara mad. By supreme exertion, she returned to 5 Hewson Street, and grew worse, despite Chapman's prescriptions and the medicines of good Dr. McKechnie. Everybody came to help the friend who now lay in utter collapse. Ber would come if she needed him, and to him she wrote fully of her inflammatory rheumatism, as well as of the household all of whom were so *weak*. "I have managed everything since my illness, for myself and all around me, from my banking business and correspondence to my butcher and grocer, the airing of my linen, and the arranging of the chairs in my room. . . . There is not a hand that does not take magnetism from me even now, and days when I am weakest, I cannot let a hand be laid upon me, to rub, or even comb my hair." And thanking Ber, again, she bids him see that Mother Sally does not come. "It would be too hard for her."

At the same time, feeling the depression that had settled upon Mamie and Antoinette, she wrote to Mamie "a little



letter," in the third person. Chiefly, she is sorry she can be company for nobody. "When she feels herself imposing a dull, dead silence on all persons about her, those whom she loves most dearly, and for whose hourly comfort and happiness she would sacrifice anything in reason and sees her dear little girls gliding about without speaking a sentence—never sees a laugh or scarce a smile—it makes her feel herself . . . such a detractor from their happiness and leaves her such a prey to sad reflections . . . that at times it seems impossible to bear it [the illness]." She adds that when her nerves refuse control, she cannot but break into tears and groans, and after awhile that rebellion would make her very ill. The remedy is nonsense and fun from her girls. "Nothing so much as a good funny time a day would so shorten and deaden the pain that must be borne." And she knows that once "dear Mamie" understands, that big bump of Benevolence on the top of her head will permit her to have a jolly good time in spite of her disagreeable old Auntie. So she closes her "first epistle to the daughter of David" and signs herself, Old Dolorous.

Whatever may be said against John Chapman, Clara found his place not intolerable: she lent Rhyner three pounds to change his residence to that of the editor-physician. For her own family Clara engaged, through Mamie, rooms at 204 Euston Road, whither all removed on May first, Clara carried downstairs by Rhyner. Not quite well but cheerful and full of fun, Mamie undertook the housekeeping and Aunt Clara grew better. Spring brought Judge Sheldon, who arrived on the *Parthia*. Mrs. Chapman called to invite all to a party. Clara ironed Mamie's dress, sending her along with "Brother Joseph." Mamie returned with the statement that she had been "deceived in Mrs. Chapman's party." Cryptic, and provocative to one who knows that John Chapman was the same old John.

Joseph was the same thoughtful friend: he called to make fires for "the girls," to urge Clara out into the yard, and later to ride with friends in Regents Park. Antoinette went home to

Lyons, and the brief remainder of Clara's stay in England is a story of ups and downs. At the end of July, she felt well enough to accompany the Shepherds to Paris, where she notes briefly that she was still sick and heartsick, and only the mention of a friend or two illumines that swift flight to the Continent—she was back in London, in August.

While she was away, the Grand Duchess had been a guest in Buckingham Palace Hotel, and was now staying for a space at Eastbourne. Clara accepted her urgent invitation, August 27th, asking whether Mary might come along.

"I need not tell you, dearest," Clara writes September 11th, just before visiting Louise the last time, "that sweet as the anticipation of this little hour with you is, it is not joyous. I know well what it means, and realize with my whole soul the weight of the two little words I go to say." At that time she was sure she would not see Europe again. "In all this great world," she continues, "there are but two persons living of whom I cannot speak, and to whom I cannot write, with voice and head clear, heart firm, and hand steady; but there are two who, through the measureless respect I bear them, the unbounded confidence I have in the earnestness of soul and purpose that marks and controls every act of their lives, rob me of all these self-possessed qualities I have for others, and I speak and think of them always with a nervous tremor of the lip and hand, and a struggle to keep the eye dry and calm.

"One of these persons is in, and of, our country [probably Henry Wilson]. The other [Louise] I bid farewell tonight. You will understand and excuse that I am not joyous."

So the two royal sisters said good-by. Louise would go next day to Meinau; Clara would sail with Mamie on the 30th. Joseph and another friend or two were at the depot; Papa Holmes saw them embarked at Liverpool.

At Queenstown, they were delayed by fog and when again out of harbor by a breakdown of machinery. To escape the confines of her quarters and a "crotchety roommate," Clara got up,



walked on deck, and conversed with most of the passengers. Five days from New York, she wrote for the gala night, "Have Ye Room?" Recalling her departure four years ago in search of health, she pictures Europe at war and briefly of her own participation:

I have heard the faint note of the last sentry's call  
And seen the white flags flutter out o'er the wall.  
I have bound up death wounds lying dark and alone,  
And the language that blessed me was strange and unknown.  
The homeless and famished clung, wild with despair,  
And the noble and gentle have cherished me there.

But she is coming home. "Have ye room, my dear countrymen, room for me there?" In short, is there anything worth doing that she may do.

All the way back, she reflected on the four years, three of which had been ordered for rest and recreation. As the *Parthia* steamed on to New York, Clara Barton might have been pleased with those years bringing new service, new friends, honors and decorations. In January, while ill at Dr. Chapman's, she had received a letter from the Secretary of the German Embassy informing her that the Emperor had been graciously pleased to bestow upon her the Iron Cross of Merit for Ladies. To hand her the Cross and Diploma, which would have been sent to Washington, the Secretary asked her to call at Prussia House, Carlton Terrace, and receive both. When well enough, she had appeared there for the greatest honor yet conferred. Not for many months thereafter had she written her "thank you" letter:

London, England  
August 28, 1873

Sire:

Your Imperial Majesty has been pleased to honor me by conferring upon me the Cross of Merit for Ladies, as a recompense for the feeble services it has been my happy privilege to render to the soldiers of your Majesty's Armies upon the borders of the Rhine.

Your Imperial Majesty may well believe that this favor has been received by me with great diffidence, considering that I have only

fulfilled in the smallest measure a simple duty of charity towards the noble defenders of their country, and that I always found in the privilege of doing it a rich reward for every day's labor.

Your Majesty will deign to accept, along with my constant prayers for the prosperity of your noble land and people, my most respectful assurances of gratitude and perfect esteem, with which I have the honor to remain of Your Imperial Majesty,

The Very Humble Servant

Clara Barton

To

His Imperial Majesty

William the First

Emperor of Germany

At the dock she and Mamie were met by friends, who received them as guests in Jersey City. A visit to the Banking Company, Brown Brothers, a call on Mrs. Gage, the boat for New London, and home, Oxford.

2

Joy in the old familiar Oxford scenes receded before the sad changes, not wholly unexpected. Sister Sally was not well, Brother David appeared to be in a decline, and Stephen's widow probably would live not much longer. Sam's boy, Ira, was hopelessly epileptic. Two new families of Bartons, however, promised well; and one of these, Ada and Charles Clark's, was near at hand. Young Stevé, who had married in 1870, was still in Cape Breton.

Shortly Clara was back in Washington. There, in the house on Pennsylvania Avenue, Clara's nerves shredded by unbearable noise demanded a more quiet habitation. Ordered by the doctor to the farther side of New York Avenue, she settled down at the corner of 14th and F. There she improved for a time, and there resumed interest in world affairs. On February 8, 1874, she wrote with prophetic foresight of Spain and Cuba. Through tyranny and carelessness, she declared, Spain had lost nearly all of her once immense colonies. Already Cuba had an insurgent army, fighting for freedom, but if Cuba achieved freedom she must—too small to stand alone against great powers



that would gobble her up—come to the United States. “It will be history, by and by, to whom Cuba belongs, and while one has to study so hard to learn past history, it is not worth the while to let slip that which all the time is making in our own day.”

Hearing in late May that Sally’s illness was ending fatally, she rushed to Worcester, at peril of her own life, to be told that death had preceded her by hours. This blow crushed her. For months she was desperately ill; long, hard years had reached a climax that threatened to be final. In Vester Vassall’s home at Worcester, she could not stand alone, could not write her name, could neither read her letters nor hear them read, could not admit friends or scarcely see her attendants. The year rounded into 1875, and still she lay sick. When Stephen’s Lizzie passed in January, the event meant little to one absorbed in her own woe.

By spring she recovered sufficiently to visit Cousin Jere Larned’s family in New England Village, now North Grafton, later to become a boarder in the home of Mrs. Balcom. Before this time, Minna Kupfer had crossed to America to serve the woman who had served her in illness. Nurse and housekeeper, Minna helped her friend back to health. “Little by little,” wrote Clara to Edmund Dwight, “I have grown better until now I am about my house (for I always keep house).” To a young relative she wrote in June, “Our roses are in full bloom and cherries getting red . . . This Village is just as nice as ever . . . You must tell me how the revival is getting on. I hope it will do good, and the table-tippings—you must tell me of them.” She was keeping up with the Beecher-Tilton scandal: “How glad I am that that lying carpet layer who sprang up against Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton is likely to get the worst of it. I hope he will get ten years in prison. I have seen such devils as that myself.”

Most significant of all, she was again focusing her restored brain on an American Red Cross. Commenting on the num-

ber of persons destroyed by accidents or "overacting of the natural elements," she mentions the earthquake of New Granada as having cost 15,000 to 20,000 lives, the bursting volcanoes of Iceland nearly as many, the floods in Hungary and France, 15,000 to 25,000. Added loss of life by fires and steamers, "and the numbers are appalling—more than equal to a great and devastating war." Before her summing up, she had found the solution to the problem. "What is it the Red Cross lacks?" What other than service also in time of peace! That letter of 1875, in the passage cited, points directly to her recommendation, the so-called "American Amendment" to the Treaty of Geneva. First, however, she must establish the Red Cross in this country.

Now another shock further delayed health and progress. On November 22, 1875, her dearly beloved Henry Wilson died. They had worked together throughout the Civil War; they understood each other; she was proud of him for having introduced the measure for restoration of rights to the Confederate States; she knew he admired her as she admired him; she had rejoiced to meet him again—and finally—in the chair of the Vice-President. Now before the end of his administration he was gone forever. He would have been her staunchest support in the struggle to obtain our adherence to the Treaty of Geneva, saving useless toil, worry, and lobbying.

Clara's relapse demanded another change. Water cures had tempted her in Germany and England. She remembered that at Dansville, New York, where she had lectured seven or eight years ago, there was such a cure. Early in 1876, a young woman of Worcester who had been a patient in the sanitarium conducted by Dr. Harriet Austin and Dr. J. C. Jackson called to tell of her experience. She heartily recommended the institution, the largest in America, and Clara—observing her to be "a calm, sensible girl"—felt she could accept without discount the glowing reports. She would at last take a cure.

Before leaving New England Village, Clara accounted to



Edmund Dwight for her distribution of the French Relief Fund. Not since delivering through him her report to Moran, in 1871, had she been able to attack accumulated data and shape them in best book-keeping fashion, with a statement of receipts and expenditures, accompanied by necessary vouchers. She wrote to Dwight, on April 24, 1876, "It has been a source of pain and unrest to me that I could not close the account and make the proper returns to you; and all the more so, as there is still a portion of the money which I did not expend, and which I desire to return to you; and only He who knows and comprehends all can know with what gratitude I welcome the past few weeks of returning strength, which have enabled me to go over the long undisturbed packages of letters, receipts, and vouchers which have traveled with and remained by me all these weak and weary years, and arrange them at last to be given up to you, who have waited upon my silence with a gentlemanly kindness seldom met in the rough business of life."

Some money was left, she tells him, because her relief plan to form in the South of France a colony of Alsatians had proved impractical, though mayors and prefects had besought her to withhold something for the enterprise. "I went to Carlsruhe to deliberate and rest, was worn out, and became ill, and from that time have never been able either to apply the funds or (until now) arrange the papers showing how I had disposed of what I had applied." If satisfactory to him, she will send a check for the amount due.

P. T. Jackson, Treasurer, replied that the Boston Committee observed Miss Barton had charged nothing for her own expenses, nor noticed any of the sums given where she was unable to take receipts. "The Committee have, therefore, directed me to say that they consider the account balanced, and request that you will accept this letter as a receipt in full settlement of your account with them." She was to retain her balance, \$1130, still in her hands and, besides, was offered the

Committee's balance—in the hands of Brown Brothers—of \$3240. This larger sum Clara refused, saying her present income was sufficient for present needs.

From 60 State Street, Boston, then, July 1, 1876, Edmund Dwight wrote that by action of the Committee the balance of \$3240 would be paid to the Massachusetts General Hospital in trust, the income thereof to be paid to Clara Barton during her life, in recognition of "the scrupulous care with which you have guarded the money entrusted to you." This income she was graciously pleased to accept. In dark days of the Red Cross she was to write in her diary that she hardly knew what she would have done but for the semi-annual payments on this sum. The checks arrived promptly so long as she lived.

Since Clara Barton remained much of the time in Dansville for ten years, clearly she liked what the town provided. First, there were the doctors. Seventeen years later, in 1893, at the request of Susan B. Anthony, at the annual Suffrage Meeting in Washington, Clara spoke on Dr. Harriet Austin. "A rare woman," was she, "one of those on whom nature bestowed gifts with an unsparing hand. . . . Her being was full, rounded, complete . . ." A Northern New York girl, of shrinking modesty and unshrinking moral courage, she specialized in the water treatment and so met Dr. Jackson, head of an establishment at which he and his family asked Dr. Austin to join them. When fire swept his place, leaving him penniless, Harriet made the first payment on the old "Institute" at Dansville. Since 1858 it had existed, first as "water cure," later as "sanitarium."

Dr. Jackson, ardent believer in woman's rights, believed also in dress reform. He did not oppose the "bloomer costume." "There must be many," said Clara, "who remember Harriet Austin in her easy natural dress, the free untrammelled step of the child, the shy grace of a faun, with the rich brown ringlets flooding her shoulders, and the full honest



eye that seemed to look into your very soul, the measured gentle speech and the tender tone that went to the heart of every suffering creature. . . ." Soon, to Clara, Dr. Jackson was "Father" (so far discovered, the only "father" except her own, though "Papa" was not infrequent); and for one year or more she was a guest at "Our Home on the Hillside."

Clara Barton grew old only in the last year or so of her ninety-odd years; but to one who has read forty of her diaries\* and a "Journal" or so in addition, besides hundreds of documents and letters, the ten years in Dansville, New York, marks a transition of sorts. If her career be indicated up to the age of fifty-five by a steadily rising line, however jagged or saw-teethed with advances and depressions, the decade in Dansville may be figured by a horizontal, also marked by little peaks and pits—at the end of which the line descends? Never. It rises again, not to cease its triumphant long ascent to the final plateau—a very short line . . . At the age of sixty or so, when most women and most men consider the emoluments of rest, she was only at the beginning of a quarter-century that, for magnitude of achievement and spectacular importance, surpasses all preceding years.

On settling down in the sanitarium, Clara wrote Cousin Jere that she had no occasion to regret coming. "The place is simply beautiful in its location and surroundings, made up of hills and valleys under a high state of cultivation and taste." There were three hundred patients, all of superior intellect, general intelligence and culture. Proper food, water, bathing, dress, rest, sunshine, and open air were the restoratives. Lectures in the hall required no change of dress; one could sit up or lie down. Such abundance of fruit she never saw. High above the town, the guests seldom walked, but livery teams were always at the door. Fanny Atwater was a mile or so away, and in the sanitarium Clara met a number

\* Thirty-five as listed by the Congressional Library, where they are now deposited; four, in the Red Cross Library, and the Corsican Story, retained by Miss Rena D. Hubbell.

of old friends, among them a member of the Sanitary Commission and Dr. Abbott, former President of the Christian Commission. Also there was the Confederate Colonel Belo, who was to be of invaluable help to her in the Texas drought of 1886 and '87.

A decade, almost, after entering the sanitarium, Clara confessed to having engaged a house, through the Postmaster, and to having sent on her household goods with Minna Kupfer, not feeling assured the "Home on the Hillside" could meet the demands of her threadbare nerves. She remained there, however, until 1877 when she moved into her "snug brick city house," where Jules Golay's older brother, Abram, and Minna Kupfer were part of the establishment. Friends and relatives thereafter kept these quarters and her "country-like, wood house for spring" pretty well filled.

Meantime, outings took the sanitarium patients afield: to Pokey Moonshine or Rochester or country lakesides. On a visit to Rochester, Clara shared a room with "Miss Reynolds, our 'Thirza Ann' in a 'Betsey Bobbett' Club at the sanitarium." Among women Clara most wished to meet was the author best remembered as the creator of "Samanthy" (*Josiah Allen's Wife*). They first stood face to face (1883) in a Washington hotel, where began a friendship ending only with Clara's death. The club member at the sanitarium who was assigned the role of 'Betsey Bobbett' is identifiable from scraps of verse copied in Clara's diary. On June 26, 1876, for example, at "The Perch" in "Our Home," Mrs. Emory presented her album, to receive:

"Samanthy, ma chère, I could wish for you here  
All the pleasures and prospects that earth holds most dear.  
Yet I know, after all, your heart's richest desire  
Is held in the form of your loving Josiah;  
So I'll ask to the verge of life's slipp'riest rim,  
That you walk, day and night, with your hand upon him;  
And when you slide over, so smooth shall it be,  
That you only just know it is you and it's he;



And when your glad shouts roll o'er far Galilee,  
May you find there awaiting, your friend Betsey B,  
whose maiden name was Clara Barton."

To another Club member, on the occasion of his leaving "Home," on July 4, 1876, she wrote:

"Dear Brother, you know 'tis my province to cling,  
That my heart-strings twine over and under.  
Need I tell you how sharp, how cruel the sting  
Of this untimely rending asunder?  
Could I know that this parting were a grief to *you*,  
Of half the pain it would rob it;  
But crushed and uncertain I breathe the adieu  
Of your languishing sister, B. Bobbett,

whom the cold, outside world knows as Clara Barton."

She was well again. Not for a long while had so much spirited nonsense bubbled up and overflowed.

Clara did not visit Philadelphia for the Centennial, but was happy that Fanny Vassall had been down and that an old friend had given niece Mamie the trip. Brother David advertised his farm for sale this year; nearly seventy, he no longer had strength to carry its weight. Clara understood and sympathized. "I do not lament the loss of a homestead not worth my brother's life." In 1876, also, came the Taylors on a visit from Europe, "Mrs. Taylor one of the sweetest women I have ever known." For her part, that lady was surprised at Clara's high boots and short stockings. Clara, writing of herself in the often-assumed third person, had "shed flannels, dresses just as free and easy as a gentleman, with lots of pockets, and perambulates around to suit herself." An advocate then of Dr. Austin's dress reform, Clara reverted later to many feminine garments. Mrs. John A. Logan, her daughter Mary, and Clara—through overcrowding of hotels—once occupied the same room at Saratoga. Clara drew off layer after layer, said Mary (Mrs. Tucker), recounting the event in 1940, shortly before her death, and catching the startled look in her young friend's eyes, exclaimed, "Have you never peeled an onion?"

## XI

### BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

#### 1

IN 1876, CLARA FIRST MET YOUNG PROFESSOR JULIAN B. Hubbell. Her junior by a quarter-century, he was to become her Field Agent in Red Cross relief and to aid her more in his long faithful service than any other man or woman, not even excepting her devoted nephew, Stephen E. Barton.\* In all the years from the organization of the Red Cross to the day Clara resigned her Presidency, 1881 to 1904, her labors were also his labors. In actual fieldwork he accomplished much more than she herself. No record exists of a partnership of two unrelated by marriage or consanguinity, so practical, mutually helpful and wholly altruistic. No just or complete account of Clara's life from 1881, even earlier, to her death in 1912 is possible without constant inclusion of Julian B. Hubbell.

He has told in extant notes, and his niece Miss Rena D. Hubbell has added information about that initial meeting. He relates that his father, William Hubbell, of Fairfield, Connecticut, removed to New York City, then to Sabula, Iowa, where he died (1849) at the age of forty-three. A prominent settler, William Hubbell was a member of the Constitutional Convention at the time the Territory became a State. Julian (born February 5, 1847), studied at Cornell College, Iowa, and before Clara had been long in Dansville went there to

\* In her diaries and letters, written Steve distinguishing him from other Stephens. Also designated S.E.B.



teach chemistry. His half-sister, Catherine, had married Professor S. H. Goodyear, who taught in the "Hygienic Seminary, conducted in its living the same as the Jackson-Austin sanitarium."

In the Civil War years, Julian was fourteen to eighteen, too young for the field but impressionable to heroes and heroism. Always in his Iowa home, he wrote, were New York papers, such as the *Observer*, *Tribune*, and *Harper's Weekly*, which carried letters or articles about Clara Barton's services to the Union Army, her search for missing men, and her lectures; some of which also contained cuts of her handsome face. At first hand, moreover, he heard reports of her courage, persistence, eloquence, and so came to have for her "a worshipful regard." Now he learned that Clara was at the Cure and would sit with Dr. Jackson on the platform in Liberty Hall at one of the Wednesday lectures. He went, to be cruelly disappointed. He had allowed neither for the heavy rolling of ten years over that face nor the strain of the Franco-Prussian year and the long illness, from which even now she was but recovering.

"So there was good reason," wrote Julian Hubbell, "that I did not see the youthful beauty that was registered in my memory." Of herself at this time Clara said in a letter to a German professor, who appears to have been rather importunate, "I was never what the world calls even 'good looking' . . . My features were strong and square, cheek bones high, mouth large, complexion dark; my best feature was perhaps a luxuriant growth of glossy dark hair shading to blackness, but that is comparatively thin now, and silver-gray, all within the last three years." And only the other day a resident of North Grafton remembered chiefly—after sixty-five years—her "very mobile mouth."

After the first shock, young Hubbell asked to call and found his regard increasing: her deep, sympathetic voice, her magnetism, her varied experience and sense of humor, he saw,

were developed by her fifty-five years. He took admiring friends to see her while she still received in her sick bed. Might he not do something to help her?

Clara probably never answered "No" to that or a similar question. "Why, yes, if you will be so kind," she replied. "I am about to give a talk on my work in the War and I need a wall-map, large enough to show clearly to the audience the various locations." He made the map and helped her at the lecture.

Soon she was telling him about the Treaty of Geneva and her hope that America would accede, would join all other front-rank nations in the work of the Red Cross.

"What," again inquired Julian, "can *I* do for the Red Cross?"

"Get a degree in medicine," she promptly advised.

This conversation probably occurred in 1877, just after Dr. Appia wrote recommending a physician among trained assistants for the Red Cross staff Clara hoped to form (see page 233). In any event, Julian soon entered upon a four-year course at the University of Michigan. Fortuitously, though yet studying for the M.D. degree (conferred June, 1883), he was ready to go as Field Agent in 1881 when Michigan forest fires inspired the first local Red Cross relief in America.

## 2

Clara had also these same four years ahead, years in which she hoped to recover abundant health, and to be instrumental in having the United States sign the Treaty of Geneva. Aware through Dr. Appia (*supra*, page 163) of what had happened in 1864, she knew also that Dr. Henry Bellows had labored vainly for some ten years to bring about our accession. The Doctor, whom she had known as the originator of the United States Sanitary Commission, advised her to give up the idea of trying to bring our government into line. But she had a more intimate knowledge of the workings of the Red Cross than he,



and believed the signature of the United States not unobtainable. Dr. Bellows, seeing her persistence, then urged: "Press this matter upon our present administration with all the weight of your well-earned influence."

On May 17, 1877, Clara wrote from Dansville to Dr. Appia, who had "expressed kind sympathies" in letters of 1876. "Ill, weak, worn, and suffering, I have been lost to the work of the world, and to the friends I honored and loved. Four long years have found and held me powerless to strike a blow on the great anvil of humanity," but now "once more I dare turn my eyes toward the laborfields and their faithful workers." Now that a Russo-Turkish War threatens Europe, the Red Cross rises like a bow of promise at "the flash of the bayonet, the march of armies trampling down the harvests, the terror-stricken fly for rescue and the wounded cry for help." The shout from the inspired organization, she tells him, bids her seize her pen, "and say to you that what there is of me is still ready for my work; that like the old war horse that has rested long in quiet pastures, I recognize the bugle-note that calls me to my place, and though I may not do what I once could, I am come to offer what I may. Then, would I have taken the next steamer, and in two weeks have stood beside you, asking where to go and what to do, but as that is not for me now, my brain and heart must do what my hands cannot. My plans are made, and, such as they are, I send them to you for your acceptance and co-operation."

If war comes, she continues in practical mood, America will help the distressed; but, far from the scene, America understands but vaguely the steps necessary to gather, send, and bestow gifts. Without definite and well-arranged organization, the United States will fail to accomplish perceptible good, as it has always failed in all similar efforts at foreign aids. If possible, Clara would hold back the waste, turn it into proper channels. Can she be of service? If so, provided he and the Red Cross Committee desire, she will do her best to form

such organization. The Red Cross is almost unknown in America; not one person in a hundred ever heard of it; not one in five hundred has a clear idea of its purpose. The Franco-German War failed to introduce it to the people or the government of the United States, and so will the present war unless some active hand takes hold, to organize relief under its symbol.

Her concept, suggested in this letter, is the basis on which rests the American Red Cross: "It must have a National Headquarters, sanctioned by the Government, where the flag of the beautiful Red Cross floats day and night, in war and in peace. It must have its different State organizations, and its smaller relief societies all working under its insignia. This accomplished, the charities gathered from the people should be passed to the State and thence to the National Headquarters, and these being always in communication with you, they would be shipped intelligently and reach at once a field in need of them." Her heart ached, she tells him, when she thought of all the thousands of dollars in goods and grains sent to France by America in 1871, to be wasted, lost, or squandered, even sold, through impossibility of gaining transportation or piercing army lines—all for want of proper knowledge and organization at home.

"I am perhaps almost the only American who you can feel has been a co-worker with you, whose manner of work you *know* something of, and whom you can class as a personal friend and thus address familiarly. . . . If you feel I can serve your cause, and humanity through it . . . you will let me know your desires *at once*. If you will write me immediately upon receipt of this, asking in your own name or that of the International Society, that I do all in my power to aid you in the work, and to use my power with my people and my Government, so that it can be seen here that such a want is felt, such a work needed, and that the call is from the highest and original source of international relief in war, investing it



with the highest importance, I will have your letter placed before our President and Government and ask their sanction and approval, if not the pecuniary aid; for that I never ask." A Head might be appointed, but Dr. Appia is not to construe her letter as an appeal that she be made Head, "for I have little ambition at best, and none now," but a Head there must be before the Order in America could be of use. If he has another person in mind, then all is well.

She is happy to tell Dr. Appia she is better than at any time since 1873. Although unable to sleep "as in the old days on the ground without bed or pillow," when comfortable she sleeps well enough.

In May, 1877, she wrote also to the Grand Duchess—after years of enforced silence—about her utter prostration, silvery hair on temples and brow, and absence of young strength. Since she cannot go again to Germany, even if needed, the best she can do is to use her influence at home. To this end, she has written to ask Dr. Appia whether help is desirable. If so, she would try to establish an organization that would work under the insignia of the Red Cross, collecting and forwarding supplies through headquarters near or in New York. And she informs the Grand Duchess of her further proposals.

Appia replied on June 14th, at Paris. He had conferred with President Gustave Moynier of the International Committee of the Red Cross, who also wrote on June 20th. The Doctor reminds Miss Barton that an attempt, resulting in failure, had been made for ten years to give existence to an American Committee. He recalls, too, the unofficial representation of the United States at the Geneva Conference by Fogg and Bowles, who had seen no reason for the United States to add another relief agency to those already on the national list. The "Phantom Committee" of Dr. Bellows was "entirely dead." Knowing of Miss Barton's admirable work in the Civil War—of which he and Moynier had spoken in their book *War and*

*Charity*—he had hoped for the American accession, but so far in vain.

“If you, my honored friend,” he says, “could succeed in organizing something durable in America, in relation to the Oriental War which appears only in its beginning, you would have nobly crowned the work of devotedness to which you have consecrated your life.” He sees no reason why she should not be the Head of the organization in America, its soul, certainly not its *body*. There must be *arms* to write, to arrange, to publish, to correspond, to copy; *feet* to run, to go, to come, to collect, to buy, to visit and receive visitors—in 1870 his, Appia’s, rooms were never empty all day long. There must be a number to enlighten the public and keep up its zeal.

“Surround yourself with a little body of persons full of goodwill and capacity, docile to your directions, either women or young men, especially doctors. Amongst the latter choose a secretary who must be entirely at your service and who probably ought to be paid.” Here, Clara thought of Julian Hubbell (see page 229).

Appia, as a founder of the International Red Cross, impresses upon his friend a number of facts useful at any time: the importance of remaining a nation strictly neutral in carrying relief; the studying of the Red Cross Library in Geneva and the desirability of purchasing the principal works for a committee of several established persons to study and give an account of them—“There is a little in every language.” The American National Red Cross Library today is well-stocked with such works, gathered largely after Clara’s retirement. She received the *International Bulletin* (quarterly); and a copy came shortly after Appia’s letter, one publishing some account of her work. Current documents were supplied regularly after the accession of the United States.

His letter is dominated by the idea that the American Red Cross, existent in name only, should revise and assure its stability through immediate practical application. At the moment



that would be relief funds for the belligerent armies of the Orient. He wrote "familiarly and with an entire confidence and fraternal friendship which our intercourse and our common work in Europe has brought forth." After consulting President Moynier, he transmitted the important desideratum: Miss Barton should obtain from the Government of the United States the signing of the Convention of Geneva, "which has already been done by all other civilized nations in Europe and out of Europe."

Appia hoped, obviously, for immediate participation, suggesting that any relief be sent directly to Basle. He had learned in 1870 and '71 how speedily funds flowed in at her request. Clara needed now, however, to practice deliberation, even if relief were needed. In large construction, she never permitted herself to be hurried.

Replying from Dansville, July 1, 1877, Clara gratefully acknowledges that Dr. Appia's letter has at least brought "us to an understanding in reference to the actual existence and standing of the Order of the Red Cross in America." A woman, she had written cautiously; a man, he has spoken out. "With the pains your Comité have taken, the Red Cross should have been known and honored in every household in America today. It has not *died* here: it was stillborn; it has never once gasped on our shores; the nurses to whom you delivered it have never even uncovered its face, and America does not know that this holy child was ever an applicant for her adoption." Without prospect of war, America will not now be so enthusiastic, but "when all things combine for the proper presentation of this subject, it will be received and adopted by them."

His suggestions, she assures him, are excellent, and map out just such a field of labor as she had looked toward, but no urgent necessity now exists in America for such service as he had indicated. She merely wished to prepare the way. A war between Russia and Turkey might not awaken Americans.

among whom was only a small element of either nationality; but a war involving Germany, France, and England would compel interest almost as great as on the other side of the Atlantic. How eminently correct was this view, time has proved more than once since 1877.

Her idea was to prepare a body of clay which would be ready for the breath of life, and that would be a call for help from suffering Europe. The first step, in her opinion, was to find and appoint to the head of the work, an American with "the spirit, the interest, the enterprise, and the determination, to push the work, and bring it before the country and the people, or the honest conscience to resign the position in favor of some one who will."

To President Moynier she wrote about the same date that she would do all in her power to establish the Order of the Red Cross in America, believing that every step toward humanizing the conditions of war is a step toward its extirpation. This conviction, added to her desire to lessen the sufferings of armies while they do exist among nations, will prove a stimulus to all her powers.

Six weeks later, she received from Moynier a letter, enclosing one to the President of the United States, asking once more that America sign the Treaty of Geneva. Hayes and his Cabinet were touring the country; he was not in Washington sufficiently long for her to reach him, she wrote Appia, on September 27, 1877, but the expected extra session of Congress on October 3rd would have brought him home. She would present the letter at the earliest moment possible.

### 3

Around the middle of October, then, Clara journeyed the four hundred miles to Washington, the longest trip since she had returned from Europe. Guest of friends at 501 C Street, Capitol Hill, she was also at home with Consul-General and Mrs. Hitz.



Slowly, carefully, she felt her way to establishing the Red Cross in America. She published a brief statement, *What the Red Cross Is* (See Appendix B, page 444), that the people and their representatives should know its origins, designs, and methods. Aware that President Hayes must refer Moynier's letter to the State and War Departments, to prominent members of Congress and leading lawyers, she herself began with those persons, doing her best to "create an interest and secure coöperation whenever the matter should come up for discussion or decision." She explained her cause to department heads, one by one. She left with most of them a translation of the Resolutions sent from Geneva, besides reading and outlining the practice of the system as she had known it.

She added her own contribution, the substance of what later became the "American Amendment" (See page 446): although the United States fondly hopes seldom to be visited by the calamities of war, yet the misfortunes of others appeal to our sympathies. Scourge of yellow fever, inundations of the Mississippi, devastation by insects and droughts on western plains, consuming fires in city and country—these, too, require wisdom of experience and organization to gather and dispense relief.

So well was she feeling, that Clara sat to Mrs. Fassett for her portrait, at the entreaty of John Hitz, who wished to present it to his wife. On New Year's Day, 1878, she was "at home" with Mrs. Hitz, wearing the four-year-old velvet that, also, "had recently stood for its picture." One-third life size and full-figure, "in a pleasant room of familiar objects," Clara was "still green and moist, hanging in an elegant frame of heavy gilt upon the wall, for criticism." On the whole, she reported, she was favorably judged, and was exhibited three weeks later at the Art Exhibition.

Among those who came to the reception January 1st was the Government printer, John D. Defrees. At Clara's request he arranged an interview with President Hayes for the 3rd. To-

gether, they went to the White House, where they were received in the parlor by Mrs. Hayes. The Red Cross lady was not too engrossed in her errand to observe the First Lady nor later to write up the visit. Among six or eight callers, Mrs. Hayes in the center was "the brightest and most lovely face of all, by far. In figure she is medium, complexion bright brunette, with an abundance of rich black hair combed perfectly smooth from the clear straight parting in the center down to, and a little over, the tops of the ears, the ends rolled into full smooth curls or puffs and fastened with a pin behind the ear: a neat coil of the back hair in the center of the head behind completed the toilet of the hair. Her dress was black silk and velvet, plainly made and very neat. Her manner was sprightly and pleasant, her voice clear and her laugh ringing and melodious. She has deep-set, dark-brown eyes that speak to one continually, and always pleasant things." Illustrating Clara's attention to detail and her ability to make the reader see what she saw, no better description exists. Mrs. Hayes, she concludes, impressed her "as the superior of her husband, who seems to be an experienced business man of mild, affable manners."

The chatelaine of the White House had rung, a servant had appeared, and even now he was announcing that Miss Clara Barton was in Mrs. Hayes's parlor. Something of her previous three months' activities on behalf of the Red Cross had reached Hayes's office. He came at once.

Clara rose; he shook hands cordially and asked, "What is your case, Miss Barton?"

"I bring you a letter, Honored President," and she drew out the envelope from the bag on her arm. "The original, with a translation."

He received both with "great respect, saying he would refer the letter to the Secretary of State for decision," but would read the translation. Here is what he read, the first document in the campaign:



International Committee for the  
Relief of Wounded Soldiers  
Geneva, August 19, 1877

To the President of the United States at Washington:

Mr. President: The International Committee of the Red Cross desires most earnestly that the United States should be associated with them in their work, and they take the liberty of addressing themselves to you, with the hope that you will second their efforts. In order that the functions of the National Society of the Red Cross be faithfully performed, it is indispensable that it should have the sympathy and protection of the Government.

It would be irrational to establish an association upon the principles of the Convention of Geneva, without the association having the assurance that the army of its own country, of which it should be an auxiliary, would be guided, should the case occur by the same principles. It would consequently be useless for us to appeal to the people of the country, inasmuch as the United States, as a Government, has made no declaration of adhering officially to the principles laid down by the Convention of the 22nd August, 1864.

Such is, then, Mr. President, the principal object of the present request. We do not doubt but this will meet with a favorable reception from you, for the United States is in advance of Europe upon the subject of war, and the celebrated 'Instructions of the American Army' are a monument which does honor to the United States.

You are aware, Mr. President, that the Government of the United States was officially represented at the Conference of Geneva, in 1864, by two delegates, and this mark of approbation given to the work which was being accomplished was then considered by every one as a precursor of a legal ratification. Until the present time, however, this confirmation has not taken place, and we think that this formality, which would have no other bearing than to express publicly the acquiescence of the United States in those humanitarian principles now admitted by all civilized people, has only been retarded because the occasion has not offered itself. We flatter ourselves with the hope that appealing directly to your generous sentiments will determine you to take the necessary measures to put an end to a situation so much to be regretted. We only wait such good news, Mr. President, in order to urge the founding of an American Society of the Red Cross.

We have already an able and devoted assistant in Miss Clara Barton, to whom we confide the care of handing to you this present request.

It would be very desirable that the projected asseveration should

be under your distinguished patronage, and we hope that you will not refuse us this favor.

Receive, Mr. President, the assurance of our highest consideration.

For the International Committee:

G. Moynier, President

On finishing this letter, Hayes excused himself, "because he had Congressmen in his office," but said he would give Clara a note to Secretary Evarts, "and I could explain to him. This was all I required. We rose to go." Mrs. Hayes presented Clara with "a sweet little bouquet," which she took home and pressed.

Four days later, hearing nothing from the White House, Clara diplomatically recalled herself to Hayes in a graceful note—*written* the day after her visit—assuring him there was not the smallest occasion for his regret that he could not spare more time. "I did not go to present a case or a cause, but simply a letter, and its safe delivery into your hand completed the work assigned me by the Honorable Gentlemen of the Convention, and through them the various foreign powers, with the exception that I promised to wait within call for a time in order to explain or answer any questions in regard to the practical workings of the proposed system which the Executive, Diplomatic, or Military Departments of our Government might desire to ask." She thanks him for the courtesy that transformed a business errand into a social call and gave her the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Hayes. "As an American who has seen something of foreign courts, I am proud and grateful for the bright, womanly, dignified presence that graces our own."

In reporting to Appia, January 14, 1878, Clara explained that she thought it unwise to present Moynier's letter to Hayes before "an understanding and interest were created," hence her beginning with high officials below the President, and informing them of the practical working of the Red Cross. After



remarking that accession to the Treaty of Geneva had been declined by President Grant and his Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, "on the ground of danger from *entangling alliances*," she added, "This record stands in my way, and the greatest difficulty I shall have to meet and overcome will be this previous decision." Her sense of state diplomacy directed her further cautiously to remark, "With that previous refusal in the way, it will require great care, labor, and perseverance to gain the point desired, but I shall not despair until I must."

While waiting for word from the President or from the Secretary of State, Clara continued her long "perseverance." She met indifference, that peculiar fear the office-holder feels if suspecting he is considered a friend at court, downright opposition, and failure to meet engagements. By persistence, however, Clara had usually won; now, the firmer the forces seemingly arrayed against her cause, the more steadfast she stood, the more determined to break those ranks.

Judge Omar D. Conger, of Michigan—for example—"erect and motionless as a statue, spoke not nor smiled. I asked if he had a brother, Col. Conger, in the service.

" 'Yes, Ma'm.'

" 'In Virginia?'

" 'Yes'm.'

" 'Did you go to see him?'

" 'Yes'm.' No smile and a very dark face all the while, evidently some plan or trick or trap was to be sprung on him.

" 'Is your brother still living?'

" 'Yes'm.' Darker than ever—face like a thunder cloud."

She then remarked that it might have been another brother of his she had met at the front, at the time of the Colonel's wounding.

The Judge thought not, as his brother came to his house to be nursed and returned from there.

Clara insisted she had met one of the family, and wished

to inquire for the welfare of Colonel Conger, for whom she had a high regard.

"A new thought seemed to crowd into his brain, and he asked who I was. I gave my name—and he caught both my hands with great fervor. He knew it all, then. He was there, and he remembered all about my great square tent that I did not recollect at all, and all the things I talked about. His wife was in the gallery, and he wished me to go and be introduced to her, and when I could come to the House to allow him to seat me in the members' gallery.

"‘What can I do for you?’ he then asked.

"‘Nothing. I wished only to inquire for my old patient.’" She had established herself in his memory, and wisely left him without urging her cause. He begged for an opportunity to serve her and asked to call upon her with his wife.

Certain Senators, whom she mentions by name, were courteous; some of the House approved her asking members and chiefs to meet for the purpose of hearing the Red Cross explained. With Cousin Rob S. Hale she was as angry as ever she permitted herself to be. With a letter in his pocket from her, intimating how much she needed his help with Secretary Evarts, he had spent two hours gossiping in the State Department the day she ran him down, and had dined with Evarts the day before. "He offered to *me* letters of introduction to him—Evarts—and the Secretary of War, which I declined as having got too old to present letters of *recommendation*. I got control of myself and dropped the subject." Not, however, before Hale recognized his error in delinquency and his cousin's sparkling anger. He then outraged her further by offering to remain over and interview two Secretaries *for* her, not *with* her. But the climax of disgust followed: Judge Hale informed her he had seen the Secretary of State, who "believed Miss Barton wanted some books printed!" Miss Barton tried to reply sweetly, admitting not even to herself the in-



significance with which these potentates regarded her and her mission.

Evarts did not deign to receive her, but turned her over to his Assistant Secretary Frederick Seward. Seward had been Assistant Secretary to his father and to Secretary Hamilton Fish when the question of adherence had been presented in Grant's administration. For Clara's information, and presumably to cut her off from further effort, Seward looked up the record and spread it before her. "It is all settled; the question will never again be considered."

The soft-spoken woman gazed at him steadily, and remarked, "Yet the Attorney-General, Mr. Devens, tells me there is no legal obstacle."

Seward saw "No surrender" in her snapping eyes, as she thanked him in her mildest tones, and bade him good day.

"Not in," "Too busy," "Call again," Clara heard from many of the bigwigs. Carl Schurz was entirely favorable. Secretary of War, McCreery, "whom I found to be a calm, white, stolid-faced man, much like a nice pan of milk set away to keep undisturbed for the cream to rise . . . knew nothing of the Red Cross but thought our accession a well-enough thing to be done."

General Butler, who had been absent in New York, met her unexpectedly in the corridor. "The *grim* all fled from his face, and the same kind smile that it always gave me came over it; he asked most kindly for my health, said he was glad to see me, and when I said I wanted to see him, he said in the pleasantest tone, 'Come and see me at any time, Miss Barton, any time.' How little he changes and how he never forgets."

Of all the Secretaries, Thompson of the Navy was the most interested and human. He asked for something to read. She gave him copies of her booklet [reproduced as Appendix B in this volume, the first of many distributed documents], and a full explanation of the Red Cross. "I was not conscious that I was making a speech, but when I came to myself, I found

tears in the eyes of both my listeners—the Secretary and Mr. Hitz.” For the faithful Consul-General had accompanied her on the rounds. Both Postmaster-General Key and Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman, wished to be informed; and Key who had experienced the workings of a treaty made by the Government on one side, with only an idea on the other, the Postal Union, and who knew it worked well—as Hitz tactfully reminded him—affirmed “that it did, and that it was a practical thing to inaugurate a charity on the same principle.”

Clara had one more brush with Judge Conger before he became her strongest political supporter in the agonizing days of actually launching the American Red Cross. When she sent in her card, he saw her a moment but was busy. Could she wait ten minutes? Would she visit in the gallery? She waited an hour, nearly fainted in the heat, went to the hall and was writing to say she could remain no longer when he came out—still engaged. Would she write her business on a card? “I could not do that, and released the busy man. There is nothing, as my heart teaches me—save and except the courtesy due to me as the strong helper of his half-dying brother in his sorest need—that prevents his bearing toward me from being a repetition of Minister Jones of Brussels.” The reference to Jones had its origin in connection with her attempt while in Europe to call a meeting of American Charities. He had behaved “with littleness, selfishness, and heartlessness.” Clara was wrong, however, about Conger, or else he changed his mind, actively to become a proponent of the Red Cross.

## 4

A faint note of another movement sounds across the years: “The women are beginning to gather in town for the Suffrage Convention, at Lincoln Hall,” Clara records, “to ask the passage of the sixteenth amendment.” Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lillie Devereux Blake, and Julia Smith would be there. On January 8th, Clara took a seat in the rear of the hall, but



somebody spotted her and called her to the platform, where she was pulled up by the leaders. They greeted her cordially, well knowing the train she might add to their numbers. Frederick Douglass was called to the stage; she spoke with him about the amendment. "There were delegates from almost all the States in one way or another. Susan B. Anthony was not there but sent four hundred dollars."

Delegate Frank Crocker rose to say that under the Constitution women already had votes. Why not claim them? *She* wanted bread—"something of Communism in the air and words," commented Clara, "but there was genuine eloquence." The ladies agreed she was right, but reminded her that Miss Anthony had been arrested for attempting to use the ballot. The Convention lasted a week, while delegates proved themselves adepts at lobbying and consulting members or committees. Taking new heart from their persistence, Clara determined, "We *must* accede to the Treaty of Geneva."

In all these weeks and months, she had not shut herself away from other affairs. She wrote of Turkey's suing for peace, of the death of King Victor Emmanuel, of herself "gaining power in the endurance of ills." Ironically she bewailed that the one thing to be avoided in the rearing of daughters was their fitness for school-teaching. All those of a near relative had escaped: "But they are suited to work in a factory, and how in the world to keep them out of it is a problem I have found difficult to solve." No snob, Clara could not but be aware that factory employment in 1878 was not so desirable as in 1838. The young relatives wished that Clara would let them alone. Their points of view were remote from hers.

Business required thoughtful planning, now that her health had returned, and she considered the purchase of a Washington home. Characteristically, she deferred to an old North Oxford friend, now in Washington in the Real Estate business; Albert Gleason was more or less her Agent for some twenty-five years.

Ramsey, of Clinton and earlier Washington days, bobbed up

again, this time with a paper on human necessities and economics. With habitual kindness and the constancy of feeling for friends of long ago she tried also to help him. "I should like to arrange," she observes, "for some social relations between Mr. Ramsey and the people of the city if I could." She invited friends to a party at the Hitz home and there Ramsey talked about political economy. After him came another speaker—also invited by Clara—who wished to establish a Society of Public Utility.

Without surprise she heard, on February 20th, that Seward opposed the accession of the United States to the Geneva Treaty. Disheartened, tired, ill again, she called a meeting, none the less, at the Hitz home. Conger and Mrs. Conger came, with two other officials; besides the four only the Taylors and Hitzes were present. After those long, wearying hours at the Capitol, she was discouraged.

"I want to go home and let it all go," she told Hitz.

"Don't return yet to Dansville," urged Hitz. "General Butler may get the Red Cross Bill before the House."

"Very well; I *won't* let it go!" And for one month longer she kept herself under control by visiting, sewing, and trying out her new pleating machine. General Boynton came to offer his help with the press. "It could be made a very awkward thing," he told her, "for any department to refuse or any man to oppose." Gradually she adjusted herself to the idea that she must begin with the incorporation of a National Society, and so compel International Union. A friend prepared a Memorial to Congress on the Red Cross; Clara considered the formation of a Central Society. By April 1st she saw the uselessness of waiting for action from Congress.

## 5

After one year in Dansville Clara had become recognized as the leading resident. On Memorial Day, 1877, Our Home on the Hillside surprised her with an ovation, laying honors at



the feet of "this citizen of the world, friend to humanity, lover of the race, one who had given her strength in alleviating the pains and sorrows of soldiers, our own and those in a foreign war." At the close of the ceremonies, she spoke feelingly of the honor. "Then each person laid down his offering of flowers," the press recorded, "till her lap was piled high and her feet were buried deep in a pink and white mound. . . . While this was going on, the band played an inspiring air." All this distinction before she went to Washington.

Being at home always meant for Clara being with a household cat. Two or three days after the Decoration Day honors, she grieved over the loss of one that had meant comfort and company. On June 2, 1877, she wrote:

Miss Austin and Dr. J. C. Jackson

My Most Esteemed and Very Dear Friends—

I hope I am not about to trouble you too much, but I learn this morning that my Kitty was shot yesterday by one of your employees. A great favor could be done me if it is not too late. Inasmuch as she was the dearest of all things in the world to me that had not the gift of speech and reason—the companion of my illness, brought with me on my journey here—held as part of my family, and always treated with the same considerate tenderness, I should esteem it an especial boon if her little skin could be preserved as a pitying memory I can never cast off.

If she had been in any way offensive, or harmful to any one, I should feel less tender, but she was timid, gentle, faithful—never even made her wants known by a cry—never left what she considered her own home—and was intelligent beyond any animal of her kind I have ever known.

I am trying to save her baby kitten that just begins to see and try to walk.

I hope my request is not out of place, for I cannot for the tender burden that is on my heart do less than make it.

Yours always faithfully and lovingly,

Clara Barton.

Now, back in Dansville, April, 1878, she revised her house-keeping. In domiciliary labors alone she spent the energy of one life. Her onslaughts this spring were directed first against boxes of books, which she unpacked and set up in study cases.

June 2<sup>d</sup>. 1878 -

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Yours always faithfully

And lovingly - Clara Barton -

CLARA ASKS FOR THE "LITTLE SKIN" OF HER PET CAT





DOORWAY, 947 T. STREET, N. W.,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The house was bought by Clara Barton, November, 1878, and was still in her possession when she died, 1912.

Courtesy of Mrs. William Robertson.



Second, "Garden, plowed one-half of it," though doubtless Abram Golay did the actual turning of the soil. Third, boxes of pictures which, uncovered, lay moldering and rotting; "the little gem of a cat's head by Antoinette" was quite destroyed. A few salvaged paintings she hung up near her books. Around house and fence she planted scarlet-runner and morning-glory vines. She swept the barn. Then, re-entering the house, she hung wall-paper—not useless, that childhood brief apprenticeship—and painted the sides of hall, front stoop, and stairs.

Her low rent, \$125 for the year, until April, 1879, left funds for helping others. Minna was housekeeper; Fanny Atwater came to take care of food and cooking. The household further included Miss W——, a mildly mental case, and for a time Mrs. M—— of Washington, whom Clara had assisted toward a pension. She and her daughter both helped Minna and Fanny.

Miss Austin, just returned from Canada, invited Clara to Brightside (her home) for breakfast; Dr. Jackson bore her off in a carriage full of guests for a day or so at Maple Beach, where they played croquet before and after dinner, whist at night, and where Clara read Miss Mühlbach's *Schiller and Goethe*. This brief recreation sent her home with an accession of energy to sew on Abram's clothes and to clear up the barn storeroom.

The happy household was not to endure. First, Abram took offense at something asked of him and "complied with muttered oaths, insolence, and kicks upon the innocent furniture. I let him slam and curse a few minutes and forbade any more work. He seemed surprised and asked why. I told him in a plain talk of an hour or more [audible down the years]. He was vexed, and ashamed, cried. At evening he came to my room to ask forgiveness. I told him he was free to go if he chose or stay if Miss Kupfer wanted him, and he could behave himself." He remained and tried to be amiable.

Next, Mrs. M—— complained, and in a spirit of pettiness wore for housework the new dresses bestowed upon her by Clara, garments for which she had been tearfully grateful.



After sending flower seeds to Ada's thriving "Bartie,"\* Clara heard on the fourth anniversary of Sister Sally's death that Sam's boy, Ira, was worse and immediately conceived that her duty lay in bringing him to the sanitarium. He was brought, placed under treatment and, at home, "We are all watchers. I know it is all I am equal to; but it is well done." The sick boy did not ease the already tense feeling among the household, and in a few days Dorr arrived from Tahiti. Seeing the strain on the accommodations—Fanny and Clara had taken the barn chamber—he soon left. Mrs. M—— grew more unpleasant and more impudent, evoking from Clara, "We wish she had never come!"

But for a time Ira improved and went to school to Minna. That was a reward for many hardships. And at this juncture another friend in distress wanted aid. "I want to relieve her, but how can I? I am almost killed by those I have relieved already." While domestic worries were driving Clara mad, along came Mary Safford on a lecture tour and drew her friend into organizing "a series of meetings for the subject of dress improvements in women." Susan B. Anthony also wanted her at the anniversary of the Suffrage Convention, in Albany.

Dorr came back, saw Clara's unhappiness and, before sailing for Paris, rushed her to Vineland, New Jersey, to visit Frances Gage. Her first expressed interest in clairvoyance rises from a fall that sprained her back, soon after her arrival at the Gage home, and the offer of a spiritualist healer to treat her. Whether from the healer or from "Cram's Fluid Lightning," or from her own recuperative powers, she was soon able to loaf, to roam farther afield among scenes and friends, and to recapture abundant spirits.

Around the middle of August, she moved on to the Nortons, not far away, in Hightstown. Widower Charlie met her at the station; Mary, now his housekeeper, awaited her on the doorstep. Charlie's boys, Horace and Irving, became her friends, as

\* Mr. David Barton Clark, Oxford, Massachusetts.

all older family members had been for twenty years. Joshua, now at the old place, invited her over, where Horace told her he had a fine lady's mount in the stables. A Valkyrie light danced in her eyes. "Will you ride with me?" he asked. Not since the Civil War to this 22nd of August, 1878, had she sat on a horse; but after she was eighty she declared the posture was for her as easy as sitting in a rocking chair. With Greeley's namesake, she tore over roads, through lanes, and ripped through the woods.

"Do you remember the pond with water-lilies?" Mary asked, and on seeing the gleam in her eye, "We'll have a picnic there and row among them." So Clara displayed her accomplishment learned at Sandown, Isle of Wight.

Charlie accompanied her home as far as New York, where the two old friends spent the day in book-shops, Clara buying for herself and Mary copies of an anthology—"Poems of Three Centuries." Back home in Dansville, she "found all well but not all right." She gave up her house, and wrote the semi-insane lady's brothers, who bore her off to an asylum. "This will be the first step toward a clearance." But before she herself got away, Mama Holmes and Mrs. Taylor came to visit, and Dorr wrote he would be along soon from London, on the *Australia*. Abram was her knottiest problem; she offered to help furnish a home if he decided to make one for himself. Mrs. Taylor would receive Clara, Fanny, and Ira in Washington until a new house was ready in Dansville.

In October and November, then, Clara remained four or five weeks in the Capital, where again she tentatively urged the Red Cross. "It was," she wrote Dr. Appia, "still to work with the same parties. I had no opposition to meet from any source, simply want of interest, and in the attempt to arouse it in so vast a body, my strength failed, and I went home ill, and so ill that the next year (1879-1880) I was not able to return." That she fully expected to return is clear from her purchase, on November 9, 1878, of a house and lot at 947 T



Street, N.W. This house she still owned at her death a third of a century later.

Back in Dansville, she stayed with Minna who, apparently, took over the place surrendered earlier in the autumn; but on April 1st, she returned to her house of "year before last, which has all been made up new and is large enough for us all. And so Miss Kupfer came to live with me, and is as happy as a bird." Fanny, spending part of her time in study, was again one of the household, and a German boy—learning to be a baker—protected the house after Minna was appointed Matron and teacher of French and German at the Seminary. "Tommy," the black and white cat that weighed "as much as he could" was pretty much master of the house. Before many weeks his mistress was able to lecture again, and on Memorial Day, 1879, celebrated in the Presbyterian Church, she was introduced by Dr. Jackson, and spoke eloquently, afterward shaking every veteran by the hand.

Pleasant, health-bringing days dropped into the abysm of time until Thanksgiving; then she was Minna's dinner guest at the Seminary, afterward receiving in her home the Faculty and house pupils at what in the 'seventies was known as a "sociable."

## 6

Later Clara wrote that in 1880 she did a great deal of "what might be called Public Writing," in which the Red Cross led other topics. She did not forget letters or to think about needs of relatives. "Brother Dave must have a change of air," she wrote Stevé, who would be passing through Rochester. "Bring him with you; I'll meet you and see him on to Dansville." In her home David lived in a tired septuagenarian's paradise of fruits, dairy products, and fresh vegetables, and lay under his sister's care which, he feared, "came rather hard on her the first part of the time."

Wise in foreseeing that old army friends could and would

help her cause, she accepted invitations to speak as often as possible. In late August she addressed the 1st New York Dragoons, at their eleventh annual reunion, an address published in full, front page, by the *Western New Yorker*, September 9th, with the comment, "eloquent and thrilling." On that day she was presented with a piece of the Rebel flag from the fallen Richmond Capitol.

At the first meeting of the Dansville "Coterie," in early autumn, Clara read from her War Journal, entertaining a number of ladies some three hours with her experiences. Then, telling them of the Red Cross, she emphasized her hoped-for personal "Amendment."

"Won't you speak also to the voters, Miss Barton?" asked a leading man of Dansville.

"Why, yes, I'd like doing so—briefly, if you wish."

"On a night before the Tuesday elections?"

"Just the time," and she began to prepare her speech.

Extant, in letters an inch tall—to obviate her wearing spectacles—it recalls in part the old post-Civil War lectures. Toward the close, she spoke directly and pithily to "Soldiers, Comrades, Citizens of Dansville, Republican Voters." The Party had made grave mistakes; it had let slip many of the best results of the war. "Only the fact that its intentions were good and generous has saved it from destruction." She paused for the "Hear! Hear!" and continued: "It has tried to be magnanimous before it was just. It has often left its Northern soldiers without recognition and its Southern Union men without reward." "That's so," murmured one, another nodding agreement.

"But no political organization had ever such a burden of responsibility laid upon brain and heart and hand to perform. . . . strange that, after all, it has done so well. . . ." Again, the burst of applause. "You have selected your leader and you have chosen well. You need no wiser head or truer heart, no better man than James A. Garfield. I have known him fifteen years,



and . . . I could unhesitatingly give him a recommendation for personal honesty." She implored them, as honorable men, "in whatever campaign you may find yourselves, never to descend to unjust criticism, misrepresentation and personal abuse to carry your point . . . You have chosen well: a statesman, a scholar, a patriot, a true-hearted honorable man. . . . See to it that next Tuesday you add to this illustrious list [one including Sumner and Wilson and Lincoln] not a dead but a living leader."

The day before, a friend sent over a note: "Are you really going to speak from your own balcony instead of from Brightside?" Several ladies would like to come inside the yard and stand "under the protection of your house's shadow, when we see the torches coming." She would bring only so many hangers-on as Miss Barton approved. "You are in great demand, and if left to the importunities of the populace I might crowd you!" It was too delightful that she was going to speak. "The boys in blue will elect Garfield sure after that." They did, to what sad end everybody knows. His death would further delay the accession of the United States to the Treaty of Geneva.

But the election roused fresh hope in Clara, just as she was able to care for herself and live alone—though Minna came daily—"without nervousness or fear."

## XII

### PROGRESS OF THE RED CROSS, 1881

#### I

IN JANUARY, JULIAN B. HUBBELL ON A SHORT HOLIDAY FROM Ann Arbor helped Clara formulate further plans for the Red Cross. His intention was firmly fixed to become her chief assistant as soon as the organization was established.

Early in February, she drafted a letter to President Garfield and wrote Judge Conger. When a day or so later Stevé arrived with his daughter Myrtis, Sissy finding him a "noble young man," at once determined to enlist him as personal assistant in the remainder of the struggle. Stevé's wife, Joyce, was hopelessly ill in Boston; he was en route to Chambersburg to leave his eight-year-old with the Shrubler family. Clara's spirits rose with her nephew's presence, the first letter from Antoinette in five years, and a request from Susan B. Anthony for a life-sketch to be included in a book on Women of the War. She packed up for Washington.

With Stevé, she arrived at the Ramsey's—her own house still leased—the last week in February. Later, they would visit Miss Lydia Haskell in K Street, and the Merritt Fergusons—friends of Civil War days—at 1326 I Street.

From the home of her war-worker friend, Mrs. Morrell, Clara saw on a cold and snowy March fourth the grand inaugural procession. Three days later she was writing a carefully diplomatic letter to Minister Washburne, now in Chicago. Her



letterhead bears the legend and symbol of the Red Cross and "Office of Clara Barton, American Representative."

"No American," she assures him, "would or, for a moment, could be supposed to be so thoroughly acquainted with the working of war charities, and the relief of the victims of war in all nations as yourself. You stand, the one governmental official who has made for us a record in that direction, and your own opinions on these matters would be law with our government, as they should be." . . . It would help if Mr. Washburne would say to the President and Cabinet that he knows, approves, and recommends the Treaty of Geneva.

Reminding him that we have no system of national charity, no sure way of reaching the great calamities incident to our people or those of other nations, in times either of peace or of war, she praises the "Geneva Convention" with its "Red Cross," now fully tested. "And it would appear that it is time our nation was made to know this and to recognize its worth by declaring its adhesion and placing its signature in the one vacant place left by the entire civilized world.

"I am not only a patriotic woman, but a proud patriotic woman, and our position on this matter is a subject of mortification to me. I am humbled to see the United States stand with the barbarous nations of the world, outside the pale of civilization."

Adjutant-General Townsend, she continues, fears the greatest difficulty with our Government will be the not knowing just how to make the accession, since it seems not a Treaty but a Covenant. Are our President and Cabinet equal to it, with or without ratification by the Senate, or must it be fully submitted to Congress? Not knowing that Clara was acquainted with him, Townsend had named Washburne as the best person in America to whom the question could be submitted.

She asks Washburne, therefore, to give to Garfield the simplest plan by which the United States could recognize the Articles of the Geneva Convention, "and place herself on the

same footing of the twenty-five other nations of the world who have already done so."

She had asked endorsements of Grant, Sheridan, Burnside Hazen, Hancock, Butler and others who must have seen and known the working of the Red Cross in other lands. The Surgeon-General's Department favors most heartily, she concludes; indeed, she is morally sure of all this strength, and now if he will add his, "and tell us how to do it with the least time and trouble to the authorities, when I shall present it to them, I shall look for a speedy and happy consummation of the work."

With her letter she sends him a copy of Moynier's—now four years old—to President Hayes, which had been "simply left to lie, neither accepted nor declined. I shall now present a copy of that letter to President Garfield unless the original can be produced. . . . Surely, courtesy demanded that it should at least have been answered." She encloses, also, a copy of the Articles of Confederation.

In the meantime, chief active aids to her cause were Stevé, invaluable as amanuensis and "errand boy" in those pre-telephone days; R. J. Hinton, author (and friend of the California poet Richard Realf), who had got behind the power of the Associated Press and obtained endorsements by leading Generals; and "Gail Hamilton" (Abigail Dodge) who had helped with her publications.

Three weeks after Garfield's inauguration, Clara presented Moynier's letter of August 19, 1877, and was warmed by the President's personal interest. "We fought together in the Civil War, didn't we?" he stated rather than asked. He gave her the usual note to the Secretary of State, asking Blaine to hear Miss Barton.

Blaine gave her all the time she wanted. "Why, Miss Barton, didn't Hayes conclude the accession?"

She told him the old objections: "Perhaps fear of entangling alliances, corollaries of the Monroe Doctrine."



So sympathetic was his understanding, so sanguine was Clara, that before visiting Garfield again, she wrote Dr. Appia: "I have made greater progress in the thirteen little days which have followed the inauguration . . . than I have been able to accomplish in the whole four years of previous effort."

For several weeks small trials and perplexities beset her. Early in March a window fell on her hand, crushing it. Stevé wrote while she nursed the bruises and, incidentally, purchased for her the first Red Cross Diary—"87 cents."

And, though Blaine had been so kind, she needed to persevere—most unexpectedly—with him. At her first call, she learned he had been suddenly ill and left before the Cabinet meeting. Five days later, he was with the President. On the 9th of April, he was "not in." She sent Stevé to his house and made an engagement for Monday. He forgot it, while Stevé and Clara waited an hour, but at length arrived and Clara was able to record, "Memorable interview." Next day she saw Robert Todd Lincoln, exchanging tears and reminiscences over his father, called upon Vice-President Arthur, and dropped in at the reception of Mrs. Loring, wife of the Commissioner of Agriculture.

Before the ultimate meeting with Blaine, Clara was honored at the Ferguson home by the Union Veteran Corps and the G.A.R. While she stood at the head of the parlor, under the festoons of a flag that had served in the first Bull Run, she welcomed the throng and heard Col. S. S. Burdette speak for the men assembled.

"We, and the world," he concluded, "recognize that in that great struggle, you were the great prophetess, the great high priestess, and the rough manliness of manhood will love you as our sister and our comrade."

Her reply is a tribute to the Grand Army of the Republic, and for herself a modest acknowledgment of "the honor that in honoring me honors every woman who served."

Stevé's wife was dying in Boston. He sped to Chambersburg

for Myrtis and on to Massachusetts, leaving Sissy at the moment helpless without him, but busy with further plans. Ruffled by an intimation from Moynier and Appia, apprehensive lest the signature of the United States might not be made properly, she went to Hitz, who promptly allayed their fears. Annoyed by mushroom rivals, she spent some of her time in tracking down rumors, or reading reports, of their doings. The Society of the Blue Anchor, apparently, was bent on usurping the functions of the Red Cross—so far as the members understood the functions. Unfortunately, wives of Senators and other ladies of importance belonged to it. Mrs. Taylor, present at a meeting, described it to Clara, precipitating a repetition of "I want to go home and forget it all." Jessie Ferguson, Clara's hostess, went to Judge Lawrence, who urged an immediate formation of the Red Cross Society, with Incorporators.

"I am almost sure it will fall through," wrote Clara. "Perhaps it is my salvation if it does."

Stevé returned, weary, sad, draining her exhausted energies. None the less, she called upon Blaine, again, who now "finds articles of war in the Convention which require Congressional action . . . I am quite discouraged. Begin to feel that the Government does not want the trouble, and wish to put me off, and let me down easy." Spirited reaction succeeded to that Bartonian depression: "Decided to ask if I am to be deceived, and compel the truth to be told me." She visited the State Department, where she was assured of the sincerity of all.

Through conflicting aims and suggestions, the first tentative attempts to organize were unsuccessful, chiefly in that "they cannot see we should regard the International Committee of Geneva." At last the form of Resolutions was fixed, and was submitted on May 17, 1881, by Omar D. Conger: "Resolved that the Secretary of State be requested to furnish to the Senate copies (translations) of the Articles of the Convention signed at Geneva, Switzerland, August 22, 1864, touching the treatment



of those wounded in war, together with the forms of ratification employed by the several governments, parties thereto."

All this time no formal reply had arrived from Blaine in reply to Moynier's letter referred to him by Garfield. Now he writes, on May 20th, asking Miss Barton to say that the United States Government is in full sympathy with any wise measures for amelioration of suffering incident to warfare. The Constitution of the United States has, however, lodged the entire war-making power in the Congress of the United States; "and as the participation of the United States in an International Convention of this character is consequent upon and auxiliary to the war-making power of the Nation, legislation by Congress is needful to accomplish the humane end that your Society has in view." He is pleased, however, to state that he will be happy to give any measure proposed careful consideration, "and should the President, as I doubt not he will, approve of the matter, the Administration will recommend to Congress the adoption of the International Treaty which you desire."

On Saturday, May 21, 1881, the Constitution was adopted by those who had accepted Clara's invitation to I Street. Walter Phillips acted as Secretary; Clara read the History of the Red Cross.

Already Clara had informed Appia that there were now few persons in America who did not know something of the Red Cross. She had translated what he had sent her, circulated it, written articles for the press, and delivered addresses—this very year she had lectured on the Franco-Prussian War, with the objective of describing the work of the organization in 1870. Now, encouraged by definite action, she wrote Moynier, enclosing a copy of Blaine's letter to her. Another session of Congress must be awaited, "but there is now almost certain hope the treaty will be accepted. The State Department is in possession of all documents and literature ever forwarded to it." Nothing besides Moynier's own official matter has ever been presented to the U. S. Government, nor will be.

# The Red Cross of the International Convention of Geneva.

FOR THE RELIEF OF SUFFERING BY  
War, Pestilence, Famine, and other National Calamities.

CLARA BARTON,  
AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE.

*Washington, D. C.,  
May 19, 1881.*

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*A meeting for the purpose of organizing a central National Society of the Red Cross of Geneva will be held at my rooms, No. 1326 I street N. W., this city, at 7.30 o'clock Saturday evening, 21st inst*

*Your presence at the meeting to act and co-operate as a member of the Society is greatly desired, and you are hereby cordially invited to be present.*

*Very truly yours,*

*Clara Barton.*



Walter P. Phillips, of the Associated Press, now essayed to get up steam for the Red Cross train, which moved slowly from indifference, halting and chugging. It would halt again and again before the conductor could whistle for ten millions and get two or three times as many as rapidly as checks might be written and collected.

On June 1st Walker Blaine called to see what should be done to get the Red Cross ready to recommend to Congress. Two days later the G.A.R. sent members to whom Clara spoke. They promised to take her cause the next week to Indianapolis to their Grand Encampment. Then came Phillips and Hitz to select officers for Thursday's meeting, Phillips proposing for Secretary his assistant, George Kennan, who would become perhaps the best-known reporter of his era. A day or so later, Clara heard from Garfield that Mrs. Garfield could not accept the Presidency of the Red Cross. Her health would not permit; anyway, he thought the place was Miss Barton's.

At the meeting of Thursday, June 9th, were elected: Clara Barton, President; Judge Lawrence, First Vice-President; General Mussey, Consulting Counsel; Mr. Solomons, Treasurer; Mr. Kennan, Secretary; Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, Vice-President of the District. Also a Board of eleven executive members was elected.

Next day, articles appeared in the papers. Resolutions came from Barton Post. Clara felt a load slip from her shoulders. "Still, I am so sad. I dread the future, not knowing it well."

She and Stevé had now enjoyed the Fergusons' hospitality for three months—she had paid for room and board—had consummated the immediate work and, to give their hosts rest and quiet for a space, accepted an invitation from Mrs. Boynton. Again Clara turned her thoughts to Oxford and what she might do to help her family there. "Sent note for \$1,000 to Brother Dave," she recorded, "as my  $\frac{1}{3}$  purchase of his farm."

The Grand Army of the Republic telegraphed promptly from Indianapolis: "Convention has passed Resolution of General Burdette endorsing Red Cross." Spirits soaring, she thought

of going to New York to found a fund; instead, she returned to the Fergusons', where all helped in sending out invitations for the next meeting for further organization. Again failure to move resulted from Judge Lawrence's declining to call the meeting to order "although all the Board in town came but Walker Blaine. *The Judge is ashamed of his place.*" More gall and wormwood: the organization wished to begin with a chosen few, working on a broad, elastic foundation; but the Judge evidently could not grasp or accept the fact, and doubtless feared he had joined a few small potatoes. He should have known better; at length, he realized and accepted the conditions.

On June 25th a letter came from Moynier, dated June 13th, assuring Miss Barton of the lively pleasure in her letter of May 27th and in that of the Secretary of State of May 23rd. These messages prove to him, thanks to her, "that our affair is in a very good way," and he begs her to transmit an enclosed letter to M. Blaine.

To complete the record, this letter should be published, as Phillips had it translated. It is in his script:

Geneva, June 13th, 1881

The Honorable Secretary of State  
James G. Blaine  
Washington.

Sir:

Miss Clara Barton has just communicated to me the letter which you did her the honor to address to her, dated May 23rd, 1881, and I wish to express to you the great satisfaction which it has given me. I have no doubt that, thanks to your good dispositions and those of President Garfield, the United States may soon be counted among the signatories of the Geneva Convention, since you allow me to hope that a proposition to that effect will be submitted to Congress by the Administration.

I wish to thank you and President Garfield for your willingness seriously to consider the request conveyed in my letter of August 19th, 1877—a request the more natural, as it tends to associate your country with a work of charity and civilization for which it is most highly qualified.

Since my letter of 1877 was written there have been several addi-



tional Governmental adhesions to the Convention of Geneva, and I believe these examples will be the more encouraging to the United States in that they are afforded by America—it being under the influence of the events of the late war on the Pacific Coast that Bolivia joined on October 18th, 1879, Chile on November 15th, 1879, the Argentine Confederation on November 25th, 1879, and Peru on April 22nd, 1881.

This argument in favor of your country's adhesion is the only one that I can add to my previous solicitation and the printed documents transmitted to you by Miss Barton to enlighten your judgment and that of Congress.

I await with complete confidence the result of your sympathetic endeavors; and I beg, Sir, that you will accept the assurance of highest consideration.

G. Moynier,  
President.

Clara made a fair copy of the original for her files.

On July 1st, she held a final meeting, "a good meeting." Dr. Loring presided over the Board, Clara over all. Incorporation papers were read, the Society was organized, and Clara spoke. Judge Lawrence replied. All had been done that could be done, and now they confidently waited the President's and Congress' approval.

Clara packed her boxes. Next day, leaving the house with Jessie Ferguson, to say good-by to friends, she saw everybody in the streets headed for the Capitol. "Something's wrong, Jessie." Mingling with the throng they heard that Garfield had been shot by an assassin, Charles Guiteau. They walked on to the gates of the Capitol, Clara recalling the scenes after Lincoln's assassination, only to find the gates closed: "No admission." Back at I Street, Clara completed her final chores with a heavy heart, and left for Chambersburg. There "Little Myrtis" was well-off in the home of the Shrubbers. On the 6th, she descended from the train at Dansville, met by Minna with Tommy, the cat. She felt that she would never leave again. This Red Cross organization was once more doomed—if not forever, surely for postponement. Friends came with many flowers.

COMITÉ INTERNATIONAL  
DE LA  
CROIX ROUGE

(GENÈVE)



Genevè le 13 Juin 1881  
Miss Clara Barton  
Washington

Mademoiselle

Je viens de recevoir avec un vif plaisir  
votre lettre du 27 Mai, ainsi que la  
copie de celle de M. le Secrétaire d'Etat  
du 23 Mai. Ces messages me prouvent  
que, grâce à vous, notre affaire est en  
très bonne voie, et je vous remercie de  
nouveau de votre concours éclairé et  
persévérant.

Je vous prie de transmettre à M.  
Blaine la lettre ci-jointe, des vœux  
surtout et l'informer de quelques adhésions  
récentes, qui me paraissent de nature à  
influencer favorablement le vote du  
Congrès, et je vous présente l'assurance  
de mes sentiments distingués

G. Moynier  
Dirigeant



P. S. Y aurait-il de l'indiscrétion  
à solliciter de votre bonté l'envoi de  
votre photographie? Je possède une  
collection déjà très riche de portraits  
des apôtres du Croix Rouge, or le vôtre  
y aurait sa place naturelle. Je serais  
bien honoré si vous daigniez m'accorder  
cette faveur.

POSTSCRIPT OF LETTER  
FROM G. MOYNIER TO CLARA BARTON, 1881

## 2

Exhausted under a soaring temperature, Clara read "Samanthy" and slept, but not for many days. Soon she engaged Bunnell, of the *Advertiser*, to print 6,000 speeches and envelopes, paid his bill, sent out the speeches, wrote Red Cross, talked Red Cross. The diary for 1881 ends on a memorandum for this month, "Medical Report contains article on Red Cross."

Though for weeks bulletins on President Garfield's condition were encouraging, the progress of the Red Cross in America was at a standstill except that initial steps at Washington now permitted establishment of local societies. In August, fellow-citizens requested Clara to accept their services. So it was that the first local Red Cross Society, in aid of the National Association, was organized at Dansville, New York. The meeting held in the Lutheran Church commemorated the seventeenth anniversary of the Treaty of Geneva, 1864.

This local branch, Number One of the State of New York, the first actually to help suffering humanity, would here be described fully in personnel and organization if this volume were primarily a history of the Red Cross in America. The Dansville *Advertiser*, August 25, 1881, devoted two columns to the occasion, including a copy of the Constitution, a description of Miss Barton's speech, and the announcement of an Executive Board meeting called by the elected Chairman, G. A. Sweet, at her home on the 30th. Annual dues were twenty-five cents; the aims, objects, and rules were all that Clara prescribed.

Destiny, it would seem, had been testing this daughter, to foresee how long she might hold out. "She's not through yet, by a long shot . . ."

After the hot summer, forest fires raged in Michigan, with appalling losses. To Julian B. Hubbell, at Ann Arbor, Clara wrote in effect: "Get leave, dear Julian, and travel to the neighborhood of the fires. Report conditions at once." While he studied the scenes of devastation, and estimated needs, Clara



asked for funds and clothing of Dansville and adjacent towns. Again she felt, "How kind the world!" in meeting generous response. The Clerk of Livingston County received the money, distributing it under her supervision. A working committee of ladies made whole and strong the old clothing from Dansville, Rochester, and Syracuse, and shipped box after box until the Michigan Relief Committee said, "Send no more." This year, then, marked the entry of the Red Cross into altruistic work in the United States.

Clara prepared, meantime, *The Red Cross of the Geneva Convention*, advertised in the Dansville Press, January 26, 1882, at 12 cents the copy, or \$6.00 the hundred. The *Sunday Gazette*, of the New York *Sun*, reviewed it Christmas Day, 1881. "Not only a worthy résumé of a great ameliorative organization," says the reviewer, "it is also, and quite unintended, too, by its author, a vivid and eloquent tribute to one of the noblest, bravest, and purest of American women." The narration of the history is "ample evidence of the vigorous intellect, the mental fidelity and the comprehensive insight, which have marked patient and persistent efforts to secure the recognition by this Government of the Geneva Convention. . . . The little volume is a poem of beneficence." Included in the book is an address by Miss Barton to the People of the United States, an address praised as "remarkable."

Before this book was published, Clara had left for Washington. Her friend of the battlefield, the President of the United States, had died the 19th of September. In October, 1881, again she was calling upon Secretary Blaine.

## XIII

### VICTORY: THE UNITED STATES ACCEDES TO THE TREATY OF GENEVA

#### 1

OUT OF FRIENDLY INTEREST OR URGED BY REMARKS OF RIVAL organizations, Secretary Blaine now inquired about "the foreign decorations of Miss Barton." She delivered to his secretary three insignia of the honors conferred: the Iron Cross of Merit (1873), the Gold Cross of Remembrance (1871), and the Red Cross of Geneva (1871) "placed upon my neck by the Grand Duchess of Baden." She would be with the Grand Duchess, she added, for she had promised to spend alternate winters there, but for constant occupation in trying to secure the adoption of the Treaty of Geneva. She mentioned her book of one hundred pages or so, then in press, explaining the subject, origin, and history of the Red Cross, a work of which she had ordered 5,000 copies for gratuitous circulation. She informed him of four societies: the National, at Washington; the locals at Dansville, Rochester, and Syracuse, which had sent thousands of dollars to the hungry, thousands of garments to the naked in the burned fields of Michigan, an estimated total relief of \$80,000.

She still met suspicion and strong opposition from the Blue Anchor, which tried by every means to obtain for itself governmental approval. Those who had been her friends, even, were indifferent or "too busy." "I do not believe," she wrote, "any member of my Society will be of any help to me in this hard



work. . . .” After she had been present at the trial of Guiteau, where she was treated with marked courtesy and seated inside the rail, she saw Senator Lapham and asked him to take charge of the Treaty in the Senate. Of one thing she was certain: as soon as the Treaty was ratified, she would resign from Red Cross affairs. Her financial agent reported an increase in her holdings. “I can live where I please—Washington, Oxford, Dansville. It has been my part to do the work of the Treaty; somebody else can continue.”

Senator Lapham, sympathetic, told her everything was “hung up” at the State Department; but when she hastened there, she heard surprisingly, “All is well.” On December 10, 1881, Blaine had written the President of the United States, Chester A. Arthur, deeming it unnecessary “to enlarge upon the advisability of the adhesion of the United States to an international compact at once so humane in character and so universal in application.” Two days later, President Arthur transmitted to the Senate this report of the Secretary of State, with accompanying papers. The same day, the 47th Congress, First Session, acknowledging his message, referred it to the Committee on Foreign Relations and ordered it printed, 3,000 copies. By January, 1882, Clara wondered what could have happened.

“The Treaty is ready,” said Frelinghuysen, the new Secretary of State. “Unsigned documents are usually not to be shown, but we should like to know whether this is what you desire,” and he handed her a volume of unbound parchment.

With trembling hands, she opened the book and read from beginning to end. In truth, as William E. Barton remarks, “It was a great and solemn document such as she had never before handled; and her life and her hope were bound up in it.” Clara, herself, wrote, “How long a cry I indulged in I do not know.”

After awhile, Frelinghuysen asked very gently, “How does it suit you?”

“All I could have hoped for,” she smiled through tears, “but I am ashamed to have done so badly, myself.”

"That," laughed the Secretary, "is all right."

At the end of the document were the formal words of ratification with blank spaces for the signatures of the President and the Secretary of State.

"When will they sign?" Clara wondered.

"Any time, now."

After her first relief, old worries returned. A woman who had been her friend had organized an opposing society, and either wrote or caused to be written anonymous letters—so Clara believed—and now her enmity reached a climax. The day Blaine delivered his memorial address on the assassinated President, Clara sat in the gallery of the House. Before going she had a message from this rival, whose malicious bitterness dazed and stunned her out of all desire to hear the address; but she heard it.

In February, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee unanimously approved the Treaty. March 16th was a "sad day," wrote Clara—and even as she made the entry, came a note from Lapham in the Senate Chamber. He had the gratifying privilege of informing her of the ratification, that afternoon, by the Senate, of the Geneva Convention. "I had the injunction of secrecy removed so that it could be published at once," he concluded. "*Laus Deo!*"

Clara laid down the letter and wiped her eyes.

Depressed by jealousies and dissensions, she called a meeting for reorganization of the Society in its now National status. Men and women of importance in Washington joined and in becoming charter members raised the spirits of the National President. Now, toward the end of March, 1882, had arrived the season of the Mississippi overflows, drowning livestock, sweeping away houses, annihilating inhabitants of inundated regions. Perhaps she had better not resign: calls for relief were clamant enough this spring.

Upon receipt of Senator Lapham's note, Clara cabled President Moynier. On March 24th he wrote, after informing his



colleagues of the International Committee, that he might thank her in the name of all. Commending her zealous perseverance, he asks her to present the United States President with their congratulations, and awaits notice from the Government of its decision. "It is your Society alone and none other that we will patronize, because it inspires us with confidence."

As a testimonial of gratitude for services already rendered, the Committee sent Clara one of the medals struck off in 1870 in honor of the Red Cross. Of small intrinsic value, it was their only means of recompensing "the most meritorious" of their assistants. She would please regard it as only a simple memorial, a proof of esteem and gratitude.

Clara's final goal was reached on July 26, 1882, when President Arthur issued a Proclamation the intent and purpose of which was to ratify fully and without challenge the adherence of the Government to the Treaty of Geneva. This Proclamation ended the long series of steps by which the United States, the thirty-second Power, arrived at the covenant with virtually all other civilized nations. "With the zeal of new converts," according to an article in the *International Bulletin*, April, 1882, our Government shot beyond the mark, "voting adherence to additional articles of October 20, 1868, which never had the force of law."

But fact, not formality, of adherence was all Clara awaited. One week from the day of Senator Lapham's message, the American Association of the Red Cross made its first national request:

#### APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The President having signed the Treaty of the Geneva Conference, and the Senate having, on the 16th instant, ratified the President's action, the American Association of the Red Cross, organized under provisions of said treaty, purposes to send its agents at once among the sufferers by the recent floods, with a view to the ameliorating of their condition so far as can be done by human aid and the means at hand will permit.

Contributions are urgently solicited. Remittances in money may

be made to Hon. Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury, chairman of the board of trustees, or to his associates, Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Sec'y of War, and Hon. George B. Loring, Commissioner of Agriculture. Contributions of wearing apparel, bedding, and provisions should be addressed to "The Red Cross Agent," at Memphis, Tenn.; Vicksburg, Miss., and Helena, Ark.

CLARA BARTON,

J. C. BANCROFT DAVIS,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

ALEX. Y. P. GARNETT,

Mrs. OMAR D. CONGER,

A. S. SOLOMONS,

Mrs. S. A. MARTHA CANFIELD,

R. D. MUSSEY,

*Committee.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 23, 1882.*

Four days later the Central Committee sent, through Clara, another letter: rations furnished by the Federal Government prevented, momentarily, scenes of starvation; but help would be needed in pestilential bayous long after appropriations had been exhausted. Medicine, wearing apparel, bedding, shelter, seeds, implements—all must be supplied. She forgot nothing. For the first time her letterhead bore the legend: The American Association of the Red Cross, For the Relief of Suffering by War, Pestilence, Famine, Fire, and Other National Calamities.

Column upon column the Associated Press contributed to the cause. Soon cash and checks were arriving at the offices of the Secretary of the Treasury, Folger, and Secretary of War, Lincoln; clothes were being shipped to Memphis, Vicksburg, and Helena. So it was that the South became the first field of National Red Cross Relief. The first letter in the First Press Book—Clara recognized the need for full and accurate data then and always—is to the Rev. Thomas Ward White, Charleston, Mississippi, and is in the script of Walter P. Phillips, then General Manager, May 19, 1882. That same date he wrote Commissioner Loring that they were about closing up the Relief Work and asked Loring to report any money received, that Miss Barton might include it in her final accounting. Folger and Lincoln had transferred to the Central Committee contributions amounting to \$8,000.

Overflowed districts had lost one-third their working stock.



two-thirds of horned stock, and nearly all hogs. Seed corn was needed. These wants had been supplied wholly or in part: the Red Cross was moving, with a cumulative force that would become the mightiest power for alleviating human woe. "Our adhesion to the Geneva Covenant," remarks some backward-visioned prophet, "would have been effected ultimately, anyway."

"She only happened to be the one who effected the Treaty," says another.

Perhaps. It is also true that through her efforts and hers almost alone and unaided, for years, it was effected. Because she persisted with the perseverance of the saints, the Red Cross exists today, a monument to Clara Barton. Only annihilation of the Red Cross can destroy the monument.

Julian B. Hubbell had not yet progressed to his degree, but his ability as Field Agent at the scenes of Michigan Forest Fires caused Clara to obtain again his leave from the University of Michigan and to send him down the Mississippi, that spring of 1882. "In the cities along the river," wrote Dr. Hubbell, 1916, "by steamboat from Cairo to New Orleans I organized and instructed branch societies of the Red Cross. The contributions of money and material which had been sent to Clara Barton were forwarded to me or direct to the newly formed societies."

To Clara, he was "Buz" or "Bub"; to young Hubbell, she was his second mother, addressed as "Mammie" or "Mamie," and his directing chief. From the beginning he made his way more swiftly and easily than she; at his thirty-five years he could safely risk hazards that her three-score—however triumphant—of necessity must refuse. As the years passed, though she never wholly relinquished service on the field, she depended more and more upon his loyalty, and his abiding acceptance of her leadership. Clara once said of him, "He is a patient man." He needed to be, and in his difficult career as Field Agent of the American Red Cross he was a great man.

## 2

While Clara had been absent from Dansville, Minna Kupfer and Abram Golay had consoled each other. "Papa Golay" had died years ago; Abram had lost his wife before coming to America. Sick, penniless, he had found refuge in Clara's home. Jules, in Chicago, fell ill from the recrudescence of his old war wound and did not recover; Abram went to the bereft wife and children. But he wanted Minna and returned to Dansville, where she accepted his matrimonial plea only after assurance of Clara's blessing. At the wedding ceremony, September 11, 1882, Clara gave away the bride.

Not content in America, Abram returned after some years to Geneva, and there Minna died, August, 1895. "A better life was never lived," wrote Clara, who set up the stone that marks her resting-place. On the way from St. Petersburg, 1902, she visited first the grave of Abram. "It has a good stone . . . flowers in bloom, daisies and heliotrope. Next, far across to a new part of the grounds we came to Minnie. The stone is good and strong. A little tree is growing at the foot, and a tea-rose at the head. The ivy is clinging closely over it all. A willow at the head hangs entirely over Minnie. . . . On the stone is

Minnie Golay  
Née Kupfer  
Berne, 1827                      Gèneve, 1895  
A true and beloved friend  
C. B.

"A few leaves of ivy—one little rose—and that is all of my faithful Minnie."



## XIV

### FLOODS OF 1883; SHERBORN PRISON

#### I

ON HER SIXTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY CLARA ARRIVED IN NEW HAVEN, to spend the holidays with the Sheldons. On the first day of 1883 she wrote, "This begins another year of the Red Cross. How much of my life am I to put into that service?" Six years lay behind; twenty-one years ahead, and beyond she would establish and maintain for seven more years yet another organization.

General Butler, now Governor of Massachusetts, in reforming the State Houses of Correction, had begged her to consider that for women, at Sherborn. Such consideration, from the backward glance of today, might appear ill-advised for the President of the Red Cross. But her reasons were compelling. In the first place, she was by no means sure of her desire to continue in Red Cross work; again, she was gratified by her old friend's confidence in her power to reform Sherborn, and her long admiration urged her to please him. In the third place, newspapers had reported Butler's request and, according to Clara's diary, "All say I am in too feeble health to accept the appointment." Nothing short of death could then have prevented at least a visit to the State House. And, even if she remained with the Red Cross, she would be happy to demonstrate that she was no old lady settling into an easy berth.

At that visit, with Stevé as escort, Butler pleaded with her to

take charge. Two days later, she looked over the prison and asked time to think things out. As late as the end of March, still undecided when the Governor—in Washington—asked her decision, she begged for ten days to consider further and “to arrange my affairs.” (The old General must have concealed a smile over the implication before she added, “and let you know my conclusion.”) She talked with women friends, who said, “Why not try it awhile?” On the basis of experiment, she entered upon duties the first of May.

This spring, meantime, the Mississippi and tributaries again inundated wide areas. As before, Clara directed funds for the unfortunates; as before, Julian B. Hubbell, now within three months of his degree in medicine, was Field Agent. Clara was disappointed in the hope of enlisting C. H. Cottrell and George Kennan as financial assistants. Mrs. Kennan was ill; Cottrell otherwise engaged. “Decide that I must attend to all business myself and go to Riggs [Bankers] and commence own account and learn to do all myself.” The first deposit after that resolution was \$1,000 from Rochester and \$1,800 from New Orleans. Determined to assume this difficult task, more difficult as years trod upon each other’s heels, she observed of John Hitz, retired as Consul-General, that he was greatly occupied in settling his mother’s estate—“another example of the necessity of keeping all moneys clear and correct.” However difficult to order them, under pressure of work on the field and at all times, she kept accounts accurate. Some \$19,000 in money, material, and seeds she received and distributed in 1883.

If her enemies could have known that Clara was tired of “thinking out hard things alone,” that she was tired of people—“Want to rest. Would like a quiet country retreat with no one to be talked to, and only books to read, am tired of the rush of the world, its strifes”—if they could have understood that beneath her placid exterior surged thoughts of which these are specimens, they might have been kindlier. Not before Destiny



has finished with a great life can mere morals accept that it was so to be shaped and not otherwise.

Minutiae pressed. She must have ready for the printer by April a new book on the Red Cross; the Milwaukee Society were needing help with their Constitution; letters abroad were in arrears; a gentleman of Hartford wished the New England poet, Lucy Larcom, to write a sketch of Miss Barton, and here was Miss Larcom writing, logically enough, that she wanted straw to make bricks. Miss Phillips wished Miss Barton to sit for a portrait. And there was that Western land to leave or sell. Much of the harassment grew out of the Red Cross Presidency; some trials were ancillary, as nobody knew better than she—for example, these portraits and sketches.

Family troubles saddened a mind already overburdened. In January, she and Stevé had stopped at North Oxford, where after ten years she visited the old home. "All rough and hard ways of living—so hard." But, happily, at Sam's there were "better ways of life: a beautiful home, pretty children."

Her spirits were further elevated by a return trip to Boston for a reception to Kate Gannett Wells, where she met Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Lucy Larcom, and rose to a climax in the State Encampment at Hartford. Clara read her account of Fort Wagner from the stage, resting her notes on a desk improvised from three drums, preceded by three times three cheers, succeeded by bugle calls, and "Tramp, tramp, tramp." "A delightful evening." Earlier that last day of January she had explained the Red Cross to the Encampment. She lost no opportunity for spreading information on the subject, as press reports witness.

More than once family tragedy sharpened a crisis in Clara's life. April 5th, after deciding to go to Sherborn, she heard that Stevé's Lauretta, younger sister of Myrtis, had been run over by a heavily laden wagon and killed. Mrs. Taylor and Mama Holmes helped her to get away; with Papa Holmes Clara traveled again to North Oxford. There, "little Retta laid away in the parlor," Clara "did not know what to do" when her

beloved Mamie did not come to meet her, did not rise or speak, when Clara found and went to her. "At last supper came, and when over I could wash the dishes, which I did, and retired." Next day, it developed that everybody thought Mamie had been abused by Aunt Clara's asking whether she could not in some way help Mamie to learn to paint!

"She bade me a cool goodbye when I left at 6 for Boston, with Stevé and Myrtis. I don't think I shall *long* to go again." But there were to be happier reunions with Mamie. Now Clara went to visit Bernard and Fanny, living in Newton Lower Falls.

On April 10th she wrote Governor Butler, accepting the Presidency of Sherborn Reformatory Prison. At the State House, "he said I should have my commission before tomorrow night." She had it, with a confirming letter.

About the date set for leaving Washington—en route to Boston through East Orange and New York, where she would spread further information on the Red Cross—a cyclone of great fury struck Beauregard and Wesson, Mississippi. Clara called on Secretary Walter P. Phillips, asking him to suggest that the President send \$5,000 to Southmayd, New Orleans agent, and further to urge this action of the President. While her assistants rushed relief to the homeless and injured, Clara was in Massachusetts, taking the oath of office for Sherborn, "Mr. Parsons" her bondsman. So she wrote in her diary. It may be, as sometimes stated, that she later asked to be her own bondsman and was permitted to be.

With two or three friends she walked into her office at the Reform Prison, meeting assistants and colleagues, later assuming her place at table, "to preside at my own board." Everybody was kind but she felt diffident: "I don't think I can do it right." The former Superintendent had retired from disability, leaving a presumably clear field but leaving also factions. That knowledge joined to the responsibility of unfamiliar work, with the job of reconstruction, weighed heavily upon Clara—avowedly "weak and tired."



Most of the staff, happily, were "efficient, well-trained, faithful," and Dr. Lucy M. Hall, "competent, lady-like, elegant." Lucy's friendship alone was worth all Clara gave to the institution. The young physician later would serve Vassar College, and later yet be married to R. G. Brown, living with him in far-off California; but never would she relax the ties of love and admiration that bound her to Clara. And Clara would mourn her death.

The new Superintendent dismissed a steward, instituting desired economy, and herself undertook the buying of supplies. Only a half hour a day, she declared, was necessary; and the tables were well-filled, well-served. The numbers and bigness appalled her. Of thirty-nine attendants and two hundred thirty prisoners she could not at first remember many; the building, an eighth of a mile from end to end, required two miles of walking for inspection. "I have a ponderous bunch of keys, but cannot find my way over my domain without a guide."

What could she do to reform the inmates? The crimes for which they were charged ran the gamut from abortion, adultery, arson, assault, and attempt to kill, through drunkenness, night-walking, and lewdness, to vagabondage and vagrancy. The youngest was fifteen, the oldest seventy-five. The institution was but six years old. Yet, already, some within the walls had been sentenced thirty to forty times. A short sentence offered no time for effecting change of heart or for teaching a vocation.

The school-room was the chief reforming instrument, both for those who had some education and those who could not write their names.

Hope for the wretches lightened onerous duties, hope and abiding belief in the fundamentally good qualities of mankind. Now and then something occurred to vary the monotonous routine. The day before the Fourth of July, a number of women appeared with a spokesman who asked, "Will you let us sing, tomorrow?"

"If you promise," Clara answered in her deepest voice, "not to sing or talk obscenely."

"What's that?" The final word was not in her vocabulary.

Clara explained.

Of the next day, she recorded, "Two sang a bad song. Had to be stopped. I made them sing 'God Save the Queen,' 'Star-Spangled Banner,' and 'Suwanee River.' The day passed off well with little bad language and no bad conduct. The dinner was thought to be good: roast beef, custard pies, cake, tea, coffee."

She entered thoroughly into the lives of her charges, or so far as they gave their confidence. The case of Nellie O'Brien, an Irish girl, nineteen years of age, a girl seemingly heartbroken, led her to summon the young woman for a heart-to-heart talk.

Nellie came, downcast, wretched.

"Why are you here, my child?" The answer substantiated the record.

"My grandmother in the ould counthry," all this came slowly from the trembling lips, "left me twenty pound. I took it, maybe I shouldn't, and shipped to Boston."

"Go on," Clara's eyes encouraged, "tell me all."

"I paid me chum's passage—Katie. She vowed she'd pay me back."

"And did not?"

"Niver a bit, Ma'am. I worked harrrd to get money to send home."

"Where did you work?" Clara took out her notebook.

Nellie eyed it, but went on: "For Mrs. William A. H. — in Seaver place, M'm. Katie worked next door. Katie's sister died and left her a box o' clo'es." Tears flowed, angry tears. "She gimme the clo'es on the fifty dollars she owed me. Said call it worth forty-five dollars. Sent the trunk to me by a cabman."

"What did you do with the clothes, Nellie?"

"They wasn't worth much. I could use some of 'em. Then Katie's ould aunt made trouble."

"And how?"



"She's in jail now—bad 'cess to her soul! She was out o' jail then. She made Katie swear there was a Bank Book and forty dollars in the box. Said I sthole it. They 'rested me."

"You could not prove your innocence?"

"No'm, and nobuddy to take me case." Again she broke down. "I'm here for three years." She became hysterical.

"Do your people know? Calm yourself, child."

"I wrote to 'em," gulped Nellie, "but they think I'm in a good situation, M'm. And now they have come over. They are in New York and want me to come live with 'em." Her voice threatened to go into a keening wail.

"I'll see what can be done, Nellie. Bear up." The girl went away, drying her eyes. Clara at once saw her priest. "He says she is innocent," wrote Clara, who then went to see Mrs. William A. H. — and, from favorable signs, apparently got a remission of Nellie's sentence.

An older woman, through Clara's influence mended her ways and, visiting her almost a quarter-century later, elicited praise. How many others Superintendent Barton inspired to become reformed characters, nobody knows. Surely Clara herself was not over-sanguine. Yet the girls were soon leaping up when she passed their rooms, "just to look at you." Of two letter-boxes instituted, the one for complaints rarely contained a note; the other, for inmates "To Miss Barton," brought in numbers their problems and their devotion. Within three months she had effected a change, and before the end of September Governor Butler published his thanks. He had begged Miss Barton, whom he had seen amidst the smoke of gun and bursting shells tending the wounded on the fields, to do him the personal favor to take charge of the Woman's Prison. "I sat but yesterday at the Prison, with my Council. It is in thorough condition, and there has been inaugurated a process of economy that will save \$10,000 within the year of her administration."

She was praised by the press of Boston for her thorough systemization: she had reorganized the governmental, reformed

the educational, and taken charge of the business department. In the workroom she had produced far greater results than ever before were known in the Prison, and had so induced a love of work among the women that hardly a single instance of complaint had been recorded. She had infused into the minds of the unfortunates the fact that they were human beings and worth saving. The prisoners idolized her. "Their respect and love for her have made her labors easy and have enabled her, while ruling by love instead of fear, to keep the discipline up to such a standard as to make it the model institution of the State in this respect."

Clara, however, was unhappy, a shrouded unhappiness unveiled below. The confining duties of the Prison left small opportunity for seeing friends. Even a friendly call was usually for discussing the plight of some inmate. One invitation she could not refuse: P. C. Bacon, signer of her first school certificate, and his wife, now in Boston, were celebrating their Golden Wedding anniversary. She was among the guests. To interviewers, she was her gracious self, without hint of depression. Sarah K. Bolton, in the *Christian Journal*, January 3, 1884, describes her "in the prime of life, black hair just tinged with gray, dark eyes, a sweet mouth, and genial manners. . . . One who would be kindness itself but firm and conscientious in the smallest duty." She added, "I have never seen so clean a place." Clara was perhaps the cleanest woman that ever lived.

Keeping charts may have been deadening, charts revealing the number of women punished, the number in "solitary" and the like. Going with Stevé to Boston for counsel on the management may have been an uninspiring necessity; visitations from the legislature may have been annoying. On May 31st, after addressing her women on Decoration Day, and visiting a school for the blind that afternoon, she "decided to go to Dansville tonight." She must have strength from friends there and from the high hills. On returning she took up the galleys of her Red Cross book and soon got them off to the Government



Printing Office. For lack of time the reading had been postponed three months. This one delay illustrates the extent and the depth of her work in the Prison—nothing interfered with that work.

On November 1st, she wrote Governor Butler, "You asked me for six months' service; that time expires today. Consequently my term of office expires by limitation, and I hereby tender my resignation." To succeed her, she recommended Dr. Lucy M. Hall.

The Governor replied that he had requested at least six months' service, her term had not expired and he added, "I pray you to add another to the many obligations I am under . . . by remaining at least until the end of the year." In that hope, he did not formally accept her resignation. He would recommend "Miss Dr. Hall" when Miss Barton should take her final leave.

Again, in December, Clara asked to be released, on the last day of the month. The Governor's going out on that date made easier this final resignation; he, recognizing that her "great work" called, conceded her wish. "In what you have done in the prison—and I speak this without any criticism upon anything done before—it has become an institution of which the State may well be proud." He concluded with sentiments of friendship, constant since formed on the battlefield many years ago.

Apparently, Clara had everything her way at that reformatory. An unpublished letter to "My Child," affectionate address to Lucy M. Hall, at hand in a rough draft, illuminates the condition hateful throughout the period. She has "waded waist deep in snow and mud, through spite, jealousy and detraction," and urges in the final paragraphs of twelve pages: "If they want *you* to take the Superintendency, you shall ask that this channel be cleared up, and the proper bounds set for your various officers with whom you have to deal. If they ask you if you think Miss Barton has realized this state of things as you represent it,

you can tell them that you know there have been months of bitterness and ashes for her on this very account . . . that she has gone timidly through her own halls, dreading the scrutiny of the criticizing clique she knew and felt was there to meet her, and all because they were made bold by the countenances of those above her in power, and they knew it. That Miss Barton had the power to win the majority of the house to her in spite of all this, but it is an experiment which *you* do not desire to repeat, and so shall proceed to clear up your field before you go on to plant it. That you shall never start with that clique unbroken, that power uncurbed and that avenue and habit of retailing information and opinions, at will, over your head." On page one, the drip from a candle mutely witnesses the late hour this advice was written to the woman she would have her successor.

In 1940, by reference to annual reports, the Head Administrative Clerk of the Department of Correction, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, quoted from a paragraph in one for 1884: "Dr. Lucy M. Hall, the physician of the Prison, was appointed and confirmed as Superintendent, but declined to qualify."

Some months later Clara was asked to speak on Prison Reform before the International Conference at Saratoga. Frankly, she thought that temporary superintendency the most foolish step she was ever induced to take. "I seemed more to myself like an already heavy-laden ship, which had met another in distress and taken on shipwrecked passengers and crew, till her gunwales hugged the water and her laboring wheels wearily tugged for the land." Vexed by customs, hampered by foolish laws, fettered by aspirations and jealousies, "to say nothing of the immutable laws of natural descent as related to crime . . . so discouraging was all this to be faced from the latter half of a busy life that I . . . laid the burden down on the hands of you skilled laborers." She believed in one sure way to reform, and so had told a visiting legislative committee: "Any time you will find a way to make it impossible for the people of this State



to get intoxicating liquors, upon which to get drunk, I will guarantee that in six months the State of Massachusetts may rent Sherborn for a shoe manufactory." Drunkenness, to her, was the great father of all crime.

An unfixed term of release she thought wise: "A fixed time of release is an independence to the prisoner beyond the power of his keepers and stands directly in the way of all reform." Most practical advice: "I would . . . lessen so far as possible the stimulating qualities of the food generally given out in prisons—more of grains, vegetables, and fruits, and less of meat." As modern as today, she was sure the result "would be seen in the better temper, more tractable natures, lessened irritability, and happier frames of minds on the part of all convicts. . . . I would have the food plentiful, and the cooking wholesome." In recommending uniform kindness and firmness and politeness on the part of every attendant, she observes, "It increases self-respect. This they have lost and this they need to have restored, so far as may be." Punishment should be light, rare as possible, but sure. Her final month at Sherborn, conducted as her régime had been on the principles advocated here, shows not a single punishment among three hundred women and more. The tears that ran over her hands as she held those of the inmates the last time were harder for her than the eight months of work. "Surely, we must be too near alike, if not akin, or they would never have clung to me with that pitiful love."

"I went out from the prison walls of Sherborn next morning. I have never seen a face there since. I have never returned and I have no desire to." Yet there she had accomplished, almost miraculously, a humanitarian service worthy to rank with her grandest achievements.

## XV

### OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLOODS; CONVENTION AT GENEVA; NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION

#### 1

SHERBORN LAY BEHIND. CLARA GLIDED OUT OF THE TRIBUTARY into the broader stream from which she had diverted her course; henceforth, the river up to the Gulf. The Delta of her final quarter-century covers too vast an area properly to be outlined in the limits of one volume; only the main current, tortuous, encountering sandbars, shoals, traps for the unwary may be traced. *The Red Cross* requires more than seven hundred pages to tell the story, "a task," she affirms, "not unworthy the genius of George Eliot or Macaulay." To be sure, her narrative begins with the Battle of Solferino, but only a hundred pages precede the Michigan fires of '81; the remaining six hundred tell of the Red Cross in the United States to September, 1898. In a separately published volume, the Armenian Relief Expedition, mostly reproduced in the larger volume, reads like a tale of that Orient Clara Barton traveled far to serve. Her unpublished diary of that supreme, epic adventure is—because more personal—even more entertaining. The history of relief in Cuba, mightiest though not highest peak in the mountain range of her career, would run into thousands of pages. Of her own writing about Cuba and events associated with the Cuban War, enough is extant—however rigorously edited—to fill folios. To envision her in the final quarter-century is to imagine scenes of



war, of famine, of plague, of earthquake, of flood, storm—of mighty natural phenomena—yet also to picture one small woman at home.

In January, 1884, before leaving Massachusetts, Clara called young Dr. Hubbell, now graduated from the medical department of the University of Michigan.

“Well, Julian, do you still wish to work for me?”

“More than anything else,” he told her.

“You will find harder work than in Michigan fires or Mississippi overflows.”

“I’m young, strong, just thirty-six.”

“I shall need youth and strength. Bring your trunks and take a room in my Washington house. I have requested General Whitaker and Professor Greener to vacate by the 15th of this month.”

Among minor persistent errors is that 1915 Vermont Avenue was the first address of Red Cross Headquarters. “Error, warehouse only,” commented Dr. Hubbell in 1928. Clara’s diary for 1883 bears the address 1013 T Street, where she was with friends when in town. In 1884, she entered her own home at 947 T Street, N.W., Washington. In 1892, for the small sum of \$75 monthly, she rented the General Grant mansion at Seventeenth and F. There she remained until 1897, erecting meanwhile a house at Glen Echo, Maryland, eight miles from the city. So long as she lived she rented, after moving out, the T Street residence to Mary Barton (not a relative), who appears to have been in some respects her financial agent. In her Will, she mentioned it first of her two houses then remaining. “Miss Barton has occupied this house to my entire satisfaction for the last twenty years; her management has been a comfort and a profit to me, and as a mark of appreciation and gratitude, I desire that she remain without change or molestation from any source, as long as she desires, keeping the repairs of the house, and paying her rent to my estate, as she has done to me.” Ultimately, the property reverted to Clara’s legatees, who were her “legal heirs.”

But the preceding paragraph is anticipatory. In January, 1884, she was resuming intimacies with family and friends, and to Dorence who had begged her intercession with the Secretary of State for a furlough, she wrote that she had fulfilled his request. Soon she had a copy of his leave.

## 2

In February, the Ohio River again overflowed, preliminary to the worst inundation in the history of the lower Mississippi Valley. On February 13th, Clara traveled with Dr. Hubbell to the source of the Ohio, the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, at Pittsburgh. Down the river she steamed, meeting ruin and misery in the waste of waters, and sending out by telegraph and through the press calls for help.

"Where shall we set up our relief centers?" she asked Dr. Hubbell.

"What about Cincinnati and Evansville?"

At both towns they rented warehouses for supplies. At Evansville, Captain Josh V. Throop lent the Red Cross a small steamer bearing his name. With food, clothing, coal, men and women helpers, and floating the first Red Cross flag over an American boat, the *Throop* pulled out for Cairo.

That relief expedition reduces the midnight ride of Paul Revere to the status of a nursery rhyme. All along the river, families were supplied with bed and clothing, food and fuel and at many towns the *Throop* stopped long enough for committees to inquire into needs and to make out requisitions for supplies to be delivered on the return voyage. At every place where cash seemed the best relief, money was left for distribution through committees. These were usually of ladies, whom Clara believed to have a more intimate knowledge of neighbors' needs than "the less inquisitive sex."

And now Mississippi levees were breaking; in districts the river was forty to fifty miles in breadth. Parts of the levee still surmounted the water on each side and on these remnants of the



broken dyke trapped animals were slowly starving. At Evansville, Clara's party—the round trip to Cairo ended—transferred to the *Mattie Belle* and headed for St. Louis to take on additional supplies. No governmental relief had been provided for dumb sufferers; and, at risk of cremation in tons of provender, Clara accepted hay, oats, corn, meal, and salt for the beasts; medicines for the sick; tea, coffee, rice, sugar for starving men, women and children. Government boats relieved the *Mattie Belle*, of some of these contributions, or she might have foundered.

On this dangerous voyage Destiny watched. Just before the boat sailed from St. Louis, a stranger asked to go with the party. A silent aloof man, he saved the ship. Progress after dark became impossible. One evening the captain, wishing to reach a headland farther down, begged to run a trifle after orders to tie up. The boat continued; fog fell. "We must pull out!" suddenly, frantically warned the stranger. "We are in a crevasse! Pull out!" The engine reversed, the helmsman pointed the way, the boat shivered and, after eternities, slowly moved back.

At daylight, all saw the crevasse, rods wide, water pouring down ten to fifteen feet into the current below, "rolling off in a self-made track to some other stream or to the Gulf." Clara could not account for the rescue, "but the reader will perhaps not be 'too hard' on me, if I say with the father of Little Breeches, 'I have believed in God and the angels ever since one night last spring.' "\*"

On that long trip from St. Louis to New Orleans there were, besides others here unmentioned: Octavia Dix (later Mrs. Fanning), a well-known newspaper woman; late Consul-General, John Hitz, and Miss Enola Lee, of Evansville. Dr. Hubbell was present, as was Andrew Leslie, of the St. Louis Red Cross, and a preacher who brought from Chicago the then large amount of \$25,000, sent by the Red Cross society in that city. Mahala B. Chaddock, a writer, journeyed by train

\* Little Breeches of John Hay's *Pike County Ballads*.

from Illinois to Vicksburg, there got aboard, and wrote of experiences farther down and on the way back. A reporter from the *Times-Democrat*, and member of the New Orleans Red Cross, joined the party at Natchez, to cover the rest of the voyage.

Easter Sunday in Natchez was a day of peace and beauty. While the *Mattie Belle* lay anchored under the hill, ladies brought roses and camellias and in their carriages drove everybody about the city, under moss-hung trees, among antebellum homes surpassing for equal area all others of the South in numbers and architecture and environment, to visit in the National Cemetery long lines of boys from Illinois, curving rows of Ohio boys. Shortly, Clara and her aides were packing clothes to drop at the next landing, while crew and men distributed fodder or turned it over to committees.

The press all along the river acclaimed "Miss Barton and her mission," with pen pictures which reported her a woman of "beautiful, sparkling dark eyes," an expressive face, showing the emotion of every second, a woman of charm, of fascination. She was again, as in the old war days, "an angel." Not always did she remain with the vessel. At Hermitage, for example, the landing for the Fausse River country, she rowed into the interior—where stock bled from stinging gnats—depositing medicinal oils as well as provender. On the 19th of April, the *Mattie Belle* tied up at New Orleans.

All Crescent City news sheets published reports of Clara and her odyssey and, though too exhausted to leave her stateroom, she answered questions in what one described as "a clear, precise and remarkably intelligent manner. The reporter did not ask the lady her age, but judging from her appearance would venture to say she had attained in all probability her fiftieth year." She would be sixty-three, come Christmas.

Up the river, gliding past grateful towns, friendly reporters and the receding water, the boat was still a floating dispensary. On the last day of April, with some sixty landings on her log,



she left Memphis for Cairo. There most of the party said good-by, and when a newspaper man in St. Louis met John Hitz, who had preceded the *Mattie Belle* by railroad, en route to Washington, he was told that only Dr. Hubbell would be on board at the end of the round trip.

At Evansville, the *Throop*, which Clara re-chartered, left for the Upper Ohio. After three weeks, the *Throop* had got only as far as Cincinnati, stopping all along to give out farming utensils as well as clothes and groceries. Dr. Hubbell had rejoined Clara after surrendering the *Mattie Belle* at St. Louis; with the delivery of the *Throop* to its owner, they both left for home.

This argosy, not of ivory, apes and peacocks, but of homely essentials for mere life, established that only three years after its first faint breath the Red Cross was triumphantly "shouting up the pathway to the sun." If, according to a Washington reporter, Clara and her Field Agent looked worn, betraying all the evidences of a trying campaign, the marvel is they were not brought home on stretchers. Four months and over they had braved dangers seen and unseen, had toiled like day-laborers through a malarial region, had maintained a sweet decorum to throngs of the curious and well-wishers, and had instructed various committees all along the route. They had subjugated completely the Lower Mississippi Valley, where as late as 1900 "Yank" was a term of reproach and frequent hatred, had conquered the "Old, Deep South." In the entire relief of 1884, Clara had recognized and distributed chiefly in feed for stock and in food, clothing, tools, lumber, and house-furnishings, \$175,000.

This peace-time relief, the kernel of the so-called "American Amendment," Clara's Amendment, began a movement the magnitude of which not even Clara Barton could have foreseen. The *New York Times*, September 20, 1940, commenting on Red Cross aid to Britain, mentions \$4,250,000. More than two hundred kinds of items, "each certified by the British relief

agencies as needed, have been sent over. These include medical supplies, hospital equipment, ambulances, food, clothing and food kitchens." To every one of these branches, stemming from the Treaty of 1864, America contributed through Clara, first of all, important ideas and models—ambulances, ambulance equipment and the like. She was wiser than she knew in that Minerva birth of the peace-time clause. Modern war is not war, says the *Times*, in the old sense. Rather is it an evil force let loose in the world, producing about forty civilian casualties to every military casualty. "This distinction lends significance to the work the American Red Cross is now doing for British air raid victims. The peace-time organization for disaster relief does not need much alteration, even though the disaster is caused by a subhuman rather than a superhuman agency." Not much alteration has been required since Clara's clause began to operate. Hers, all hers, and wise men wisely added it—soon after she proposed it—to the International Treaty.

In July, Clara went to Dansville for rest before sailing, on August 16th, on the *City of Chester*, for Liverpool. Again, she was bound for Geneva, unvisited since 1872, now as first American delegate to the International Convention of the Red Cross.

## 3

With her as delegates were Judge Sheldon of Connecticut and A. S. Solomons of the Washington Red Cross. Among eighty-five representatives all met a hearty welcome. President Moynier and Dr. Appia were still leaders in Geneva and internationally; and, in Baden, Louise was yet, and long would be, the Grand Duchess. "Come to us, please!" insisted the Bergmanns; "Mrs. Kruger and I hope you will not forget us," wrote another old friend; "You must visit me," urged Mrs. Dollfus. To Louise, who wished to present her to the Empress, she wrote on September 23rd that she would be leaving by the end of the month. "I have visits in Basle, Mulhausen, Strasbourg, and with Ma-



dame Mentzingen, and after this I may hope to see you if agreeable to you."

Judge Sheldon, meanwhile, had addressed the Conference. The delegate from Greece favored continuance of work in calamities other than those of war; but other societies then expressed grave doubts, holding that confusion might arise through this "secondary" work. Judge Sheldon who, in helping Clara, aided the early Red Cross in many ways, stated flatly that if this view should prevail, the United States would not be able to keep her societies alive and in condition to do their all-important work in time of war; in the United States they had found and would find their most precious opportunities in crises other than those of war. The first calamity the Red Cross met in the United States was neglect; its first victory was in gaining for its advocate and friend the honored President of the National Association.

"I hesitate here in her presence, and without time to suggest details, to speak fitly of her work already done . . . nobly and successfully, where many eminent statesmen and men of influence and ability utterly failed. And if the history of our relations to that Treaty and its ratification, and the relief work under it shall ever be adequately told with all the limitations of names, dates, and places, the exact facts, it will present all the elements of a career worthy of high admiration by all interested in humane work. . . . I cannot now state what will then be plainly seen that she has done her work with the skill of a statesman, the heart of a woman, and the 'final perseverance of the saints.' "

He explained carefully the organization of the Society in the United States, mentioning the President of the United States as Chairman of the Board of Consultation and Advice. Chester A. Arthur accepted this invitation—the request transmitted through General Secretary Walter P. Phillips, on June 3, 1882. "While we should have hesitated to burden those already so heavily charged with public duties," Phillips had observed,

“with ordinary matters that others can transact, we felt that we should be doing injustice to their own wishes and to the public interests if we had not selected those named for the duty assigned.” Since President Arthur’s acceptance of the high honor, the letterhead of the American Red Cross stationery consequently bore the President’s name. And hereto hangs a sequel deferred for many years (see p. 399).

In the Judge’s championship of Clara, he spoke of her granted request to include in the charter of the American Society the privilege of rendering aid other than in war. After a ratifying Congress at Berne, other nations becoming signatory to the Treaty have included the Amendment in their charters.

While still abroad Clara, at request of the Director-General of the Cotton Centennial Exposition at New Orleans, invited all members of the Red Cross everywhere to send examples of their “means and appliances for sanitary and relief work in war and in peace.” Writing to James Russell Lowell, then Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James’s, she emphasized that women’s work would be desirable. “I take the liberty of begging you to be good enough to aid me in conveying the invitation of the Directors to persons in Great Britain and its dependencies, who may be interested.” In Karlsruhe, the Grand Duchess urged the Empress Augusta to give royal commands that German women send samples of their handiwork. Perhaps they were the best represented, of all countries, at the Exposition.

To Mrs. Waddington, a friend in London, Clara wrote, hoping to be there by the end of October: “I shall remember that you have said my chamber was ready for me—that is to me of less importance than that there is room for me in your hearts.” This second visit to Europe inspired Clara anew. Friends were kind, offering many expressions of gratitude for her services twelve years ago, praying her to visit them in their homes. Visions of what she might do in this now almost world-wide organization determined her to stay with it. In November, she returned from



Liverpool, preceded by Antoinette Margot who was with her at Dansville, January, 1885, and remained a year or so in Washington.

From the enthusiastic reception abroad—Greek, Russian, German, French correspondents praising her achievements—Clara returned to an enthusiastic homeland. Aware of her now famed ability and altruism, Clara was also aware that the earth is a Lilliput or a Brobdingnag as comparisons vary, remembered that to an emperor of Lilliputia, the height of a thumb-nail taller than his subjects, Gulliver is a giant; but the giant may be carried about in a cage by a nursemaid of Brobdingnag. Grateful for applause, which was necessary for her continued best performance, she did not lose stable equilibrium. Her first report as delegate to an International Conference of the Red Cross she transmitted January 21, 1885, to President Arthur.

Before then she had been present at the opening of the New Orleans Exposition, December, 1884, where Dr. Hubbell and John Hitz had set up the Red Cross exhibit. From most nations came flags, "some of finest silk," according to Dr. Hubbell, "sent by special act of their legislative assemblies; others, royal ensigns, some thirty feet in length." With these symbols came letters to Clara: all flags were to be her personal possessions when the Exposition had closed its doors. After she erected the house at Glen Echo, these national emblems brightened the halls and stairways and gallery-rails while, on state occasions, Clara entertained scores or even hundreds in an afternoon or evening. But besides the flags at the Exposition were the laces, rugs, wearing apparel, linen, cotton, woolen fabrics, damasks, silk imitations, toweling—much else—illustrative of the feminine skill Clara had foreseen would interest the throngs of women. Appropriately, Germany and France, whom she had aided, sent the lion's share.

On the united occasion of German Day at the Exposition and the celebration of the eighty-eighth birthday of Emperor William I, March 22, 1885, Clara—prevented by illness from being

present—sent a tribute of twenty-four verses. She ties the Emperor to the Red Cross in

The watch-tower of the people's weal, the guardian of the poor,  
The impersonate of charity, wide opening every door;  
And where your Eagles black are borne, or your Lions crouch in  
gold,  
The crimson Cross of love and peace entwines in every fold.

It is the most rousing of all her "occasional" verse.

On Red Cross Day, May 4th, heralded by a program in red ink on white paper, was unfurled the American Red Cross flag, designed by Clara Barton: the cross beneath the stars, the stripes ending evenly against the two insets.

4

After the Exposition closed, May 31, 1885, Clara addressed the Conference of Charities and Correction, in Washington. Shortly afterward she was thanking the Verein Deutscher Waffengenossen of Milwaukee, for a diploma in honor of her service to the wounded in the hospitals and on the fields at the memorable battles of 1870. She assured the Brotherhood the diploma would hold the place of honor in her library, "and the Cross of Iron laid upon me by the most revered of earthly Imperial hands will have for me an added value as I remember the new kinship which has been tendered to me in my own home."

At the end of 1885, Clara paused to celebrate Christmas and to surrender her home at Dansville. A list in a record book of letters sent and received (1884-1888) stair-steps much as did her eggs twenty years before: Christmas cards with letters, with words, cards only, and plain cards. Over three hundred persons, represented by single friends or families, range from earliest playmates to acquaintances of the recent Exposition; from her own kindred—leading the rest—through Susan B. Anthony to Frances Willard. Clara Bodine, Clara Thompson, Clara



Whitaker and other Claras were old enough to be included in the list.

In February appeared a card:

The citizens of Dansville, learning with deep regret that Miss Clara Barton is about to change her residence, will join a farewell reception to this distinguished woman, to be held at the Presbyterian Chapel, on Wednesday evening, February 24th, at 8 o'clock. Everybody cordially invited to be present. Those who see this notice are earnestly requested to notify their neighbors who may not see it.

For the evening, Clara would wear her black silk. "With all your decorations, dear," begged Antoinette.

"Are the ribbons fresh enough?" Clara wanted to know.

"O, yes—see. And I'll pin them on."

The Royal Arch-Mason badge near the shoulder topped all; then the jewel of the American Red Cross, the Iron Cross of Merit, the Red Cross of Geneva, the silver and red cross conferred by Queen Nathalie of Serbia, "for services to humanity," and the silver medal bestowed by Empress Augusta.

"Now the pansy amethyst," and Kitty clasped the chain from which hung the splendid gift of the Grand Duchess.

Clara looked at herself in the mirror and smiled. "They do brighten up the old dress, Kitty?" Antoinette kissed her hand and brought out their hats and wraps.

Her farewell speech, a condensation of her life, was long and, to many, a revelation. She had retained her home in Dansville, to which "weak, worn, tired, like a dog from the hunt, I have come back to it and to you, to lie down and lapse back into better strength, and go again." Now the demands of the National Red Cross permitted of no retreat so far from the Capital. Many wept, many spoke eulogies. The *Advertiser* of March 4th declared her going away a public loss.

Long before Clara died her life became half-legend, half-romance; no wonder half-truths circulated in discussions of the earlier years. One fiction still persists that she founded the free-school system in New Jersey. Her talk that evening ex-

plicitly destroys all fact in such assertion, even if records did not disprove it. "I went into Bordentown," she said. "They had public school laws but not enforced; perfectly inoperative. Every law once made should either be enforced or annulled." That inoperative law had produced the semi-truth still current.

On March 11th, the Seth N. Hedges Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, headed by the Dansville Cornet Band, went en masse to bid her good-by. With Kitty and Julian, she rested until Monday the 15th and left for 947 T Street, Washington.



## XVI

### EARTHQUAKE, DROUGHT, CYCLONE, YELLOW FEVER

#### I

IN MAY, WASHINGTON WAS INVADED BY TWO HUNDRED EDITORS representing the New York Press. Clara joined the party from Dansville—her friend Bunnell was Secretary of the Association—when all were received by President Cleveland. From all record of this spring, she was in good health, necessary for approaching cataclysms. On the 7th of May, while anarchists and arms were seized in Chicago, she sent to the Chief of Police there her sympathetic respect for the force and tendered the aid of the Red Cross. About the same time, rumors were repeated from the year before of the drought in Texas. So much were the rumors in conflict with themselves, said Clara, “nobody paid them much attention.”

In the summer, on the way to California, she stopped at Milwaukee, to be honored by three societies of German soldiers at a reception and German-American program. The *Herold*, of August 12th, ran headlines, “Clara Barton, der Engel der Schlachtfelden, in Milwaukee,” and spoke of her services to the Fatherland.

In San Francisco, the Fourth National Convention of the Women’s Relief Corps had just honored her with a badge when, August 31, 1886, flashed the disaster of the Charleston earthquake. Despite the loss of many lives and millions of dollars in

property, Charleston wanted no aid. "A proud city," Clara had affirmed in '66. The calamity seemed good reason for her return East, however, and after initial action at long range, with Charleston authorities, she came on to the Goodyears in Cedar Rapids, thence to Minna and Abram, in Chicago. In Charleston by September 27th, she rode about, viewing the devastation, consulted the Mayor, and went home to Kitty at 947 T Street, N.W. There she answered a few calls from South Carolina, through letters to all Red Cross Societies, selecting goods from the storehouse and forwarding them by Abby Sheldon to the Women's Relief Corps at the scene of the earthquake. Before the end, she distributed also \$600 to six institutions there, but she had not space to mention Charleston in her voluminous history, *The Red Cross*.

The Texas drought was a tangled skein, needing time to unravel. So she figured it in her report to President Cleveland, February 19, 1887. Always holding that no group of people should be aided who can aid themselves, she journeyed out to Albany, Texas, with Dr. Hubbell, to discover whether the citizens were helpless. In a letter of February 3rd, she stated they found 100,000 persons, recently settled along the Brazos and Red Rivers, who had put all they owned into farms and stock. No rain had fallen for a year and a half; all crops had failed, wells and streams were dry, people without food and clothing, with no seed to replant their ground and no rain to bring up seeds, if planted.

The President of the Red Cross could not comprehend why, with a State Treasury out of debt, the general government should be asked to relieve one sparsely filled corner of Texas. Soon she discovered conflicting interests: old cattlemen wanted lands left open; new settlers had been harassed by the cutting of their fences and the driving away of their stock. Actual owners, moreover, of large tracts had held out unwarranted inducements toward immigration, and had made no provision against the emergency now in its second year. Nor had the new



settlers considered other than momentary needs; they had no barns or cellars to indicate thought for the future.

These people, said Clara, "should not have come out of Texas for help." Congress had appropriated some thousands of dollars for their relief but, though quick to respond with his personal check, President Cleveland had vetoed the measure; and Clara approved his veto. The press came to her aid through the *Dallas News*, edited by her old Dansville friend, the Confederate Colonel Belo. He gave her carte blanche to say what she would, and that was to inform Texas of the truth. The legislature, as a result, appropriated \$100,000 for food. Simultaneously rain fell. The *News* advertised that many needs were still unprovided, opened a subscription headed with Clara's personal check, and published statements of all contributions. That was the last of the Texas drought. In clearing up a misunderstanding, Clara had performed for the Red Cross not the least meritorious of its missions.

## 2

The year 1887 was also that of the National Encampment at Washington, the first after the Civil War. In 1886 citizens of Washington subscribed a fund of \$50,000 for the expenditures of a national drill competition, and organized a National Drill and Encampment Committee, with Commissioner Samuel E. Wheatley as Chairman. The purposes of the competition were "an incentive to advancement, and proficiency in the Science of Arms, of the Citizen soldiery of the Union . . . and the massing of representative men, comprised in the Volunteer Organizations, in the fraternal associations of a camp, where they may better appreciate each other and learn mutual reliance, should the National Reserves ever be called to stand shoulder to shoulder, in defence of their common country."

Infantry, cavalry, artillery, and zouave units of the Volunteer Militia of the United States, as well as private cadets corps were to participate in the drill, and prizes were to be awarded to

the most proficient organizations. The encampment was permitted by the War Department to occupy the Washington Monument grounds and a lot behind the White House.

Placed in charge of the medical and hospital department, Clara herself superintended that work, aided by the best physicians in the Capital. The Medical Director accepted appointment at her hands. She ordered cots and the best portable barracks obtainable, paying for the rent of the cots and providing blankets. Patients, nurses, doctors, and attendants she fed throughout the encampment, which lasted from May 23rd to 30th according to the plan of the year before.

"The Red Cross Hospital became the principal feature of the drill," Dr. Hubbell wrote Stevé. "From the tents floated the Red Cross flag, with the combination U. S. and Red Cross flag from the top of a tall pole in front of the hospital, from which also floated the flags of the nations embraced in the Treaty." These were the flags presented during the New Orleans Exposition. "Every surgeon, steward, nurse, attendant, wore his appropriate insignia of the Red Cross . . . the surgeons as proud of their arm badge as boys with new boots, first pair." A statement in later years was that Miss Barton never had more than \$6,000 a year for her salary as President. She must have spent it all and more, in those early years, advertising the merits of her cause.

Her report to the people of Washington enumerated the number of accident wounds dressed, cases of illness treated, and of sunstroke relieved. Chiefly, "not one of the 7500 went home in a box."

### 3

So far, Clara had written and published booklets and pamphlets at her own expense. In June she asked whether if the appropriation for delegates to the International Conference at Karlsruhe exceeded necessary expenses it might be held at the discretion of the Secretary to meet the publishing of such re-



ports. She recommended Dr. Hubbell as second delegate, saying in effect, "Since 1881 he has directed the Red Cross Relief on every field where I myself have not taken charge. He is more conversant with the principles and workings of the organization than anybody except perhaps myself. The Grand Duchess at whose Court the meeting will be held has expressed the desire to welcome him there, and the Red Cross Association of America wish to send him as representative." Dr. Hubbell was appointed.

At the State Department a friend remarked, "Your Red Cross baby begins to walk."

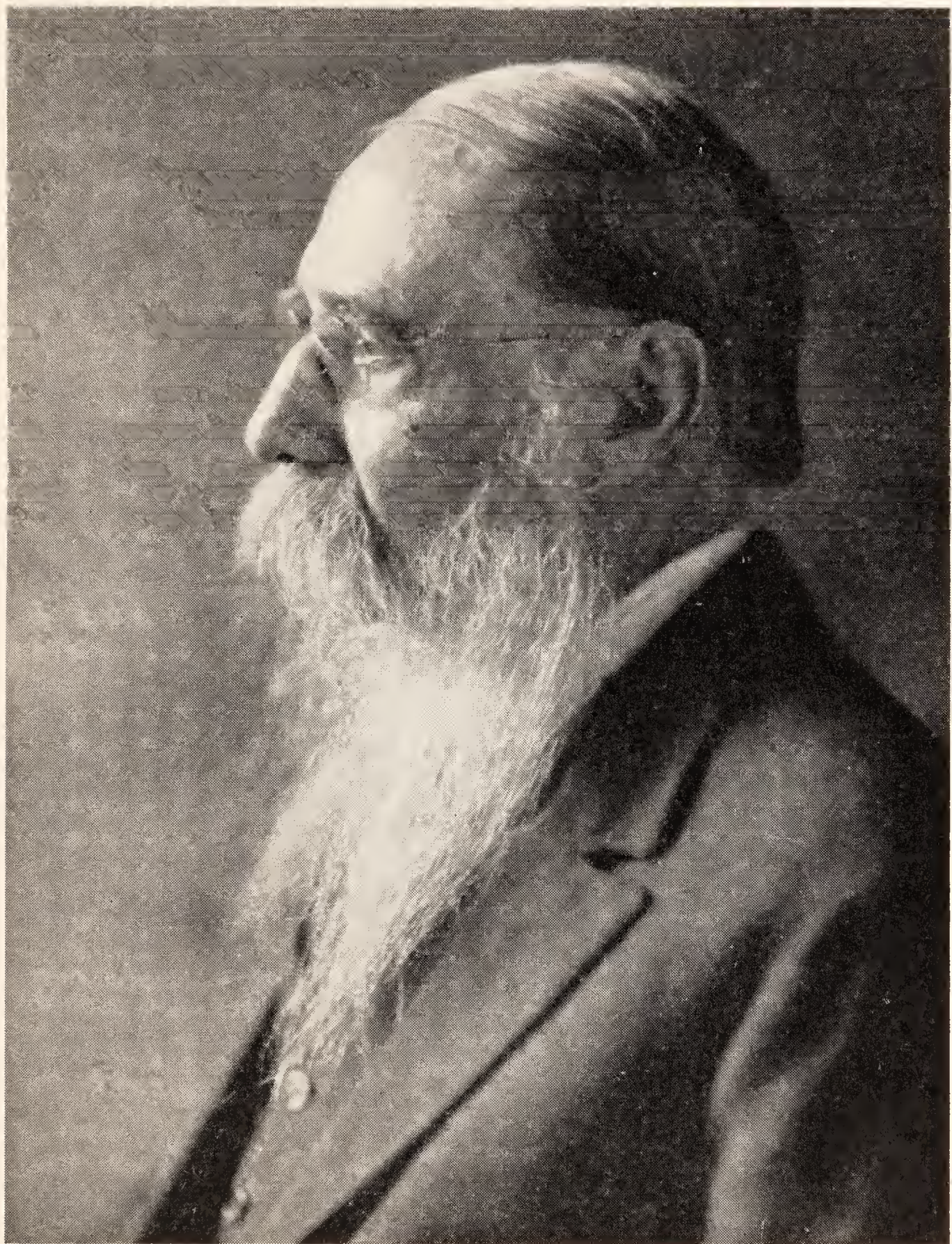
"Yes," she replied, "I am going to take up its dress now and teach it to run about alone."

A sense of diplomacy led her to appoint a number of honorary delegates to this Conference, among them several she had known well in Europe, also Blaine—abroad with his daughters. Judge Sheldon, Dr. Lucy M. Hall, and A. S. Solomons went from America.

In the royal chambers of the Grand Ducal Palace the Conference opened the last week in September. Clara wrote from the "Schloss," where her rooms were ready for her arrival, to Theodore Stanton, Director of the European Correspondence Company at Paris, promising an article at his request. Somehow, in small snatches of time, she managed the article, for which Stanton paid and which he published. To his mother, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who had written genially, Clara replied, "We are having a delightful Conference, and one cannot but feel that all these gentle, peaceful, humane and living words spoken by all nations to all nations will have their effect upon the war-like spirit of the age, that they will help to bend the swords into pruning hooks, to turn the bayonets into plowshares, to give to the wife her husband, to the mother her son, and to the son himself the chance to follow out and obey the wholesome command to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

Means for preventing abuse of the Red Cross insignia drew





*Edmonston, Washington*

DR. JULIAN B. HUBBELL  
Courtesy of Miss Rena D. Hubbell





wise and witty remarks from Delegate Barton, whose resolution recommending governmental protection in all countries was adopted. It was humiliating, she declared, to see "Red Cross Cigars," "Red Cross Brandy," "Red Cross Dog Collars" and the like, all using the badge as a trade-mark for mercenary ends. These remarks were included in her Report to the President of the United States, transmitted by him to House and Senate, August 10, 1888. She was to spend many long hours in the attempt to secure the adoption of her proposed measure touching this use of the Red Cross as trade-mark.

Clara had an almost perfect week at this Conference. She was glad America was there in Dr. Hubbell, whose vocation in the work in time of peace was still unknown to other nations; glad America was there in Dr. Hall, "Princess of Vassar," who charmed all eyes and won all hearts, and compelled respect for women in professions. The whole "blessed week" she enjoyed with Louise, under the palace roof. Red Cross service illustrated on an improvised battlefield caused her to remember with anguish other years and long jolting trains of wounded, "with never a morsel, drop, nor rag provided." At the Grand Ducal Theatre they put on a marvelous presentation of "Lohengrin," with "a prologue showing out of a gradually dissolving mist the world, supported by angels and surmounted by a magnificently illuminated Red Cross."

In the royal household Clara met again the young princes, now handsome and stately officers, "and it seemed a dream that only a few years ago I had been accustomed to kiss them good-night, as happy children they went away to bed." There was an outing to a tenth century castle, where the party lunched in the formerly great banquet hall.

Clara and Dr. Hubbell left Geneva in the rain, spent a week in Paris in the rain, and crossed to London to the dreariest weather yet. She came down with bronchitis, he with pneumonia. They returned to Washington January 11th, 1888.



## 4

On February 19th, a cyclone demolished part of Mount Vernon, Illinois. While Stevé and Myrtis visited her, Stevé lying sick, Clara planned relief and prepared to go west. Hearing of the death of young Prince Louis of Baden, whom so recently she had seen in apparent health, she cabled for confirmation. Louise replied, "It is true. Pray for me." On returning from Mount Vernon she heard that Emperor William had died, and on March 12th David Barton passed. When, in July, Annie Childs went, Clara felt more than ever desolate and her heart was sad for Louise.

With Dr. Hubbell she arrived, meantime, in the devastated city. "Everything is needed, every aid welcome," wrote the President of the Red Cross to United Press, Associated Press, and all Red Cross Societies. She organized schools—regular teachers holding back, waiting for assurance of salary—and opened relief rooms, all in charge of a women's committee headed by Enola Lee. Amid personal and general desolation, Clara rejoiced that this young worker of the *Throop* and *Mattie Belle* expeditions was about to be married, to Dr. Joseph Gardner.

A hitherto unpublished letter to Robert Ingersoll who, she remembered, had been examined in Mount Vernon for entrance to the Bar, tells him of conditions:

Mount Vernon, Ills.  
March 7, 1888.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll  
40 Wall Street, N. Y.

Dear Colonel:

My date will suffice to tell you where I am and suggest why I am here; and by the manner in which I hear you referred to, by the older and leading citizens of the town, the memory of the place, and the thought of what has befallen it must awaken in your mind sympathies more tender even than my own.

The pretty town has passed a terrible ordeal. Death and destruc-

tion have swept over it, and it lies in wreck and ruin, till either human help and energy, or the slow healing of time shall restore it. Its people are brave and noble. No complaints are made, but each came out grateful for life preserved.

Sixty acres in one plat, three weeks ago thickly covered with thriving homes of working men, today show only piles of broken bricks and scattered kindling wood. The people who, through hard, honest toil, owned and inhabited them, are crowded into the over-filled, and often half-wrecked, houses of others, a trifle more fortunate than they; or they lie in hospitals bruised and broken, or sadder still, under the freshly turned sods of new-made graves. Those who can are working bravely towards the erection of some kind of shelter. The public, with hearts generous like your own, is helping them; but the means come slowly, and the sum all told will be less than needed.

Several times, I have heard it indirectly spoken, "If Col. Ingersoll could only give one of his masterly lectures for our benefit," and so full of heart and confidence was the expression, that it comes to my thought to pass it on to Col. Ingersoll himself. It is well that he should know how warmly and hopefully he is turned to, by his old friends. They may never tell him this, but long ago I added to the true old adage of "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," another clause which, I think, more than any other principle has served to influence my actions in life. That is, What is nobody's business is *my* business. I act upon it in this matter, and you, my friend, will forgive me, for your heart is so good and kind you *can* do no other way.

With highest esteem, and kindest remembrance to your wife and daughters, I am, Colonel,

Most cordially yours  
Clara Barton

Whatever the Colonel did in this matter, relief flowed freely toward Mount Vernon. The Red Cross left with the Relief Committee a cash balance of \$90,000.

Two persons Clara met here would enter into her life for many years. Mrs. Hines, Directress of the Hospital, became Clara's aide and—later—secretary. "A woman of rare executive ability, combined with the qualities and accomplishments of a thorough lady." John Morlan was the other; at first, he would figure well; later, would bring sorrow and disappointment to the woman he now professed to admire and wished to serve.



Back in Washington, "travel dust yet on our garments and our trunks still unpacked," Clara took valiant part in the International Council of Women, the last week in March. A member of committees, an entertainer of guests, she addressed the assembly on the Red Cross. To Dr. Wilkes O'Neill, of Philadelphia, she wrote early in April that she was worked within an inch of her life, but would try to be present on the occasion his branch of the Society and his city had proposed. That proposal was "a reception in honor of the most sensible, practical, generous, courageous, modest, and talented woman one can hope to meet on either Continent. . . . The greatest woman in either our own or other lands." Clara would have her ups and downs with Philadelphia, but they would eventually erect a temporary column in her honor and would establish a Training School for Nurses in her memory.

En route to an Association of Congregational Churches at Montclair, New Jersey, she stopped in New York to help Sarah L. Stevens of the *New York Sun* with the preparation of an article on the Red Cross. Before that, she had accepted from the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association a Diploma and silver medal, recognizing her service to the Treaty of Geneva.

## 5

In August, 1888, yellow fever broke out in Jacksonville, Florida. At the first intimation of need, Clara called upon Colonel F. R. Southmayd, Secretary of the New Orleans Red Cross, to organize from "the old Howard Association," which had helped in the overflow of 1883, a body of nurses, white and black. He knew their value; obviously, the fever district did not know them, and trouble ensued. Burning with a sense of injustice, the Colonel got "involved in an unfortunate altercation with his superiors." Clara brought him to Washington, to aid the Central Committee. Southmayd never returned to the South, which he loved and for which he had fought.

In November, when frost killed the *Stegomyia* hordes—though nobody then knew why yellow fever simultaneously waned—Clara closed a discouraging campaign, one of unnecessary hardships. The Red Cross had expended \$15,000 for physicians and nurses.



## XVII

### FROM THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

#### 1

MAY 31, 1889 IS THE DATE OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD. THE Pennsylvania city, at the junction of the Little Conemaugh and Stony Creek, forming the Conemaugh River, was often overflowed by mountain torrents, the channels insufficient to carry off usual spring freshets. Ten miles or so above Johnstown, the Little Conemaugh had been dammed to form a lake, owned and frequented by a small plutocracy for fishing and hunting. After days of rain, which had already inundated Johnstown from three to twelve feet, the dam broke. Papers of that day tell graphically through articles and pictures how the moving wall of water rushed down to destroy four thousand human lives and millions of dollars in property.

Clara arrived on the first train that got through. Vividly she has written of five unspeakably hard months there, in rain and mud, sometimes in tents, sometimes without, "until we could build houses to shelter ourselves and those around us."

Pointing out a drygoods box, she said, "Make a drawer for the upper side. It will do for my desk," and there she conducted finances involving nearly a half-million dollars. From that desk as headquarters she directed distribution of constantly arriving food and clothing and saw that every box was acknowledged.

When the first wagon loads of bread drove in from Pitts-

burgh, Clara was already out in the drizzle, among bands of volunteers, climbing over iron rollers, broken timbers, and bent railroad tracks. Within a week carloads of lumber from Iowa and Illinois arrived and from this lumber was built the first Red Cross Hotel.

This relief, the first suddenly tremendous strain on the Red Cross, was borne without a quiver. But there were irritations: "Persons outside grew anxious that the receipt of goods was not acknowledged before they were received, that checks were not drawn and returned before the Bank safes were out of the mud." A printed slip remains to testify that she was careful.

Johnstown, Pa., July 18, 1889.

DEAR FRIEND:

You have very generously responded to the call for aid that has gone out to the world from the Conemaugh Valley, and we feel that you have honored the Red Cross by entrusting to us the distribution of your donations.

We have endeavored, although tardily sometimes when we were overcrowded with relief work, to acknowledge all of these donations, but in order that we may check everything and render a complete report, we would ask each donor to fill out the enclosed blank, giving the number and kind of packages of material and the amount of money sent us.

If these donations were sent at intervals, we would be pleased to receive on this list the aggregate of your several donations.

Thanking you in behalf of these suffering people, and also in behalf of the Red Cross, I am,       Very truly yours,

CLARA BARTON,

Pres. National Red Cross.



Through her management, workmen erected a big warehouse in four days, a home for housing and dispensing everything but money. They put up almost as quickly a hotel two stories high, containing thirty-five rooms, kitchen, laundry, baths, a dining-room and a sitting-room. Fully furnished, it was conducted by a woman who had floated away in her house, climbed to the roof, been lodged in a treetop and rescued. When this Locust Street Red Cross Hotel justified itself, in the comfort of many families, another was built across the river; and then another structure was formed in a block for separate families. Portable houses, moreover, were asked for thirty patients, and these were supplied by the Flood Commission for Almshouses.

At the end, Clara turned over to the Benevolent Union of Conemaugh Valley the warehouse and remaining stock, the care of the hospital, a trained clerk with papers and accounts of relief work. She had employed fifty men and women—housed, fed, and paid, except volunteers, who would accept nothing. She rendered full accounts of her epic struggle in which over 25,000 people had been aided at a cost of approximately \$250,000.

Before she left with her staff, which included Enola Lee (now Mrs. Gardner) and John Morlan, she was guest of honor, on October 24th, at a great reception in Morrell Institute. Multitudes proved too heavy for the floor, weakened in the flood; it cracked and sagged. All adjourned, unharmed, to the Red Cross Hotel in Locust Street. . . . "Never were God and humanity more closely linked than in stricken Johnstown. This has been Miss Barton's work and nobly has she done it."

When in the spring of 1890 the city had advanced in reconstruction, Clara was informed that the Red Cross houses of '89, needed throughout the winter, were now unnecessary. Dr. Hubbell, who remained through the first half of 1890, at once ordered them vacated. Clara's intention was to present the timbers to families not yet above want, but lumber dealers pro-

tested that would be unfair to the trade. "I am not prepared to say," wrote Clara, "that our quiet Field Agent in charge did not find resting places for very much of this material in still needy homes, where it did no harm to any one and for which no one but the pitiful recipients were the wiser."

Through salvage of the lumber from the Johnstown Red Cross Hotels, Clara Barton House at Glen Echo, Maryland, became a reality. The building stands on ground presented to Clara by the twin Baltzley brothers, Edmund and Edward, just before Glen Echo—now a flourishing suburb of Washington—rose into an ephemeral Chautauqua, with streets named for Oxford, Harvard, Vassar, and other colleges. After failure of the Chautauqua ruined financially many speculators, some past retrieval, other promoters established there an amusement center, with hot dog stands and scenic railways, to which all Washington trolleys or motors out on summer evenings.

But Clara Barton House, though apparently one of the group of buildings, is circumferenced by a spiritual remoteness that needs not even the thickly growing trees to protect its seclusion. The peace Clara sought there still envelops the place. Its preferred outlook is upon the immediately steep bluff, bosomed high in oak and hickory and sycamore, the canal constructed by George Washington—recently restored—and, beyond, the broad Potomac. Clara's home for twenty years until—and after—she deeded it "with all contents" to Dr. Hubbell, it was his for seventeen years after her death. The interior hemlock timbers are rich with the patina of age, still giving off their seasoned fragrance; the balustrade rises easily to the second floor and circles the stair well, fit foundation for once bright flags presented by the nations of the world. Above and below, doors of rooms and suites open upon generous halls.

To one approaching from Washington, by Conduit Road or Massachusetts Avenue, the front appears semi-castellated: at each side of the white façade rises a dark turret. In one was built a vault for protection of Red Cross documents. The front



middle window of the second story bears five panes of red glass in the familiar insignia.

Before the Johnstown Hotels were demolished, however, Dr. Hubbell fell ill, spending a time in a Chicago Infirmary. Soon a Dakota famine threatened, and he was inquiring whether he should travel on to investigate. Clara discovered Dakota could get along without aid, and her eye was particularly wide for any neighborhood that might try to "Come Texas" on the Red Cross. Dakota had no such intention, and all was well. Dr. Hubbell recuperated at the home of his brother-in-law, Professor Goodyear, in Cedar Rapids. Clara, meanwhile, rested in Washington and later at Bedford, Indiana, with the Gardners. Thence, when in late March, a cyclone swept through part of Kentucky, she despatched Dr. Hubbell to the region. He reported that West Louisville and Metropolis had suffered most and, at Clara's instructions, gave some alleviation.

Early this year Clara was invited, so she wrote "Bub" (Dr. Hubbell) still in Johnstown, to join a land syndicate to the amount of \$5,000 or—if she desired—\$10,000. The syndicalist, a friend of hers, thought the Kalorama lots best and offered her four near the present terminus of Massachusetts Avenue. She bought these on the installment plan, with the view of leaving them to the Red Cross.

After five months of mud and water and hardship at Johnstown, she enjoyed her home at 947 T Street. A substitute, in Mrs. Hines's absence as Secretary for Dr. Hubbell, helped with voluminous correspondence; Marion Balcom came as semi-guest, semi-worker; Washington provided entertainment.

Long-neglected animals now received some of her attention. Jim, the horse, was troubled with a bad eye. "Dr. Grenfell has examined it and says it is ophthalmia and may be very hard to cure. . . . Jim is very nice about having it washed and tended—will let Alfred or me hold a wet cloth on almost any length of time and seems to know we are trying to help him." In June, after returning from Bedford, she mentions "Jumbo" as a

mighty hunter. "He has just carried a big rat to Marion in the parlor. She had to take it out with the tongs, but *he* thought it was a splendid gift, no doubt." Household routine flowed smoothly, "the wash all out at noon on Mondays."

In a letter to "Bub," at Johnstown, she says: "The Patriotic Musical comes off tomorrow night at Lincoln Music Hall. I am to be come for  $\frac{1}{4}$  8." The entertainment would consist of the old war songs and a show of dark lantern slides, her likeness among them. She would sit in a box, with the Red Cross for drapery. The General, whose guest she was, would make the address. She had two tickets. Wouldn't Bubby come down early and go? She would not interfere with the best interests at Johnstown. "She only tells him how it is, and invites him," she ends in the third person. "He will be *perfectly free to do just as he dern please.*"

The pause continued throughout 1891. In April, she was still in Washington, whence she wrote Frances E. Willard regarding a memorial to Susan B. Anthony at the forthcoming Chicago World's Fair. In midsummer, with Stevé, who sought return of health in the far West, she camped eight days in Yellowstone Park. Myrtis, with Stevé's second wife, and Dr. Hubbell were also of the party, which trekked on to the Cascade Range and the shores of Lake Chelan.

Beside the lake they lived out of doors, Stevé bringing in game and fish, prime articles of diet. Mornings, Clara and the Doctor cleared the breakfast table under the trees, and set it up as a desk, covered with "letters, papers, satchels, pens, ink, pencils." The lake stretched, a blue crystal, in front of the tent; mountains rose up from both banks, and roundabout were small evergreens. In the mild temperature, all slept on fir branches. Shut off from the world, yet within easy communication, Clara lived for a little while as she liked to live or liked to think she liked to live.

In 1891 and '92, in the interim, was erected the house at Glen Echo, already described. Late in 1891, needing a more



central town house for greater convenience, Clara settled temporarily in the General Grant mansion at Seventeenth and F Streets. Before June, 1892, she was satisfied with the location and signed a three-year lease, promising to make improvements on the inside while the landlord restored the exterior.

## 2

Before she moved to the Grant mansion, however, a far-off field was calling for help. In 1889 and '90 the Russian harvest had fallen below the average; in '91 it was, in a large tract of Central Russia, almost a total failure, with some thirty million people in danger of starvation. The mid-Western United States labored actively, through B. F. Tillinghast, Editor of the Davenport *Democrat*, and Miss Alice French ("Octave Thanet") with others, to send relief. Iowa was chief in a generous gift of corn—225 carloads—delivered to New York. There, it was unloaded on the *Tynehead*, which set off in April, on the long journey to Riga.

The Red Cross Conference met at Rome in April of this year; from it as delegate Dr. Hubbell progressed northward and met the *Tynehead* on her arrival in early May.

Apart from severely business and altruistic phases, Dr. Hubbell's report sounds like a schoolboy's romance of high adventure on far steppes, with Russian peasants, noblemen, and their most famous Count. When he stepped off the train at Riga, he was told that two hundred and fifty men had been waiting on the dock two days, watching for the *Tynehead*. They relieved each other at unloading, day and night, until the American Consul advised them to rest; then when the last bag of flour, bushel of corn, strip of bacon and item of sundries had been shifted to freight cars, they refused all pay. They had worked for hungry brothers far inland.

Dr. Hubbell set off to the province of Nijni Novgorod, by way of Moscow, where Count Bobrinskoy telegraphed that his brother would accompany the Doctor if desired. He visited the

peasants' huts and came at length to Count Tolstoi's home, where he slept in the library surrounded by English and American books and magazines. When the Count said good-by, he added, "From what I have heard of Miss Barton, I feel that she must be a very near relation. Please give her my love."

Continuing his journey, either distributing supplies or learning conditions in the wake of consignees, Dr. Hubbell reported that American aid saved thousands of lives. He saw the United States corn ground in windmills, made into rye and Indian loaves, and baked in great brick ovens.

He did not tell of the gift received through the Russian Imperial Legation at Washington, May 27, 1893, a gold cloisonné tea service (see illustration, page 314), with this letter:

Dear Sir

Before leaving my country for the United States, I had the great satisfaction to receive a special order of his Majesty, the Emperor, my most gracious Sovereign, to present tokens of his Majesty's gratitude to the American citizens who, moved by philanthropic feelings toward the suffering population of our country, came over to Russia last year and attended personally the distribution of the aid, for which they contributed largely with the generous American people.

I avail myself of the presence of our men-of-war in Philadelphia, from which harbor sailed the first ship with flour for Russia, to tender to you, dear Sir, on the day of the Coronation of their Majesties, this case containing a piece of Russian art, as a remembrance of the feelings left behind you.

Very sincerely yours

Cantacuzene

A high moment for the Field Agent of the American Red Cross, but not so high as that when he knew he had fed 700,000 people for one month with an American gift delivered by a ship chartered through the Benevolent Order of Elks and the people of the National Capital.

### 3

In Washington, more grain arrived for Russia, forwarded by John Morlan at Clara's direction. The President of the Red



RUSSIAN IMPERIAL LEGATION,  
WASHINGTON.

May 27. 1873

Dear Sir,

Before leaving my country for the United States I had the great satisfaction to receive a special order of His Majesty the Emperor, my most gracious Sovereign, to present tokens of His Majesty's gratitude to the American citizens, who moved by philanthropic and friendly feelings towards the suffering population of our country, came over to Russia last year and attended personally the distribution of the aid, for which they contributed largely with the generous American people.

I avail myself of the presence of our men-of-war in Philadelphia, from which harbor sailed the first ship with flour for Russia, to tender to you, dear Sir, on the day of the Coronation of Their Majesties, this case containing a piece of Russian art, as a remembrance of the feelings you left behind you.

Very sincerely yours,  
Cantacuzene

Dr. Hubbell

PRINCE CANTACUZENE'S LETTER TO DR. HUBBELL



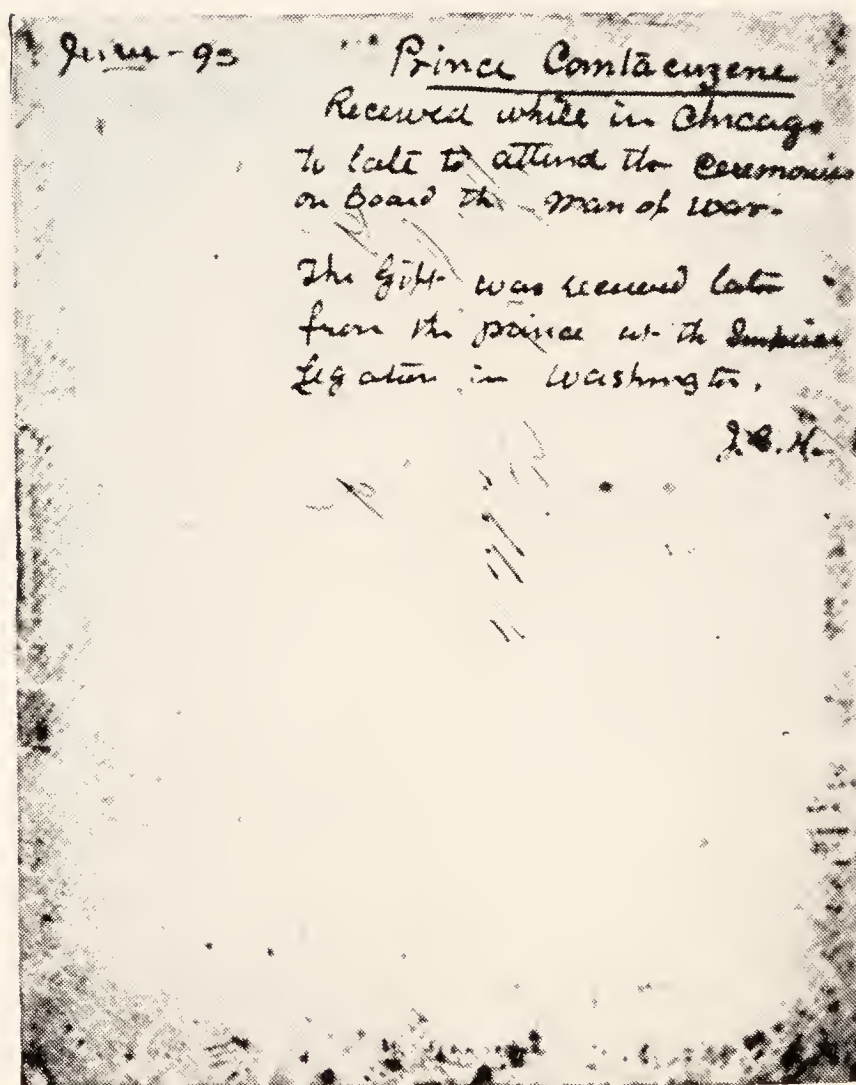
CLOISONNÉ SET PRESENTED, THROUGH PRINCE CANTACU-  
ZENE, TO DR. JULIAN B. HUBBELL, BY THE CZAR OF RUSSIA,  
1893

Now the property of Lena Hubbell Chamberlain's son, William  
Chamberlain





INSCRIPTION ON THE  
CLOISONNÉ SET



DR. HUBELL'S NOTATION ON THE BACK  
OF PRINCE CANTACUZENE'S LETTER

Cross was herself occupied with the idea of a Red Cross Journal, inviting to her home the staff of Kate Field's *Washington*, "to speak about the way to run a magazine." She negotiated with Professor Goodyear, Dr. Hubbell's brother-in-law, to edit an official organ, but when he fell ill she abandoned the project. Strongly tempted by the idea of a Journal, she was aware that a fortune might be lost in the effort to establish it; she had no fortune to lose.

An instance of that inverted reciprocity from more than one whom she trusted or loved belongs to this summer of '92. With friends she drove to the Glen Echo house, left in the care of a woman known through the diary as "L——." Clara had been robbed of personal possessions—"nice piece goods of years," foreign articles—all made up into dresses and hanging in ——'s room. "I commenced to clear them out; there is no describing the appearance and quantity of the clearing. More than two persons could carry at once. I recovered things till dark." Clara wished to stay all night, but the friends were "afraid" for her, and she left after seeing L—— who was going to commit suicide that night. Later, she learned that L—— had kept open house and distributed the wealth at Glen Echo among neighbors and townspeople. . . . "L—— had so much stored for herself, the man could not get the box up the hill. . . . Morlan goes from one to another to recover the hidden wrecks, for several days."

After Clara had left her home at Glen Echo the last time, covered with the stars and stripes, priceless rugs would disappear from halls and rooms, the flags would be dispersed; some of her diaries would be offered in the market. Thanks to a dealer in books and scripts, three of the most important journals are among Bartoniana in the National Red Cross building: at the information of the dealer, the librarian rescued all. How these things came to be would require a small volume, which would relate the fortunes of Clara Barton House and Dr. Hubbell's efforts to hold it against duplicity and charlatanism. Oddly



enough, the story has its origin in Clara's presence at "spiritualistic séances," so called, in the closing years of her life. (See page 422.) Briefly, after death Clara "appeared" to a "medium" who had known her well but whose name is not mentioned in this volume and "ordered" her to get control of the Glen Echo house and to transfer it to the "medium," who would establish a monument such as Clara had wished. The pretended "medium"—who not a "medium" while Clara lived, was trusted by her and so by the Doctor—so exactly imitated Clara's voice and diction as to shake the sound structure of Dr. Hubbell's mind and the minds of others. The "medium" successfully hoodwinked one lawyer, the story goes, out of \$30,000 by her plausibilities, and otherwise ran a career of the most brazenly fraudulent practice. She got control of Clara Barton House, but established no monument. In a word, the Courts returned Clara Barton House to Dr. Hubbell, the decision reportedly depending upon a similar case in England, where a "medium" had likewise tricked a man of property. All this amazing and seemingly impossible chain of wickedness was after 1912. Praise to the Doctor, he preserved inviolate the hiding place of the diaries and other documents.

For a space in 1893, trivially important details engaged Clara, still at Seventeenth and F Streets. For the New Year's reception, Friday the 13th, and the "little dance" afterward, she paid "heavy bills." On the 14th, she saw Susan B. Anthony at the Willard Hotel and agreed to speak about Harriet Austin (see *supra*, page 225). But to her the Suffragists now "all seemed very strange. I have no affiliation with them." Lone Eagle, more than ever, for she was also a Suffragist. Yet she honored Susan by appearing at the big reception at the Willard on the 20th of January.

John Morlan now spoke to her of a tentative plan whereby Dr. Gardner and Enola would deed to her a square mile or so of their many acres for a Red Cross farm. Seeing large implications and fired by the incentive to organize a greater organiza-

tion, she sent Morlan to Bedford, Indiana, to talk with the Gardners.

At this time, Dr. E. W. Egan—at his own request—associated himself with the more or less dormant staff; Dr. Hubbell, back from Russia, was writing his report; and, memorably, a call came from “Mr. George H. Pullman, husband of Margaret McDonald,” and namesake-nephew of George M., the sleeping-car magnate. Might he not help in the work of the Red Cross?

4

Dr. Joseph Gardner wrote, on February 10, 1893, that he would like to dedicate a tract of land as a thank-offering to humanity. For admirable reasons he desired this gift for the stricken of the earth to be under Miss Clara Barton's supervision. On the 782 acres were a village, a post office, barns, tenant houses, orchards, forests, groves of sugar maple, quarries of Oölitic stone, a beautiful river frontage of one mile, and springs of excellent water. A railway trunk line passed through the tract; it was three hours from Louisville, four from Cincinnati. If, as he hoped, she accepted the trust he also hoped that other benevolent persons might erect educational, charitable, or philanthropic edifices as might be needed; they might also assist in stocking the stables, parks, and pastures, to meet benevolent demands.

Upon Clara's acceptance, he sent the deed, dated March 15, 1893. Shorn of legal terminology, it conveys from Joseph and Enola Gardner to Clara Barton for the sum of one dollar and further consideration certain described real estate in Lawrence County, Indiana, to have and to hold for a National Headquarters of the American Red Cross. The “further consideration” was that during her life Clara should have absolute control of the lands with appurtenances, products, and incidental choses in action, with power to name her successor in the same. If she failed to appoint such successor, the Gardners, or either



of the couple, or their assigns should have power to govern and manage the trust.

With a letter rapidly written in pencil, on St. Patrick's Day, to Dear Miss Barton, Dr. Gardner sent the deed for her inspection, "and you can make any change you see fit—if you think any necessary—and return for change. It is, I think, so well-guarded that schemers will have no show."

Among the hundreds of ideal commonwealths, from Plato's through Sir Thomas More's and Lord Verulam's to those of the present, this—though in miniature—was apparently the most practically based. It failed. Here is a volume of unpublished letters: some, pungently amusing, reveal the Clara who in that first year and some years afterward sent and received them; others report doings at the farm, where John Morlan was placed in charge; others, from a wise old mother, ominous in her seeing poor management; still others betray unhappy, and finally terminated, relations between the donors and the spendthrift, or apparently spendthrift, Morlan. To round fully the portrait of Clara Barton and to illustrate the unrealizable nature of Utopian visions, these letters should be published. The story is too long to be included fully in this biography; but it may be glimpsed, a wheel back of other wheels, in the machinery of Clara's life for some ten years.

Preliminary to the formal transfer of property, the Gardners visited Clara and were honor guests at one of her "big" receptions. That one gathering illustrates how inexpensively she provided for her social functions. A man to introduce the guests cost three dollars; another, to direct refreshments, three dollars. Salads and jellies were made at home; of the ice-cream, that not used was returned. Tables, placed by accommodating friends, were ready on the morning of the reception. "Mr. and Mrs. DeGraw most helpful," observes the diary. On this particular night, newly inaugurated President Harrison "received" for his cabinet, and there was a night session of Congress; but at Seventeenth and F there was press enough: "Over 2,000 persons

from 8½ to midnight. Dr. and Enola were charming; the guests all seemed to enjoy it."

"I wore white satin," she continues. "Enola, white lansdowne with scarlet trimmings. Marion Balcom was very sweet and graceful. Dr. Hubbell helped everywhere, full of good will and good acts. A finer party of receivers is seldom seen. The men were as genial as the ladies," a notable sight with their handsome badges. A hundred guests at a time were seated in the hall, constantly going and coming for over four hours.

The Gardeners remained long enough to help draft the formal letter of acceptance of the farm, a document cannily held back from the Associated Press until "inauguration news would be over a little."

"Wrote MEA a long account of the reception and the gift." This entry and similar entries for a number of years reveal nothing of Dr. Hubbell's romance, though the chances are that Clara never once forgot, after she was aware of it, until she was quite certain it had ended.

On the occasion of a Red Cross Conference, perhaps that at Karlsruhe in 1887, when Julian Hubbell was just forty years of age, Clara dispatched him a short distance to bring back with him a charming young woman then studying in Switzerland. She had greatly admired Clara and from her Newport home, where she lived with a maid and a secretary, had taken some part in the Red Cross organization. Through the initials of her name she had become "Mea" to Clara; soon, she was "Mea" to Julian. They were mutually attracted, and those best acquainted with Dr. Hubbell say they wished to be married. For some years, from existing evidence, they looked toward matrimony. From Red Cross Farm the Doctor sent the most luscious berries, preserved for Mea. From Newport Mea sent trinkets of gold and silver and precious gems specially ordered for him and his nieces.

"Why, then, were they not married?" asks somebody at this far remove.



Julian had told Clara he would dedicate his life to her and the Red Cross.

“But couldn’t he be married and continue to serve the Red Cross, too?”

Again, those who knew the three of them say, “Anybody who believes such a thing possible knew neither Mea, Clara nor Julian.”

In a word, Clara had not the slightest desire to share the Doctor. From one aspect, she was the doting mother who wishes the happiness of a son none the less tied to her apron strings. He was, she was well aware, her sole help and reliance as the one Red Cross Field Agent. Surely, she must have guessed that Mea finally urged Julian to break away. While Mea pleaded with him and Julian was torn between love and duty, as he conceived duty, Mea made her Will, leaving him all of her considerable fortune.

Gradually Mea—whose will was also strong—recognized that Julian could do no other than stand by Clara. She destroyed the Will in his favor; honorably, she could not leave her wealth to a man who had rejected her for a cause—if that cause must keep them apart.

“It was a hard decision,” says one who loved him, “but C. B.’s domination won. Like a strong-willed parent she commanded. . . . To the end, he cherished every gift and thought of Mea.” One of her presents dear to him was a scarf-pin, his birthstone set among four small pearls. It is among his relics. “You are seemingly careless with that pin,” one of the family jested, when he was an old man. “How is it you never lose it?”

“My dear,” he replied, “I know where it is every night before I go to sleep.”

Arguing in that mauve decade, “He would say when we talked to him about it, ‘What will become of C. B.? Old—family will do nothing for her.’ So he did as a faithful son would have done for his mother. Loyalty—so rare—nothing short of the marvelous—for a person and a cause which to him were identical.”

Toward the end, Mea—justly or unjustly—avoided Clara. “Her last gift [to Julian], a beautiful suit-case made to order—his initials engraved on the lock—she did not send to him but to his old mid-Western home, with the request that it should *never* come to C. B.’s home—and it never did.”

While that case was being fashioned had she expected it to be used on a honeymoon? Beautiful and charming, Mea died before Clara.

Notes on financial transactions throughout the years indicate Clara’s continued care in handling money. “Had borrowed \$2,000 on three bonds,” for example, “and had paid interest on them. I now redeem them with the rent money of the T Street property.”

In the Chicago World’s Fair she was not eager to participate. “I shrink from it and all concerned with it. I seem to be afraid of it, have no confidence in its methods.” She planned to entertain foreign guests at the National Headquarters in Washington. “It will be more impressive for all, every one of whom will visit Washington before returning home.” Receiving with the poet, “Grace Greenwood,” meeting the Legion of Loyal Women, going with Mrs. Hitz to the meeting of the Geographical Society, she was greeted everywhere with congratulations on the Red Cross farm. The day Dr. Gardner mailed the deed, March 17th, she presided over a kindergarten meeting in her home, to which came Mrs. Grover Cleveland and others who filled the hall “with the most excellent audience that could have been desired. I had refreshments in the back parlor, good fires against the cold outside, and all went off well.” Kate Field was on hand, “and very helpful.”

On the 20th, the *Post* of Washington published the letter of acceptance of the farm, with a letter-editorial by Colonel Hinton. “Nothing so good or strong has ever been written on the Red Cross.”

While the days passed, free of active duty, Clara planned a new Incorporation, a Constitution, selection of new members,



President and Cabinet to be obtained as a Board of Consultation; Trustees, printing of Red Cross histories. "Among other things," she jots down with equal seriousness, "To Sutherland Sisters for two combs, five bottles hair dressing, and two boxes shampooing material." If she had a single vanity it was, in early life, an abundance of long black hair, variously reported as early as 1884—by newspapers on the route of her river journeys—"black touched with gray," "quite gray," and "raven black." Before her death a friend said to her, "You haven't a single gray hair in your head!" "Oh, yes!" retorted Clara to the gentleman, "I think there is one somewhere." Black hair suited her better than gray; black she commanded, and black it was.

## 5

A companion-piece to the letter written long since in Dansville (page 246) is a long diary note, beginning April 13th: "I observed that Tommy was not well. He fled from the kitchen and lay in the back store room. He did not eat.

"April 14. I found him worse, got him and made up his basket which had been cast off, and hearing some hard remarks from the mistress of the kitchen, I took the little sick fellow up to my chamber. He would eat only a mouthful of his fresh steak, took some water, and purred every time he was touched or spoken to as if to show his gratitude. Toward evening, he left his basket and came to the little table where I sat and lay down at my feet.

"At bedtime, thinking he would be more comfortable below, the Dr. took him in his basket to the lower story. I never saw him again.

"He left his basket and went to the coolest place he could find on the stone floor. The Dr. remained with him a good deal, and at daylight went to him, found him very weak but still able to purr his little note of thanks for a few minutes, when he gave a little shiver and was gone. . . . Poor little faithful friend, farewell.

"April 15. Stevé returned this morning. How sad and sore my heart was. I felt for the letter I had felt it my duty to write to Stevé, sorry he had not gotten it, for now I must go over it with him, and here was my little dead friend to be put away.

"We found a box and lined it with new cotton flannel, laid nice batting under, made a little pillow of it for his head, brushed his fur till it was white, smooth and glossy as in his good days, laid him in his box, covered a white silk handkerchief over him, still another layer of cotton flannel, had the lid lined, and carefully screwed down, marked on the top

T O M M Y  
Aged 17 Years  
April 15, 1893.

"We stood around his box as reverently and tearfully as if some more important body had been there—Stevé, Dr. Egan, Dr. Hubbell, Bessie [Miss Jacobs, stenographer] and I—all true and sincere mourners of the faithful, intelligent little creature that had gone from us after so many happy years. He had given a great deal of happiness to us all, and had filled his place in life well. At night, Dr. H. and I put him in his little grave under my window."

In one of Clara's homes still hangs a life-size portrait of Tommy, painted by Antoinette Margot on her visit to America.

Stevé prepared papers for Incorporation of the Red Cross, just as Profesor Billroth and Dr. Prix (of the *Good Samaritan*) proposed to call a Convention to consider relief of great calamities. Unthinkable! "This will interfere directly with my 'American Amendment,'" said she, and immediately corralled her forces—Minna translating, "Brother Joseph" Sheldon offering legal services, John Hitz advising. After much time and worry, she defeated the proposal.

A typical day of this spring, 1893, suggests her varied business and friendly acts. On April 29th she and Dr. Hubbell went, with Kennan, and DeGraw (of the Postmaster General's Department), to the Loan and Trust for signing the Incorporation



papers, then to Bruce for filing and registering the papers. Afterward, she called at the office of the chief of the mail bag department, requesting a place for a woman to mend sacks. Through a clerk, she was sent on to an Assistant Postmaster General, who promised the place upon her endorsement. Glad to bear good news, she walked on to see the poor woman who needed the work. "While I'm out, I may as well call to see Papa and Mama Holmes," she remarked to herself, tripping along. And after that, it was but a step to visit Mary Barton at 947 T Street, and then another friend or so.

Showers threatened as she climbed aboard a street-car. Soon the clouds were emptying themselves and Clara rode a long time to escape getting wet. At length, she descended to buy groceries, and hurried on home. There "A South Carolinian (scamp, I guess) called to ask me a loan of 100 dollars." He was doubtless sent off without it. Then she received one Mr. Bowles, who "called to bring his patent-applied-for invalid ward for contagious diseases." John Hitz called. "Wrote Sam, Mrs. Smith, Dr. Goodwin, Mr. Cudworth and others."

The Reincorporation was accepted at a harmonious meeting; Associate Societies were discussed; copies of the Report were ordered in print.

Next day, May 5th, George H. Pullman asked to work on commission for revenue of the Red Cross. "I feel more and more inclined to set him to work," wrote Clara. George H. sincerely admired Clara. He called her "Queen." That was, of course, amusing and more than possibly gratifying to a lady well over seventy.

From May 15th to July 15th she was in the Midwest, whither she summoned G. H. P., sending him an advance of two or three hundred dollars. He arrived, after losing the money or having it stolen on the journey. "Some things make me very sad," observed Clara. Then the whole truth came out. G. H. P. needed the "Keeley Cure," and got it. If Clara once accepted a man or woman, she was that man's or woman's best friend.

Aided by the Gardners, she packed him off to Charlestown, Indiana, a hundred miles or so distant, where he obediently resigned himself to the "cure" and came out in record time, a model of sobriety. If he "relapsed," no word ever fell from Clara's lips on the subject. On the contrary, so impressed was she by the beneficent results of Dr. Keeley's system as to express the hope for a branch of his establishment at Red Cross Farm.

While Pullman was at Charlestown, she planned much else for the Park, though certain notes indicate the management was doomed to failure if—as "Kitty" would have said—no "amelioration" occurred. The first day she drove out with the Gardners, for example, she noticed that a horse had been cut on a wire fence; three days later, "another horse badly cut." Yet things were growing: "We bring home beans, lettuce, greens," and so on. Next day Morlan's account was overdrawn. Later, "Morlan and his horse won first prize, \$125." That was at the county fair. On the Fourth of July, all went to the trotting race. "Morlan's Jefferson clay trotter won second."

"Wouldn't Clara have objected to entry of Red Cross Farm stock in races for money?" has been asked. Not in the least. Had she suspected dishonesty on the part of the Red Cross employees in racing or elsewhere, her disapproval would have burned the sinner as with the branding-iron used on his own cattle. She loved horses and loved an honest race. It has been stated that she did not eat much meat. In her older age she ate little of anything. But on the Continent, around the age of fifty, she often had a plate of steak for breakfast; and at least one record in England, in '72 or '73, mentions dinner as consisting solely of bacon. It has been said she never played cards; her familiarity with Euchre and Seven Up is not only implicit but explicit. It has been said that she never drank wine; she drank little else in Corsica. Always, she was moderate and always believed in temperance, with a capital T. It has been said that she was this or that as a church-woman. Again, the fact is that her mind was always open to negation of any religion. Yet she was religious,



though never becoming a church communicant. And her chief religion was doing good on earth.

While in the West, she went twice to the Chicago Fair and spoke at the Woman's Building on the Red Cross; later in the Governor's Room saying "a few words." At the Fair she designed a Red Cross Exhibit, abandoned when the Chicago Society declared they could not meet the expense and when Clara refused to call upon other Branches—"Not in my line." Destiny was still watching over this daughter: she and Dr. Hubbell were in the Art Building when the floor collapsed, injuring a number, but neither was hurt.

At French Lick, that summer, she read a paper before a gathering of Surgeons, accepting membership on the Hospital Committee. There, also, she met for the first and only time James Whitcomb Riley, Hoosier poet.

No sooner had she returned to Washington than Morlan was asking her to send \$1200. Her account at Riggs's was overdrawn by some \$200—and Dr. Hubbell was not on hand to advise. He had gone to Pomeroy, Iowa, after the cyclone there and was busy with relief. She wrote Morlan she could not meet the terms. "I ought to stop this life, for which I have neither the fitness nor the means." Fit she was. Means on a large scale she had not. And now the Red Cross was past the short-dress stage, in a growing teen girl's clothes, bursting at seams. Clara has been labeled parsimonious, even stingy—meanest of all mean words—but she was economical to be the more altruistic. She would not eat an apple that cost ten cents—not if she knew the cost. Her friends sometimes practised small deceptions, knowing she liked the fruit better than anything else.

Just now, she dug up \$1,000—doubtless one of her Bonds—and wrote a check to meet the overdraft. And since she was spending money she might as well help a niece who was about to lose her house and lot for lack of money to pay taxes. "Sent her check on Brown Brothers to pay taxes and interest."

In late August, Pullman came back, a cured man. "I decide,"

wrote Clara, "to make a change in our social methods for more real and vigorous work." Work of another sort real and vigorous was about to draw her for the third time to South Carolina. War and earthquake had preceded; now came storm and tidal wave. On the night of August 27, 1893, the Sea Islands Hurricane took toll of some 5,000 lives.



## XVIII

### SEA ISLANDS HURRICANE; ARMENIAN RELIEF

#### 1

**S**WEEPING UP FROM THE SOUTH, THE WIND AND SUCCEEDING tidal wave temporarily erased the Sea Islands. In the words of Joel Chandler Harris, who went as investigator for *Scribner's Magazine*,\* he traveled into "a situation that has possibly never had a counterpart at any previous time or in any other region on this Continent." The Atlantic Ocean struck with such fury nobody was left to describe accurately what occurred, though details gave glimmerings of the total catastrophe. There were those who knew what had been and what was; "but between what was and what is lies the cataclysm of the storm. The curtains of the night flapped over it; the cavernous clouds enveloped it; the raging tempest drowned it; the thundering tide covered it. The leaf from the tree, the ship from the sea, and man that was set to rule over all, became companion atoms, and all were caught by the storm and hurled into chaos."

When Clara read the reports, around September 1st, she felt sure from intimate knowledge of the Islands that no relief would be necessary, for no human being would be left to receive it. But hearing that the Governor of South Carolina was anxious, she called at once upon Senator Butler to say she was ready if needed. The Governor asked, "What does the Red Cross do besides nurse?" Not all its offices were yet apparent

\* See *Scribner's Magazine*, February, 1894, pp. 229-247.

even to the highest Executive of a State not far from National Headquarters. Pullman and Clara each sent bales of clippings. Evidently some of the gubernatorial staff read enough to wire, "Come."

By the 15th, with doctors, nurses, assistants, and in the company of the Governor, Clara was at Beaufort. Next day she began a tour of investigation, steaming to Paris Island with the Captain in charge of the Port Royal district, continuing the next day, hottest of the season, with Governor Tillman to Charleston, via the Islands. The Committee asked the Red Cross to take over the work of relief. On the 17th, they had breakfast on Sampson Island. "Gave our rations," wrote Clara, "to a darkey on Sampson."

By the end of September, she had surveyed the largest, most harrowing domain yet begging her ministration. "It is a great undertaking to feed, clothe, work, doctor, and nurse 30,000 human beings for 8 months, and do it all upon charity gathered as one goes along." She set down as simply as that a mission comparable only with that of royal appointments to islands of the sea. With a difference. The royally-appointed governor has a royal home and salary. Yet this slight, aging woman, so believed in herself, and the helpers and supporters of the Red Cross, as voluntarily to do all, hoping for charity gathered as she progressed, living in roughest quarters.

She would suffer moments of irresolution: "Tomorrow [October 1] will be the first day that we shall stand in this great work by ourselves, with no help, no funds back of us, and no one to create them. It is a perilous situation. If we fail we are lost." The Red Cross must not be lost. She met the Islands Committee of Relief and made the members an Advisory Board.

When eleven delegations from as many islands called, she gave out turnip seeds and telegraphed Senator Butler for more. Nobody knew better than she how quickly the warm southern soil transmutes seed to plants. While her men got ready a warehouse, she wrote to New England friends for aid, to her never



refused. Response was also lively from stricken areas that had already benefited by Red Cross relief.

While a letter from Pullman, published in New York, brought one check for \$1,000, New Orleans papers told of a devastating storm on the Gulf. That region wanted Clara Barton. She could spare not a moment from the Sea Islands. No matter. Again in Mr. Harris's words, "Scarcely a bush or tree was left for charity to hang her gray hood upon," and New Orleans relieved the survivors.

When contributions from Charleston, Columbia and New York swelled the \$8,000 unspent funds of the local relief committees, Clara authorized the men so to canvass the Islands "as to compass it all." She stopped immediate hunger, and "commenced the second week with rush, begging, and turmoil." To Philadelphia offering help, she telegraphed, "Send nails, hatchets, and saws." In the nervous bustle and confusion, "I lose all speech; I cannot talk . . . Cannot sleep." In a day or so she got "control."

She engaged a Carolinian to deliver 500,000 feet of Southern pine lumber at various points, where islanders picked it up by raft and deposited it at sites for houses. To make whole and strong the clothing that daily arrived in great boxes, she established sewing societies of the colored women who had lost all. "There will be no promiscuous giving," she said, "and none on insufficient evidence of its need." From St. Helena, Cotton Hope, Ladies, and Wadmalaw and all others came women to sew.

Early she rationed the applicants, doling out a pound of bacon and a peck of grits for the week to each family—all the supplies would afford. Sufficient for life if not the pursuits of happiness. She would not pauperize the simple, dignified Negro men and women of these Islands. In October, fearing a famine or that some reporter would declare one, "and we be held responsible for appearing to occupy the field of relief, and keeping others, especially the government, out of it till want and dis-

grace come," she determined to go before Congress. She would request \$50,000 to be employed in labor only, to enable men to support their families through the winter. While others remained on the field, she and Pullman returned to Washington. The plea to Congress she sums up with sardonic humor: Senator Butler called Mr. Hoar, and Senator Cockerell of Missouri. "The subject was named and nearly threw poor Cockerell into spasms, but Senator Hoar [who was from her home State and knew her well], wished to lay it before the Senate as a 'Memorial.' Mr. Pullman wrote. I presented it next day to Senator Hoar and by him to the Senate. The discussion occupied two days and ten pages of the Congressional Record. The subject was lost sight of in the personalities and the Memorial was lost, of course."

Yet through her wisdom the main object had been gained: to let people and government know the condition of the Sea Islands "and thus clear ourselves of blame if we cannot avert a famine. I felt that I could return in safety now, no one could blame us for not telling the danger, nor for not asking government aid." She had, besides, other business in Washington. Through DeGraw and Hoke Smith she laid before the Cabinet a request for two boats. She was given the *Morell* and *Boutwell*, sent down to deliver clothing and foodstuffs.

News of the Red Cross farm was not cheerful. Morlan wrote that \$1250 was needed to keep additional land that had been purchased for the Park. "No way to pay it but from my other money and draw the amount from Mary Barton, which is to be deducted from the \$5,000 when paid or let up by the Star Company."

Back in Beaufort Clara heard rumblings of the storm that would need ten years fully to gather and break over her head. Her men were uneasy: several carloads of supplies had been dropped at Charleston; two had been left at Port Royal—all must be shipped on to Beaufort. "Valuable or not," said Clara, "it has given us great work to put into place and use. Suspicions



are not pleasant nor profitable." Sensitive, but not painfully so, she observed a Mr. Dale, whose personality and activity about Red Cross headquarters implied that he was a private investigator. At the same time, Mr. E. M. Wistar, of Philadelphia, was on hand as Philadelphia Agent and, after a few observations, so highly approved Clara's management as to persuade her to stay on after she had determined to leave the field. When he offered her \$10,000 to continue the relief, she gave in, believing with her Committee that on that amount they could labor effectually. It is not known who was behind Dale but in any event he met a superior strategist; and whether she was right in suspecting that he made "frequent overtures to get us mixed on his mainland relief," he did not get her "mixed." Exit Dale. Wistar, however, appears again, in the relief of Armenia.

Let four days, November 24-28, 1893, hint something of the work of the Red Cross. On the 24th, came the *Morell*. Hubbell; Morlan, brother of John; Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Baker, and Clara went aboard. Enola Gardner and others had packed thirty barrels of clothing and retired. Next day, the *Morell* steamed to St. Helena Sound, for Edisto Island. Houses erected there had no chimneys; the Red Cross arranged to build them. Supplies were delivered to island committeemen for distribution. On Sunday, the 26th, at Enterprise, on Wadmalaw, the *Morell* landed grits and clothing. At Young's, nothing was needed. The boat steamed on to Rockville, where Clara spoke to the sewing society on the 27th, after rowing ashore in the rain. There, inhabitants wanted ditches cleared. Clara promised tools. On the 28th the cutter pulled out to Edisto, to sea, to Stono River, to John and to James Islands. At John's, again Clara rowed ashore. "If we send tools will you work?" "Lordy, would we? Cyan't git tools enough!"

"What are you depending upon for the winter?" she asked them.

"God and Miss Barton," said a poor fellow in tatters.

"The women were in rags," wrote Clara. And she saw the beds—"all rags."

At Charleston, the cutter was met by a man from the *Courier*, whose editor was withholding something to be published. "I told them if they published it, we should never reply to it; they could make the attack if they felt inclined; we should never notice it; but when the Press of South Carolina turned upon us, we should know where to go and what to do." The boat took on "large stuff"; the party bought tools and returned to Beaufort.

## *Christmas Carol*

*Lo. The christmas morn is breaking,  
Bring the Angels bright array.  
For the Christian world is waking  
And the Lord is born today  
Shout then, brothers shout and pray,  
For the blessed Christ is born today.*

Original script of first stanza of *A Christmas Carol* by Clara Barton, "For my 30,000 Sea Island Friends." Christmas, 1893

Work up to Christmas was fast and thick. Then Clara paused to write a carol (see above), to receive many gifts, and to pay out to faithful helpers for over three months' work a total of \$650. The amounts vary from \$10 to Enola to \$250 to Dr. Egan. John Macdonald, of the wrecked *City of Savannah*, who had survived by lashing himself to the mast for three days, and whose knowledge of the locality was indispensable, drew \$150.

In a retrospect of 1893, Clara wrote in part: "I commenced the year with a big reception in Washington. Egan had come to me sick about that time. George H. Pullman came into my



life. Chicago Fair claimed me for the opening of the Woman's Congress . . . Indiana over two months . . . Took charge of Sea Islands relief about middle of September. Continued to the present time. My staff: Dr. Hubbell, Mr. Pullman, Dr. Egan, Dr. and Mrs. Gardner, John Macdonald, Miss Parsons."

In 1894 routine work at the Islands continued as usual until the middle of February when a copy of the *March Review of Reviews* fell under Clara's eye, to alight on the heading of a long article, "Clara Barton and the Red Cross." She declared it objectionable. Anybody having respect for facts must pronounce it inexcusable; hostile, moreover, without appearing to be so. To analyze it here would be profitless and by presentation of errors—as not infrequently happens—might perpetuate those most to be condemned to oblivion. By way of illustration from less important details: the author sends Clara to Texas in 1886, not in 1887; the Mount Vernon cyclone is attributed to 1887, whereas it occurred in 1888. More significant errors might have injured Clara had not such as these been so glaringly obvious.

Even so, the article hurt, adding to depression induced by increasingly difficult toil. Before she or friends had taken steps to right the wrong, a telegram announced Bernard Barton Vassall's death on the 23rd of March. It was handed to Clara while she was puzzling over the distribution of four carloads of corn, bought by Pullman in Savannah, to plant 10,000 acres. She laid aside the problem, telegraphed her old friend B. W. Childs of Worcester to order a funeral wreath of white, "tinged with red and blue," and sent another message, to Fanny. Then she picked up her *Journal of Corsica* and went to the George Gage's home, where she read all evening.

Probably at no previous time, since the morning of that mirage, almost a quarter-century ago, had Corsica appeared a more peaceful retreat for a tired woman. Her nephew, Fanny's "Ber," lay dead in Massachusetts; here at hand were ruin, poverty, jealousy. She had been cold in Napoleon's island but had found rest. Now the cold was forgotten, rest desirable. She

took up the Journal, opened the mottled green and black covers and began: "Ajaccio, Corsica, January 1st, 1870. About the middle of August, 1869, I left New York in company with Sister Sally on the steamship *Caledonia* bound to Glasgow." *Sally, who had gone over to take care of her, Clara, and returned after a week. . . . Sally, dead these twenty years.*

On she read, of her arrival, search for a lodging, walks along the shore of the bay, the aroma of the bushes, of the goats stately and grave and the chill that pursued her, of smoky fires. . . . *But Ber is dead; he and Fanny were happy in those days. And here I am, alone, in a world of waste.* She read of Madame Paradis's house, of the big cold room, and her adventure on the slippery floor. After a little, she skipped forward. "Ah, here it is: 'I rose as I retired, cold, stiff, and strengthless, reaching from my bed for my stockings, as I used to from my cot in the old army days. . . . Then I was strong, strong of body and soul, and it mattered not how cold or hot the place I set my foot. . . . But these are other days, and the strength has gone out, and I have little with which to meet the ills that come, and the hope has gone with it, and purpose has departed, and there is only to wait, wait the end—' Pshaw!" she broke off.

"You wrote that?" asked George Gage.

"To think I thought I was done for!" She laid the book aside. "Fortunately, our ideas of age change as we go along."

"You'll read on?"

"About the Prefect, and how kind everybody was after the Hitzes and Rublee came. And the pretty mouflon."

She closed the volume and soon went to her room. *Ber is dead and they are all gone, and I am seventy-two.*

Next day she regained courage on hearing that the Bill for protecting the Red Cross insignia had passed the House. A fortnight later, leaving all well at Beaufort, she went home to look after the Bill, then in a sub-committee of the Senate. On to New York, where "Brother Joseph" met her and asked Editor Shaw, of the *Review of Reviews*, to call. The Judge had out-



lined a letter to be published in the May number which Clara found "scholarly and masterly."

Shaw was "young, kind, sensible, just"—Clara's estimate. He conceded all the Judge and Clara wanted and made the *amende honorable* in the May number of the *Review of Reviews*. Though he exonerates the author of the article from "intentional errors," he grants that the fact they were copied in good faith from printed sources [Where? Whence?] does not excuse them. He has become satisfied that the article contains "various specific inaccuracies." Not much research was necessary for that conclusion. The article in that March issue of 1894 is so inaccurate as to provoke search for the few accurate sentences.

"We find him a friend," concluded Clara. She promised him an account of the Red Cross and her Autobiography. *The Red Cross in Peace and War* was first published in 1898; the Autobiography, begun much later, was never finished. *The Story of My Childhood*, published 1907, should have been succeeded by *The Story of My Girlhood*, extant only in script and incomplete. Before she left New York, many interviewers came to inquire about her mission in the Sea Islands. She liked, particularly, the article by Mrs. Welsh in the *Times*.

Pausing in Washington, on the return journey, she received Abram and Minna who came to stay a week before sailing for Switzerland, never to return. While they were with her, she was in attendance at the Fourth Annual Meeting of Military Surgeons, invited to all sessions by Dr. Senn, President of the Association. At the reception in the National Theatre, she heard a paper on the Red Cross and the entire Convention pledged to pass the Bill for Protection.

To New York she and Pullman went with Minna and, after the farewells, rode out to the Hintons, Bay Ridge, Long Island. At this time, Hinton was occupied only with *John Brown and His Men*, the book by which he is best known, and promised to write of Sea Islands Relief. Clara did not, however, find his

article satisfactory; perhaps she expected too much after his charming editorial-letter on Red Cross Farm.

Clara remained with the Sea Islanders until July 29, 1894. A tremendous achievement, perhaps only herself and assistants knew its true magnitude. "To provide for the pressing and immediate wants of twenty or thirty thousand people from the first of September to the end of February, a period of six months, to give them subsistence without making beggars of them," says Joel Chandler Harris, was the task to which the Red Cross had dedicated itself. And, it will be observed, the President of the Red Cross remained five months longer. A task so noble in conception and purpose, adds Mr. Harris, should attract the sympathy of all Americans. Its success, he says, depends wholly on those who have the means and the will "to fill the hands of the little band which, marching under the flag of the Red Cross, is devoting itself with an unselfishness that involves the sacrifice of all personal comfort, and with a zeal that is beyond all praise."

He had gone with no prejudice in favor of the Red Cross. He had mentally pictured it "as a sort of fussy and contentious affair running about with a tremendous amount of chatter and of flourishing a great deal of red tape," something between "individual officiousness and newspaper notoriety." He found it different from any other relief organization he had seen. "Its strongest and most admirable feature is its extreme simplicity. The perfection of its machinery is shown by the apparent absence of machinery." Without exhibitions of self-importance, display, torturous examination of applicants, needless delay, everything possible was done and yet nothing done unadvisedly or indifferently.

That impression of the Red Cross, in reality an impression of Clara Barton, may stand for the legacy she left to her successors; that description may stand for the Red Cross today.

In August and September, at last free from the Sea Islands, Clara rested with Secretary Pullman in the camp of his father,



the Reverend James Pullman, in the Thousand Islands. Returning through Montreal and the Adirondacks, they visited the family of the late Cousin Rob S. Hale, and were a little while in New Haven and New York. From New Haven, October 2nd, she wrote to "Dear Barty"—Ada's son—congratulating him on his approaching marriage to Miss Powell.

As late as 1895 she was still winding up details of Sea Islands Relief, while taking vacation in Red Cross tents at Alexandria Bay. There she wrote George M. Pullman, the sleeping-car potentate and uncle of her Secretary, a provocative letter, another epistolary masterpiece. Its object was to obtain him as leader of a group that would be known as founders and sustainers of the American National Red Cross. Well might she have saved her time and skill. George M. was inured to "pretty please" letters.

## 2

Late in 1895, Clara was asked by the American Board of Foreign Missions to go to Turkey and disburse relief funds. Thousands of Armenians had been massacred; others were ill with typhus. At the same moment, Spencer Trask, of New York, made a similar request. Urged to accept, she hesitated. Though few knew her age, she was seventy-four years old and shrank from the responsibility. She yielded on two conditions: the Red Cross medium must be the unanimous choice of the American people; second, she must be assured of funds.

The first condition was easily met. For funding, five million dollars was suggested as the amount necessary and Miss Barton concurred, wrote Secretary Pullman, "with the faintest suggestion of a smile." Raising this sum was impossible. From \$5,000,000 and twenty aides, the figures dropped to \$500,000, to \$100,000 and finally to \$50,000 *promised*, the money to be delivered upon arrival of a much smaller party at Constantinople. The six members were there two months before the \$50,000. All told, however, \$116,000 was eventually received, of which

\$15,400 unexpended was left as an emergency fund with the American Missions in Turkey.

Before Clara's party left home, while funds were slowly accumulating, anti-Ottoman sentiments vigorously expressed by American newspapers drew a pronunciamento, via Washington, prohibiting the American Red Cross from entering the Sublime Porte. Clara thought the action justifiable and would have stayed at home. The Committees were obdurate. According to promise, she sailed for Southampton, January 22, 1896, not even knowing whether she would be permitted to debark at Constantinople. Dr. Hubbell, Mr. Pullman, Charles King Wood, and Special Field Agent E. M. Wistar were of the expedition, augmented later by the Oriental linguist Ernest Mason, and his mother, and Dr. Ira Harris, American physician at Tripoli, Syria.

From London, Dr. Hubbell sailed on to confer with the American Minister at Constantinople, and cabled to the others, "Come." Clara and her party arrived February 15th. She met the Missionary Board, the officials of Robert College, and called upon the Turkish Minister of State, Tewfik Pasha. In an hour's interview she talked eloquently: she knew Turkey had been signatory to the Treaty of Geneva seventeen years before America (using not the symbol of the Red Cross but of the Crescent); she assured him the Red Cross of America desired to help American Missionaries, the wounded and the sick, and had only humanitarian reasons for coming, and objects without political, racial or religious bearing. The Pasha in turn assured Miss Barton he had long known her and her work. What did she wish?

She laid her plans before him. Never had she spoken more frankly, more wisely, than in conclusion. "I will render fair treatment; I shall expect it in return." The Pasha honored her position and would respect her wishes; he would give all possible aid and protection. "Not a word was broken or invalidated on either side," wrote Clara in her report; and to "the strong



escorts ordered from the Sublime Porte," she owed the fact that all her men returned from the most hazardous of Red Cross expeditions. She remained in Constantinople with Financial Secretary Pullman, both of whom were needed at headquarters for conducting the work.

To condense the epic of that Armenian Relief would reduce its magnificent proportions to those of an atomy, to transform hairbreadth escapes of Dr. Hubbell and the other Field Agents to statements bare of life; and their adventures were of the essence of life in lands remote from civilization. That Relief, in the opinion of this chronicler, marks the height of Clara's achievement and of her greatness. Harassed constantly by cables and letters from home, worried by the general belief in America that her movements were obstructed by the Turkish Government or that she had chosen the wrong routes for the expeditions into the interior, hearing that little or no more money would be forthcoming and that it might be well for her to turn over whatever balance she had to other parties for dispensing—her own Red Cross at home, hurt and angry at the unfairness, urging her to leave the field—she cabled American Committees "relieving them from further contributions. *We will finish the field without further aid.*" Self-reliant power and unparalleled courage are behind that statement.

Seeing Mrs. Mason sicken and die, constantly alert to calls from men in the field, aware of their dangers and hazards, she traveled with the eyes of her mind the proposed routes of those men. She grew familiar with the once alien sounds of Aghan, Bazarjik, Arakbir, the Euphrates, Malatia, Marash, Sivas, Urfa, and Zeitoun; of Egin, inhabited by descendants of "noble families of Nineveh," of Harpoot where, Dr. Hubbell wrote, his was the second party of Americans exclusive of missionaries seen there for forty years. Even in her anxiety, she experienced a sense of past and present meeting when she learned that his way home lay through Amasia, site of the ancient city of Mithridates, King of Pontus; she grieved to hear that shortly after certain noblemen at Egin had shown hospitality and

helped to provide the poor with tools and implements, they, with a thousand others, were slain. Undoubtedly she sighed with relief when the campaign was over, and gladly left Constantinople. Probably she had no sense of achievement. She might have summed up the campaign: "I have worked despite false reports, withdrawal of aid in some quarters, and of confidence in others."

She had also worked, all unknowing, while Pullman got involved with a young woman, who later appeared in America. No scandal arose then; Clara knew nothing of the affair for some months and when, finally, she learned the facts—which, she wrote, were too disgusting to be told—her sympathies were with Pullman. She managed to protect the Red Cross from scandal by staving off attempted blackmail and other evils in the wake of the *liaison*. Eventually, Pullman resigned from Red Cross work and for a time was in seclusion, first in one far-off place, then another. He had inherited from Uncle George \$25,000, and from this legacy the young woman was set upon diverting a fund to herself. Clara's further part was one of worry, unhappiness, attempt to salvage the girl—for whom there was no salvaging—and to shield George.

Praise to all good Moslems, the Turkish Government knew what Clara had achieved. She states the bare fact of having received two Decorations. One, the Sultan's, with an accompanying Diploma in Turkish. The translation is to the effect that because Miss Barton, American citizen, possesses many great and distinguished qualities and because recompense was due her, the Sultan was pleased to accord to her the second class of his Decorations of Shefaket.

The other Decoration and Diploma evoke visions of the Crusaders, Kings and Consorts of the Holy City:

#### ORDER OF CHEVALIERS OF MÉLUSINE XII-XIX CENTURIES

Founded in the Twelfth Century by Queen Sibylle, sister of Baudoin IV, King of Jerusalem, and spouse of Guy de Lusignan, King of Cyprus. Re instituted in the Nineteenth Century by Their



Royal Highnesses, Guy and Marie de Lusignan, Prince and Princess of Jerusalem, of Cyprus and Armenia.

We, Guy of Lusignan, Prince Royal of Jerusalem, of Cyprus and Armenia, appreciating the merits, virtues, and talents of MISS CLARA BARTON, Friend of Armenia, and desiring to give her a particular mark of our esteem and our satisfaction, have conferred upon her and confer by the present diploma, and by the rights which we hold from our ancestors, the title and the insignia of Chevalier of our Royal and Humanitarian order of Mélusine, in the hope that she will be faithful to the duties imposed by the title and insignia, which bear the ancient device of Lusignan: POUR LOYAUTÉ MAINTENIR.

Given at Neuilly-Paris, at the Villa of Lusignan, the 15 June, 1896, and inscribed in the Golden Book under the number 1883.

Signed by Le Grand Maître, Guy and by Le Secrétaire des Commandements, Chevalier of the Order of Mélusine and of the Order of Ste. Catharine, Lodoïs La Taste.

The order is conferred for humanitarian, scientific and other services of distinction, but especially when such services are rendered to the House of Lusignan, and particularly to the Armenian Nation. When conferred upon Clara, it was worn by a number of reigning sovereigns, and highly prized because of its rare bestowal and its beauty.

To Clara was it just another decoration, this Chevaliership that linked her with the gracious Queen of seven hundred years before?

On August 9th, by Buda-Pesth and Vienna, her party hastened to the Isle of Meinau, Lake Constance, and to the Grand Duchess. "A lovely woman, still, in black." Several pages of Clara's diary are closely filled with the joys and sorrows of that reunion. When they said good-by, the Grand Duchess gave her friend of twenty-six years a pin, a knot of solid gold. "Wear it as typical of our fast friendship all this time."

Clara and the Doctor came home on the *Umbria*, early in September, 1896.

## XIX

### CUBA

#### 1

BEFORE THE END OF 1896 CLARA SAW HER REPORT ON ARMENIA through the press and began decorating the Glen Echo home. Up to September, 1897, she was occupied chiefly in preparing Red Cross headquarters and keeping weather watch in conflicting gales of rumors about Cuba. The Red Cross Protection Bill, favorably reported from the Committee in early summer, again required visits to the law-makers. A call from the Greek Red Cross, through the Countess di Brazza, a leader temporarily in Washington, enlisted her sympathy and influence. At the "Cairo," May 26th, guest of honor with the Countess at a party, she received a literally crushing ovation and was saved by two or three men acting as buffers. Dr. Hubbell was resting in the West; George Pullman was serving irregularly as personal secretary. He accompanied the "Queen" to New York in May, where she observed of a meeting with Marietta Holley and Richard Watson Gilder, "We discuss several literary ideas to the satisfaction of all."

On returning, she took up the problem of a carriage house and decided upon a room in the cellar. "Get the carpenters into the topmost room," she directed, "and shift the cellar furniture up there. Engage a few colored boys to lay stone in the cellar." She never enjoyed more the arrangement of a house; this was commodious, with ample room for all Red Cross documents,



and she meant it to be her final home. She had not counted on the emotional pull that would draw her to Oxford part of the year in days ahead.

"We must have a room, George, for all periodicals. This means a clearing out of boxes, papers, trunks, and putting all where it can be got simply by opening a door." Pullman helped with the shifting.

"Curtains for these dozens of windows," she looked about, "will be expensive, but I must provide them."

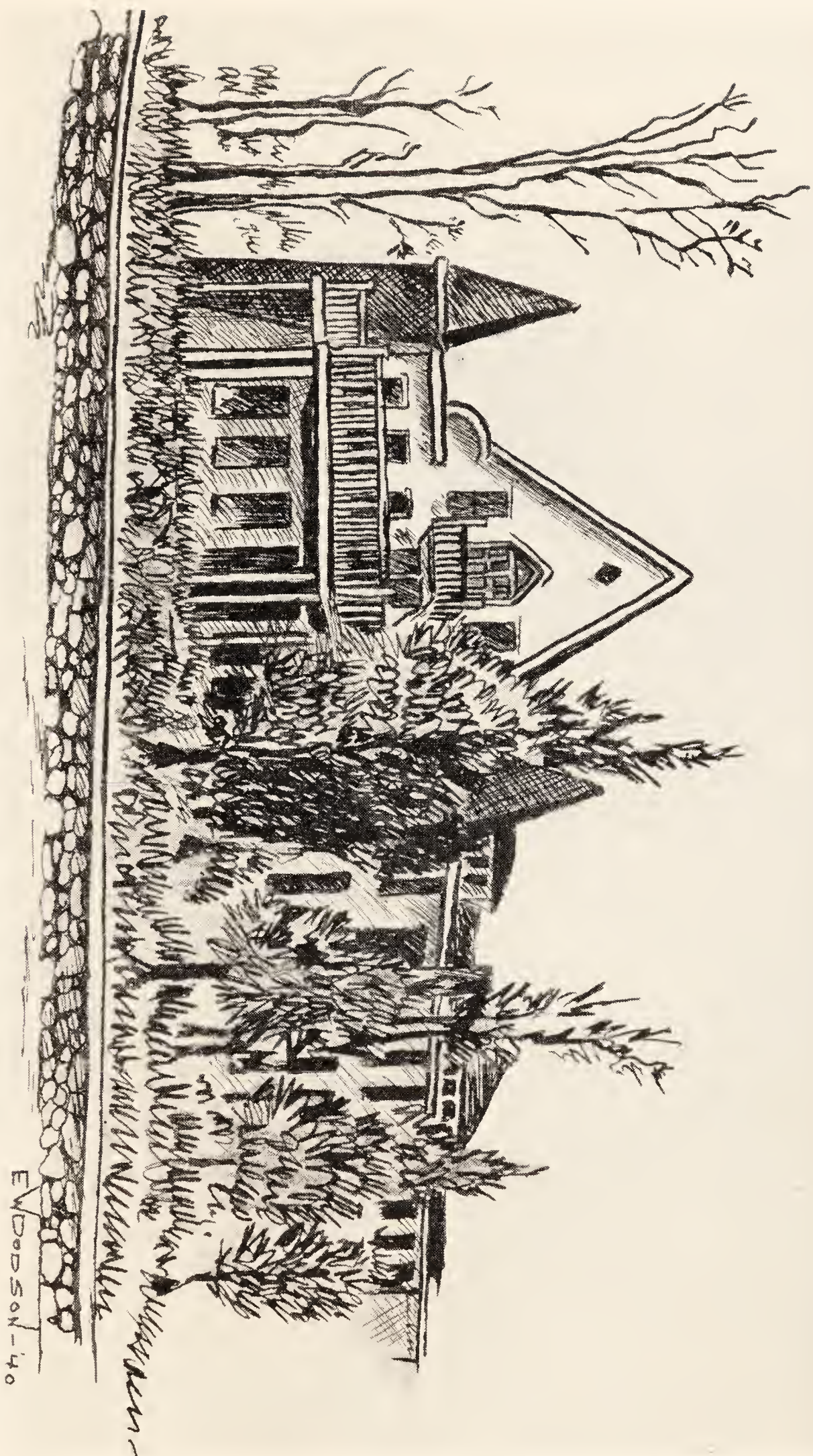
To keep dairy products cool and sweet she set a milk box in the spring, observing later, "Cold as crystal."

A decrepit colored Auntie must have a home. "Clean up the old carriage house, boys." Auntie declared none of her own chilluns had ever treated her so well.

The garden flourished. "My eye-glasses, which were lost in brushing flies out of the window yesterday morning, Barker found this morning in one of his cabbages." A day or so later, Clara "went out early to pick the first cucumbers off his vines." She saw to the planting of a second vegetable crop, while "Emma commenced putting up blackberries and started out hens with broods of chickens."

When the house was ready for the owner to sit down at her desk, out from Washington came Mrs. J. Ellen Foster to talk of a plan by leading women of the Capital—Court Ladies, Clara was soon calling them with what irony may be fancied—to relieve Cuban reconcentrados. The ladies wished J. Ellen to head the movement, but she would not serve unless Clara would disburse the funds. After her usual careful investigation, Clara was aware the "Court Women for Cuban Relief were handling the Red Cross in ignorant profusion, as if it had no restrictions, nor methods of its own which they were obliged to regard." Apparently, they did not grasp that "where war exists, the Red Cross is the direct servant of the government, and we should no more move independently than should a body of soldiers. By doing so, we should make ourselves as insurrectionary as the





CLARA BARTON HOUSE, GLEN ECHO, MARYLAND  
From a drawing by Edna W. Dodson





CLARA'S TRUNK, BAG, AND ROMAN SHAWL  
Property of Miss Hubbell



contestants, themselves." If, however, the President and his Cabinet thought it wise or even desirable for the Red Cross to distribute contributions to the Cuban country men forced into wretched dens in towns and cities, "we must consider it as the best course." Otherwise, not. G. H. P., meantime, "suffering from chiggers gathered while picking blackberries in low shoes," was putting into type fresh copies of the two Red Cross Incorporations, the old and the new.

When matters looked "squally" about Spain and we were pressing Spain concerning indemnity for seamen, Clara invited Cabinet officers to the Red Cross Board of Consultation. At the same time she refused the request of Mrs. Foster to allow her name to head the ladies' official papers. "But you gave your name to head the Greek cause!" protested J. Ellen.

"There is no similarity in the two cases," retorted Clara.

She knew and believed the ladies knew that to meddle with Cuban affairs at this moment was to play with dynamite. The Red Cross was directly tied to the military department of any nation that had signed the Treaty of Geneva, but never should it usurp the throne of the war-makers. She would do nothing to get the United States into conflict with Spain.

The ladies then said they had expected her refusal; but they had availed themselves of her statement that she must consult her Board by going directly, themselves, to the President and Secretary Day. They had got the assurance the Administration had no doubt that when the time came, funds were raised, and conditions were favorable, the way would be clear for Cuban Relief. A general statement, which to the suspicious mind of today sounds guarded sufficiently by "when, but, and if," a statement possibly designed to nullify possible proceedings on the part of the officious women. Yet Clara feared it would egg them on.

Though suffering from bronchitis, she went at once to McKinley.

"It was not difficult to introduce my subject, the call of my



predecessors was still fresh in his mind, and he seemed both puzzled and amused."

"What do the ladies intend to do? How do they expect to accomplish it?" asked the President. "In their excess of zeal and scarcity of knowledge something should be done to prevent their doing real mischief."

"What would you advise, Mr. President?"

"Tell them," he said laughing, "to consult their husbands."

"That I have already done, sir. I am trying to help them carefully, for they are the best women we have."

"Then what do you suggest?" he twinkled.

"Since the Red Cross is entirely military, might it not be a relief to ask your Secretaries of War and Navy to consider the case and then confer with you? I beg you not to think me pressing or making a personal matter—"

"Of course not, Miss Barton! It's a good idea and I will follow it. I understand your position and shall not mistake it. You need no looking after. You will stand without hitching."

Clara said not to him but to the diary, "I thought I had, and held the load back, besides, many times . . ."

That conference was on July 12, 1897.

If, reflected Clara, the "leading women" wished to get possession of the Red Cross, it perhaps could not be more appropriately disposed of. "It is not just the way in which I would have liked to see the hard work of years received by my country people, especially by my own sex, still I shall not complain. If I never say anything of this to that body of ladies, I surely cannot permit them to say much more to me. They have some very sharp practitioners among them."

Eventually, the ladies agreed to raise \$25,000 and to ask the Red Cross to go and use it. Clara was perplexed. She was aware that so delicately balanced was the threefold relationship of Spain, Cuba, and the United States, the Red Cross must do nothing without approval from all three. Having no inclination to disturb that tentative balance, she waited.

Not until August 28th, the business still unsettled, did she plan to be present at the International Red Cross Conference in Vienna. Pullman, at that time keeper of the diary, noted that he, Dr. Hubbell, and the "Queen" would be the delegates. That interlude of one month, September 11th to October 10th, gave her the benison of rest. The voyage was the most pleasant yet experienced: she worked on reports all the way over, sometimes sitting in the bow of *La Touraine* with her entourage—a fair party, for Dr. Lucy Hall Brown and Charles King Wood unofficially joined the delegation. After the Conference they made no attempt to stop at Strasbourg or to see the Grand Duchess but stayed one night in Geneva to visit Gustav Moynier, with whom it was necessary to confer. Moynier had received, wrote Pullman, "a pamphlet entitled 'An Open Letter to Clara Barton,' written by Cuban Patriots [?] in Tampa, Florida, an attack on Miss Barton and the Red Cross for inhumanity toward the Cubans." Clara had thought she knew better than to aid prisoners of another nation, with which the United States was not at war; she knew, too, she had made enemies among those who believed or pretended to believe she was obstructing funds designed for those prisoners, the reconcentrados. She explained her point of view to the President of the International Red Cross. "Moynier thoroughly understands the situation," wrote Pullman, "and how mean the miserable cusses have been."

That was Sunday. In the evening, they all saw Sarah Bernhardt in her farewell performance of *Fedora*. A brief stop in Paris, two-thirds of a day in Havre. "Pay our hotel bill," wrote ebullient Pullman, "and escape with a little money and our lives." They sailed on *La Bretagne*, "the likelihood of Cuban affairs," wrote Clara, "bearing heavily upon us."

Back at Glen Echo, Clara drifted through the days, until Thanksgiving when she and the Doctor dined with Mrs. Sara Spencer and Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey (Attorney for the Red Cross) in Mrs. Spencer's new home. All thought Clara had no



more to fear from the Cuban Committee. The ladies had learned their ground better and would do nothing to involve their country in unhappy relations with Spain. By the Sunday after Thanksgiving, however, Clara had conceived an idea that sent her calling on Minister and Mrs. De Lôme. She proposed that she and a few officers go quietly to Cuba, with their own funds, to do what they could and see what the people would do—all if Spain continued her good offers. “For Spain, Cuba, and the United States must be in harmony on this point.” The Minister was pleased. Clara prepared to consult the President.

Next day was for her memorable: “At 9½ I had not written a word, nor shaped a sentence in my thoughts; at 11½ I had drafted, submitted to Dr. Hubbell, and copied three pages, letter sheets, and was ready to take it to the parties . . . I did not change a word of the first draft.”

With the Doctor, she walked down the car track in frost and mud to Glen Echo Station, took the Great Falls car and rode to the White House. It was the day for receptions. “Ladies were coming from liveried carriages. As we stepped forward with them, we were promptly forbidden to enter; it was closed to all but invited guests. We were not invited, but I said I was not a guest, either; we had called on a matter of business. I could enter.” The President had forbidden anybody to disturb him but Major Pruden would see what could be done. He returned, saying the President was very busy with Judge Day, and it would be breaking an order to disturb him with any message. “I said I desired to see them together, as my business was with both. He looked perplexed, said ‘I want to do this for you; let me try.’ ” Shortly, the doorkeeper held the door wide.

“The President met me entirely across the room, with an extended hand and ‘I am very glad to see you,’ introducing Judge Day, and inviting me to a seat.

“I said I did not like to sit down for I knew how occupied he was.

“ ‘But do sit down,’ he replied, ‘we want to see you, for,’ he

added, 'I am in hopes you come to say something in regard to this troublesome question of Cuba.'

"I said that was just what I had come for, and said I had written a letter to Mr. De Lôme, concerning which I desired to consult both of them before acting.

" 'Let me see the letter, please,' and taking it, 'I will read it aloud.' He did so very carefully and closed with the remark, 'That is a good letter and makes its own explanations.' He then said the conditions of suffering in Cuba were so appalling that he and Judge Day had met this afternoon to try to study out something to be done in view of relief, 'and we had named you as the most efficient source of aid.'

"He then read me the unfinished document they were struggling with at my entrance, in which they had prepared to raise if possible large sums of money or material to be distributed under my direction. He then asked me if I would go, myself. I said 'Yes.'

" 'When? How soon?' he asked.

" 'In two or three weeks.'

" 'O, you must not defer a day. The suffering is terrible.' Both thought I must take the first conveyance after the reply, if favorable, from Cuba.

"The gentlemen were amazed by the singular coincidence of our meeting. I said it reminded me of the circumstance of Florence Nightingale and the British Secretary of War, when their letters crossed in transit, a story with which they were familiar. I never expected such thanks from the head of the nation as I received in that chamber." That was the last day of November, 1897.\*

Destiny had not done with Clara.

She sent for and introduced Dr. Hubbell to the President, then went with him to Minister De Lôme, "who read the letter carefully, with the hearty exclamation, 'It is simply perfect!'

\* *The Red Cross*, page 516, ed. 1912, wrongly records the episode as of January, 1898.



He would send it directly to Cuba to the commanding officer; he gave me his blessing and we left for home."

"If Spain continued her good offers" (above) probably refers to a previous communication from Clara, requesting royal permission for the American Red Cross to distribute among the reconcentrados such relief as America desired to give, and to the courteous reply from the crown, granting the permission, with the Queen Regent's gracious thanks. In any event such permission had been obtained.

Early in December, Pullman resigned. With regret Clara accepted "the first break in the official life of the Red Cross." Pullman was the first officer to leave in the fifteen years of its existence. Nor would he have deserted the "Queen," apparently, but to escape the young woman determined to share his small fortune. At the same time, the final illness of President McKinley's mother drew her son and the Cabinet to Ohio. They were there until the 14th and, meanwhile, all was silent regarding Cuba. The press reported Clara, herself, in bad health: "Dear Sara Spencer has laid me on the shelf for all time. There seems no way to retain my active existence but to make a public demonstration of living existence, even if it kills me." The Red Cross was not only the big growing girl; since the Armenian expedition she had become an adult, worth considering by admirers and politicians as a cause and an influence which more than one wished to espouse. But first, the organization must be disengaged, gently, tactfully, if possible—if not, then forcibly—from Mother Clara.

At length, "The government has requested the Red Cross to go to Cuba, and we have accepted." On New Year's Day, 1898, with Stevé, Clara visited A. A. Adey, Second Assistant Secretary of State. In the hour, they formed a Central Cuban Relief Committee, having headquarters in New York, to receive and forward supplies. In formally declining to serve on this Committee, Clara recommended the Second Vice-President of the Red Cross, S. E. Barton (Stevé) in her stead. The other members

were Louis Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald*, and Charles Schieren, a member of the Chamber of Commerce. Clara, in Cuba, would act with Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee on behalf of the Red Cross.

## 2

Before the middle of the month, the Central Cuban Relief Committee shipped tons of food, clothing, and medicine. These were all for the reconcentrados, packed together by order of the Spanish General in what Clara labeled "dens of woe," in sea-coast towns. In Los Fosos, a long, low building in Havana, were crowded four hundred human beings, dying at the rate of a dozen a day. "The massacres of Armenia seemed merciful in comparison," Clara wrote of the worst camp when she arrived on February 9th. By Sunday the 13th she had visited four buildings in Havana and dispensed several hundreds of tons of food to the pent-up wretches. General Lee asked her to find a house for an orphanage. She was still searching for one when on that Sunday she was invited by Captain Sigsbee to have lunch on the *Maine*. On Tuesday, the 15th, Clara saw a blaze of light flash over the bay and heard at once the thunderous explosion from the blowing up of the ship. Clara went, as she has told in *The Red Cross*, to the Spanish hospital where the wounded lay—hair and beards singed off, bodies bruised, burned. The Red Cross at once supplemented the constant service of usual attendants.

By March first, she had found, cleaned, and opened the hospital, according to the Consul-General's request. For headquarters of the Red Cross, she accepted one of the prettiest homes in Havana.

"It's time," she said to Dr. Hubbell, "we set out on our tour of towns and villages." They progressed as far as Jaruco, twenty miles away, to be driven back by the stench from unburied dead. At Matanzas, next on the list, only one of five hospitals had anything; men and women rotted in hunger and disease.



Redfield Proctor was with them on this trip, gathering data from which he made his speech, in the Senate, on the state of the reconcentrados. As the party went on from village to village, they learned that so many were foodless, so many had died. The Red Cross directed all sick to be moved into hospitals. Back in Havana, Dr. Monae-Lesser and his wife, "Sister Bettina," had instituted with their aides, by Clara's request, a model home for the ill.

In New York the Central Committee wished to see just what Clara was doing. Klopsch came down, she believed with prying intentions. Never would she be spied upon. Turning over to the *Christian Herald* Committeeman, Klopsch, her relief work under General Lee, she wrote on March 22nd, "Decided to go home." The published record states, "important business called me." So it had. At Port Tampa, reporters from many papers waited, twiddling their thumbs, for the moment of sailing for Cuba. At Glen Echo by the 26th, Clara summoned Stevé from the Central Committee and with him visited the State Department. "Shall I return to Cuba?" she asked, with the wisdom of the dove and the cunning of the serpent. "Why have you come home?" they asked. "Mr. Klopsch is there," replied Clara, "attending to the distribution." "Go back!" said everybody consulted. "That's *your* job." "Then I must have an official paper," she spoke grimly, "stating just what *is* my job." From Adees she got the paper, and herself wrote a terse statement. In summary, she said, "If the people desire me to return to Cuba, to distribute their gifts, I am willing to do so. I cannot do this without the fullest and strongest authority from our government." She then outlined the proper division of Relief: "The New York Committee should collect, ship, and place the relief on the island. General Lee should be responsible for the receipt of such supplies, reporting to the government, conferring with the New York Committee. The Red Cross should receive the supplies, through the consuls if there, and be responsible for their

distribution, reporting to the New York Committee as the responsible agent of the government."

So ended the "business" that had called her from Cuba because of unwarranted interference with her phase of the work. Never would she permit the Red Cross to be dominated both in New York and Cuba by members of that Central Committee. Though Stevé was Chairman, need for diplomacy must have limited his freedom of action.

While she was at home—one week from the 26th of March—Dr. Monae-Lesser and Bettina came to tell of undesirable steps already taken by Klopsch. "I will write S. E. B. to deal with him," succinctly spoke Clara. Leaving "Sister Harriette" Reed in charge at Glen Echo, inviting Dr. Gardner and Enola to join her in Cuba, accompanied by Bettina, Clara set out, again, on April 2nd, from the Pennsylvania Station.

As yet, her work had been, obviously, with the reconcentrados. Now, back in Havana, she heard only talk of war. She called upon Fitzhugh Lee and asked, "Shall I go or stay?" That gentleman replied, "I am going, myself." By the 10th she was in Tampa, where she set up headquarters. Dr. Hubbell went on to New York.

Magazines as well as daily papers now demanded articles on the war prospect and Cuban conditions. "Send a few words by the 20th," the *North American Review* begged of Clara. By the 16th troops were reported on the march. "You come to Washington," telegraphed Stevé. She caught the next train out. Two weeks from her second departure she was back at Glen Echo, writing the article. Another telegram from Stevé, "Come to New York," drew her and her Field Agent to Stevé's home, 3 Washington Square.

Clara found her nephew nervous, overworked, thoroughly aware he was a buffer between the Red Cross and the Cuban Relief Committee; besides, he had his own business to look after. The *North American Review* called to get what Miss Barton had written; Miss Barton could finish while the first part



was being set up. The proof was sent to her before she went to bed. Next day, Marietta Holley helped her with the rest.

Measured by the military movements of today, "war news getting bad" suggests a slow approach to the conflict. In Washington, the War Department had decided upon the rôle of the Red Cross. Dr. Hubbell returned to Key West. On April 23rd, the Red Cross ship, *State of Texas*, sailed from New York with hundreds of tons of necessities. Before journeying back by train to Tampa, Clara saw the President and Secretary Long (of the Navy) who gave her a letter of introduction to the Naval Commander. "This puts us right, at sea," commented the woman who never forgot a courtesy, and who knew the Treaty of Geneva was yet indeterminate in the "additional" articles that extended the effect of the Convention to Naval Wars. The Secretary's letter asked that every facility be placed at her disposal for distribution of supplies on the *Texas*. From Tampa, Clara's party continued by the *Mascot* to Key West, to be met by Dr. Hubbell and others aboard the *State of Texas*.

### 3

From April 29th to June 20th, nearly eight weeks, the ship lay at anchor. Then Clara recorded, with what exaltation of spirit may be imagined, "Off for fleet and Cuba."

What in the name of Mars had been happening? Everything or anything short of fighting. News of a committee in New York told of "twenty-five leading men," the William S. Wardwell Committee. News came that the *Solace* had been equipped as a Red Cross hospital ship. "It would not be strange if the powers ordered *me* from the field in view of this official vessel coming into use," groaned the President of the Red Cross. "I feel in all this turmoil of ambition and strife for place as if surrounded by wolves. Their howls do not terrify, but they make me want to escape."

Rowboats passed back and forth among the vessels at anchor. "Bryson" sent over his typewriter; heavy correspondence flat-

tened out the time; Clara persuaded a few of her company to take Spanish lessons. George Kennan and Mrs. Kennan came to stay, he despatching messages and writing for the *Outlook*. Foremost, the *Texas* distributed food to twenty prize ships in harbor. Now and then a party rowed ashore to make purchases. Clara wrote reports, sending copies to the Cuban Relief Committee and Secretary Day, advising the Administration that she needed a yacht or launch. "It would be well, in fact indispensable to effective work. But how much have I ever done that was really effective? The old simile of boring the auger hole with a gimlet." If pessimistic, with reason. She even had a vision of the fleet running away from the *State of Texas*, and called upon Captain Harrington, of the *Puritan*. "If you should do so," she told him, "we must stay right here." The Captain escorted her to the Commander's office, where she presented State Department papers, and so scotched the humiliating possibility.

News, repeated, came of general starvation in Cuba, not only among the reconcentrados. And here was the Red Cross ship laden with supplies, a ship on which everybody grew bored with delay and idleness, on which the Captain "sulked," feeling himself "slightly corrected for carelessness in deportment among the young ladies." Clara was Commander of her ship and would have no nonsense, not from her Captain.

Reporters visited among the ships' companies. When the Paris correspondent of the *London Standard* expressed his inability to understand why the Red Cross was not in "great preparation for sick and wounded," Clara explained that this expedition set out while America was yet at peace. Kennan sauntered along. "Our War Department does not want nor accept us," remarked this member of her own "crew." Feeling betrayed, Clara heard him continue, "It does not realize our position, is not informed in its relations to the Treaty of Geneva, and is acting adversely in the dark of ignorance."

"Why, sir, do you say this?" demanded Clara.



"I have been looking up documents bearing on the Red Cross, Miss Barton, among the Departments at Washington, and I have found none."

What had just seemed a bomb, Clara now saw was a boomerang. "Good reason he had found none," she wrote later, "*I had kept them, myself!*" Once again, she had retained possession of documents that should have been in the archives, as Dorence's rolls should have been a third of a century ago. Her reason, honorable enough—*she* would see that the papers were not lost or destroyed—had led in the first instance to trouble.

Now, however, she knew that the cause of delay was neither the presence nor absence of official literature. She mulled over Kennan's words, and wrote in summary: "If we are only a charitable society, like others, the D.A.R. or W.C.T.U., let us know it, let the country know it, and be no longer deceived by our false pretense. . . . If we have no status under the Treaty, let it be known, and let us retire. If our Government in the knowledge of the situation makes this decision, then we will lay aside all further effort, make it known to the world that America has no universal relief body, and thus in reality no longer a Red Cross." If the Government should decide there is no longer a Red Cross, she concluded, "we decide our only course, regretful, humiliating, and sad as it is, must be to inform the other nations and return to them the funds already sent, a larger sum than has been contributed by all our own people for war relief—and call it all closed."

So, clarifying the status for herself, she snapped shut her diary. "Ask the Captain to be so kind as to report to me," she instructed a messenger. A moment later her determined mouth was issuing the order, "You will, please, steam up to Tampa. At once."

The *State of Texas* glided out of Key West, leaving "a city of conjecturing people." When they anchored at Port Tampa, a newsboy brought aboard copies of the *Herald*, reporting one Dr. Sternberg placed in charge of all active Red Cross affairs in

this country. "If so, I have nothing to say." Clara laid down the paper. "I have done all I could with what I had to do with."

"You are in command, Bub," she said to Dr. Hubbell, and walked down the gangplank with Kennan and another reporter, D. L. Cobb. In Tampa, General Shafter called, "a large . . . short man, still a rather fine-looking person. He knows nothing of the future." Hundreds of reporters in and about Tampa were pleasant but "all, starved for news." Next day, still with Kennan and Cobb, Clara was en route to Washington, meeting long trains of soldiers, who waved their caps and cheered as her coach slid by.

At home, she found all papers and letters given at the time of the United States accession to the Treaty of Geneva, to show Mr. Kennan, who was so fearful of the Red Cross governmental status. He felt that all should be gone over and established. "To convince him, I brought to light the old credentials so long ago given—with such labor and toilsome patience." Incredible, she felt, that she must do all this research, as if the Red Cross were not and long had been a fixed, recognized institution.

With Kennan, Clara went to Mrs. Mussey's office, to learn that Mrs. Mussey had arranged with "Corporal Tanner" to go to Secretary Alger. She accepted the arrangement, finding the Secretary genial and kind as ever. On the way to his office, the Corporal had insisted, "Please make yourself felt, Miss Barton. Use all your old-time vigor and force."

"I have nothing to ask of the Secretary, Corporal Tanner. I have no arguments to make and only wish to be understood." She was sure the Corporal would be disappointed in her. "I think he thought so, too."

"As I sat down by the Secretary, I called to the Corporal to come and sit by us. I said to the Secretary much the same that I have indicated, but it was hard to say even that. I had been so sore all day, the tears had been so near the surface, that it was well-nigh impossible to keep them back.



"The Corporal listened a very few minutes before taking part in the conversation. Looking the Secretary of War 'full and sharp' in the face, he said: 'Alger, you know I am a blunt man—that I speak what I think—here is a woman wounded to the heart and you are helping to do it. Through the jealousy and injustice of your office this is being done—and this is not the woman either you or I should see harmed or trampled on.'

"Alger looked aghast, and turning to me asked, 'What does all this mean, Miss Barton?' "

In a few words she told him there was a clique among his officials. Obviously, she had been thinking about the reason for Kennan's words and action and, doubtless with her usual acumen, had arrived at the blameworthy officers. It is also to be remembered that protecting friends had been about her and had replied to her questions prompted by the correspondent's "Our War Department does not want nor accept us."

"Alger looked shocked and asked me to name them. I pointed out the Surgeon-General's Department and gave the points that would confirm.

" 'Have no more concern, Miss Barton. I will deal with those individuals.'

"I hastened away," Clara finished her account of the episode, "fearing to trust myself longer. There was no one else I wanted to see."

Outside, she telephoned Stevé in New York to say she would be up that evening. "Haven't you read Judge Day's letter in today's *Tribune*?" he inquired. In the business of seeing Alger, she had read nothing. On going out of the booth, she bought a copy of the paper and read the letters of the Secretary of State both to the New York Committee and to the Secretaries of the Army and the Navy. "*It was all done for me,*" underscores Clara. "The strain of years had been taken off . . . I looked at me to see if it were me."

Briefly the letters indicated, to the New York Committee of the National Red Cross, at 320 Broadway, approval of the

President of the Red Cross, as the sole central organization in the United States in affiliation with the International Committee of Berne, and through it with the Central Red Cross Committees, formed in all countries adhering to the Geneva Convention of 1864. To the Army and Navy, Secretary Day had stated the governmental recognition "for any appropriate coöperative purposes" of the American National Red Cross as the Civil Central American Committee in correspondence with the International Committee for the relief of the wounded in war. The Secretary of State invited similar recognition by the Army and the Navy with a view to taking advantage of proffered aid during the present war, "so far as the same may be available."

Clara needed nothing further of governmental sanction. After finishing *The Red Cross*, now typed and ready for publication, she left Washington, for the third time, for Tampa. On the 15th of June the *State of Texas*, Clara and her party aboard, again left for Key West.

Stevé telegraphed her there that the Wardwell Committee wished to appoint a clerk as cashier to supervise expenditure in the field and to keep books. Stevé refused to countenance the act, embodying such expression of suspicion and lack of confidence. What was her decision? She and Kennan stood by Stevé and themselves: they could not confess inability or lack of integrity. She wired back, "If insisted on, refuse coöperation with Committee."

If these details seem unimportant, in reality they are not so. On rifts in the Committees may be discerned unreasonable, incipient unfriendliness to Clara or her aides, unfriendliness that so unjustly disturbed her later years, unfriendliness that prompted her friends to demand an "Investigation" to clear her from suspicion of inability or lack of integrity. She needed no clearing, her friends knew she was as honest as she was able, but they would prove beyond a doubt her innocence and her wisdom. Yet if at this point Clara had merely seen the proffered assistance as a "certified accountant" who would be a strong rod



on which to lean, she might have been spared unnecessary suffering.

Kennan now called on the naval flagship to say the Red Cross intended leaving for the fleet, that is, just previous to the sailing of June 20th, already mentioned above (page 354). "Very well," said the officer in command, "go to Santiago and report to Admiral Sampson."

Before they sailed, Kennan wrote, on June 19th, a long telegram to Wardwell, suggesting that his committee seemed to lack confidence in the integrity of the Red Cross and doubting whether work together could continue in such a state of feeling. "If Committee has more trust in some other organization, let it drop our name and arrange for amicable separation. We are deeply gratified for moral support and aid it has given us but do not ask it to compromise itself by association with organization it distrusts."

Clara had yet one more "brush." A surgeon of General Miles's staff came aboard to say Miles thought he should inform Miss Barton the *Texas* would not be safe. "Why not?" demanded Clara. "You are not complying with military regulations," he told her.

"Wherein are we at fault?"

"Your boat should be white with a red strake about her," he said. "If you will give me a copy of the regulations, I will read them to you."

"We have no English copy, but," she offered him a large volume in French, "here is one that may serve."

The surgeon could not read the French. "I read it to him and asked whom we would be in danger from. We were all of us out of law with all the nations of the world but Spain and France; none of us were legal except by a special agreement between us and Spain." [She refers to the *modus vivendi* by which the Red Cross, with the Navy, was acceptable to the warring nations.]

"I should like to find ourselves in Spanish hands, Surgeon, for

they would respect the Red Cross." She spoke with heat, and when the surgeon still insisted the ship should be painted white, she broke out:

"This is a chartered ship and we have no right to change it. And I will tell you how it comes to pass that you have the power to have a hospital ship with *any* 'strake.' " She told him; he took it in, "and we settled into most amicable relations."

The whistle blew and the ship moved off, "amid cheers, waving hats, and dipping flags." That was the 20th of June, 1898.

## 4

The Commander of the *State of Texas* worked with the mail in her office until rounding the west coast of Cuba, when she "became aware that all was not right." For the rest of the day she could have kept no record "if it would have saved the story of a life." Ill, helpless, wet, she could not lift her head from the sopping pillow, even to change it—"the pillow, I mean. I didn't try to change the head; it wouldn't have been marketable."

She was not the only one incapacitated. But Lucy Graves, stenographer, sat on the floor beside her bed, all day on the 23rd, and took dictation, "an astonishing pile." To Lucy, a reader of Clara's voluminous diaries of this period is indebted for typing that of 1898 and for making many of the notes.

Next day, along the southern coast, an armed ship approached. "Hailed, we ran up our flag. She dipped hers and turned away." While the *Texas* skirted the wild and picturesque land, Clara observed with a seasoned warrior's eye how impossible it would be for the Spanish ever to drive the insurgents out of those hills. An army could grow its substance, feed and maintain itself, and fight on to the end of time. Next morning, June 25th, the *State of Texas* lay with the fleet before Santiago.

Kennan called on Admiral Sampson, who said the landing made by the marines at Guantanamo was being held; they had had some fighting. The *Solace* was lying at Guantanamo and the Admiral thought the *Texas* might as well go there as the most



active point. Clara's ship turned into the harbor at six in the evening; General McCalla sent compliments and told the vessel where to anchor. Commander Dunlap, of the *Solace*, came over to pay respects and shortly sent his launch for Clara and her party to visit his fifty wounded men. "This was a courtesy," said Clara, "I knew well how to appreciate." On the *Solace* she was stirred with a sense of achievement. "The four men nurses wore their brassards, standing beside the tables in the operating room. I introduced them to the young ladies and spoke with them of the old war. . . . I left with a feeling of the deepest gratitude that I had been permitted to live to see the fruition of the work I had so cherished."

They heard sad results, meantime, of the encounter of the Rough Riders on Friday, the 24th. A messenger came back with the news that many were killed, the wounded not cared for; aid was imperative. Clara called a Council of War, which agreed to steam for the port wherever it was. Everybody got into working dress. "It is the Rough Riders we go to, and the relief may be also rough; but it will be ready. A better body of helpers could scarcely be got together." And on that thought, the old war-horse was once more in fighting panoply. On the 27th, watching through her field glasses, Clara saw the soldiers marching up the hills, winding in and out, a moving line trailing toward the 'clouds, finally lost in the mist. . . . At the base hospitals, Americans thought a woman would be out of place.

"That is hard on me," she retorted, "as I have spent a great deal of time there, myself."

"Sister Bettina," four nurses, Dr. Hubbell, and Dr. Egan went over to the Cubans, who wanted all the aid the Red Cross could possibly give. General Garcia's considerate request that Clara's force wait until the hospital could be put into better condition was politely refused; the nurses cleaned up everything. Before the first day's work was ended, "Our own hospitals alongside began to be jealous of the Cuban, and even declared that they had spoken first." Three days after her

services had been refused by her countrymen came a letter requesting her assistance "in caring for the patients in a so-called hospital." She complied at once, sending nurses, physicians, and hospital stores. From this time on, her staff worked with both Cubans and Americans.

With her glass, Clara saw the bombardment of Aguadores, the *Texas* maneuvering at request of the *Harvard* to get out of the way, and so accidentally affording her a point of view. On returning to anchorage, she learned that large numbers of sick and wounded had been brought for treatment to Siboney, where the Red Cross answered the call to take charge of a fever hospital of U. S. troops.

By July 1st, the Americans had captured all the commanding positions around Santiago. On the 2nd, Clara went ashore to visit the hospital, and the officers who had been exposed to Spanish sharpshooters. The actual field hospital, she declared, could not have been worse. The wounded, borne on stretchers, were laid on the ground until the doctors could reach them. Each of the four army divisions presumably had its hospital; as a fact, there was only one—that of the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps. Getting supplies from the *State of Texas* to the shore hospital was easy; there was no way of getting them to the front. Desperate and distressed, a Major came up to Clara, in his hand an order from Shafter authorizing Miss Barton to seize any army wagons and to transport necessities to the field hospitals. No matter what a wagon and mules might be doing, she was to seize the outfit. Her scouts found six wagons, which she commandeered. She smiled grimly at the memory of the old ambulance days.

On the *State of Texas*, meanwhile, her aides worked far into the night, getting ready the supplies. Sunday morning—and again Clara recalled the old Civil War Sundays—July 3rd, the wagons heaped high, she, Dr. Hubbell, Dr. Gardner, and one or two others left with the second lot. Clara had been perched



high on bales and bundles in '62; she was perched high on bales and bundles in '98.

From Shafter's headquarters, she cabled Pierson of the War Department in Washington:

"Tell Barton [Stevé] Kennan and Egan reached here yesterday. Five more of us came today by army wagon and on foot. Eight hundred wounded have reached this hospital from front since Sunday morning. Surgeons and little squads have worked day and night. Hospital accommodations inadequate and many wounded on water-soaked ground without shelter or blankets. Our supplies a Godsend. Have made barrels of gruel and malted milk and given food to many soldiers who have had none in three days. Hubbell goes back to steamer tonight for more supplies. *Texas* feeding refugees at Siboney and will run to Guantanamo with 50,000 rations for suffering people. Then goes to Port Antonio [Jamaica] for ice. Lesser and nurses doing splendid work at Siboney hospitals. Barton."

On July 4th, in Siboney—ten miles east of Santiago harbor—the Stars and Stripes flew from every masthead. The Spanish fleet had been destroyed, some of Cervera's ships still burning. But in the brilliant sunshine, under the blue sky, was much sadness: a thousand United States soldiers had been wounded and, requiring every attention, received almost none. "If artillery instead of infantry had been used," wrote Clara, "to lead the attack on Santiago, the slaughter would have been less." The blunder exposed American troops to the rapid-fire guns of the Spaniards, protected by rifle pits. They had neither cots nor food nor bandages. Over eight miles of rough, hilly road, some of the wounded scrambled down; others were brought in wagons or in the few ambulances. In tents used by the troops before going to the front was spread hay, covered by blankets. One tent was taken for operating tables. Men waited for hours for bullets to be extracted. "It is the Civil War all over," said Clara, "no improvement in a third of a century."

The Medical Department had failed to send supplies. Yet the War Department had declared they were fully prepared to meet any emergency and neither needed nor desired outside assist-

ance. Such assurance had held back the Red Cross which, otherwise, would have had a larger corps of surgeons. Even so, the departmental surgeons turned to the *Texas* for aid; and supplies meant for starving Cubans were sent ashore to the American wounded.

"Wait," they had said to Clara, "until the Army has opened and made the way safe for landing supplies for reconcentrados and refugees."

"I will await the emergency," she had determined, "rather than have the emergency wait for me." She had foreseen the crisis and had followed the Army as soon as possible. But for her foresight, generalship, experience and readiness to serve—even to riding miles on bundles and bales, and she seventy-six—many soldiers would have died for lack of care, for lack of food. The fact is, say historians of the war, troops fought hungry in the first day's engagement.

The Siboney hospitals, according to Clara, were nothing more than field hospitals. Not a kettle did the Army provide, nothing in which gruel could be cooked, not a pot in which coffee could be brewed. But the *Texas* furnished all necessary utensils, and everything brought down for cookery purposes was carried over to the Red Cross hospital. Before Clara's modern Valkyrie ride to the front, she and a single man assistant relieved the tired nurses at Siboney. Ice was worth its weight in gold. They had one small piece, carefully wrapped in a blanket, "and if I had told how well it lasted, the truth would have seemed incredible, or a miracle like that of the loaves and fishes."

After going to the front, several times she journeyed back to her ship, to renew supplies. While she was on the first visit to the wounded, the *Texas* slipped over to Port Antonio, Jamaica, and brought back fifteen tons of ice with all the available fruit. What ministrations and supplies through Clara meant may be indirectly summed up in an incidental remark by Richard Harding Davis: "The enlisted men are smoking dried horse droppings, grass, roots, and tea." If Clara had no cigarettes or



tobacco, she gave something better; if she had, she gave them—much as she disapproved of smoking. Davis had a cot in Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's tent, and was "very well off." To Roosevelt himself, who came to the Red Cross offering to buy delicacies for his wounded men, Clara said: "You can't buy them, Colonel, not for a million dollars."

According to the incident, as she told it, Roosevelt looked disappointed. He was proud of his men, he said, and they needed these things.

"And we are proud of you, sir, but we cannot sell hospital supplies."

"How can I get them?" he insisted.

"Just ask for them, Colonel."

His face brightened under the big khaki hat, trailing a bandanna that protected his neck, and he said, "Then I ask for them, and for a sack. I'll take them right along."

Clara saw that the sack was filled with the most desirable necessities, and the Colonel strode off, bent under its weight, into the forest.

In an open wagon, under a steadily falling rain, Clara went for the fourth time to the front, Monday, July 11th. She had sorted and packed clothes all day Sunday, on the *Texas*. As she left, military authorities were burning Siboney, driving the inhabitants into the cliffs. Yellow fever had been reported. The Lessers and one of the nurses, all stricken, were taken to a fever hospital established a mile or two back of the town. Clara first thought to keep the *Texas* free from contagion, but later decided not to sever relations with the shore. That prudence—in which she did not persist—was the origin of a mean report that she *feared* to maintain shore relations. But the report buzzed long afterward.

While Siboney burned, a despatch from El Caney said "acute distress." Two carloads of supplies went forward from the *State of Texas*.

On July 14th, a despatch from Clara to Pierson asked him to

tell Stevé that Santiago had surrendered, that she had returned yesterday in a pouring rain, from the front, that Dr. and Mrs. Lesser and all the nurses in a fever camp were doing well, that the Red Cross was feeding refugees at Siboney and elsewhere—El Caney, for example, accessible only by army wagon and Cuban pack mules. “A call today from Guantanamo, McCalla, Marblehead for 100,000 rations, food, medicine, clothing for refugees in woods and surrounding country. Entirely alone. Nothing known of boats or aid of any kind from any source. *State of Texas* has fed all the wounded at the front and is helping them home. Members of National Red Cross in perfect health, thoroughly organized and losing neither time nor opportunity.”

On Saturday, the *Texas*, having drifted during the night, lay some miles below Santiago. Commander Barton wished to enter the harbor; if not, to leave supplies for refugees at Guantanamo. Santiago was impossible; at Guantanamo, because she admitted to communication with Siboney in the latest three days, she could neither land nor leave anything.

In front of Santiago, on Sunday, July 17th, the *Texas* at anchor had a perfect outlook over the harbor and fortifications. Clara reported her arrival to Captain Chadwick. Admiral Schley and Captain Cook called to pay respects. The Red Cross ship waited for the fleet to go in. Waited. Waited. “Between three and four o’clock,” wrote Lucy Graves, “a small steamer ran alongside and informed us that an officer wished to come aboard and conduct us into the harbor. He proved to be Lieutenant Capehart, of the *New York*, and in a little while we moved into the harbor of Santiago, the first vessel that passed in. Most of the mines had been removed or destroyed, and a pilot accompanied us to avoid the remaining ones. We passed historic Morro and the batteries on the opposite side of the harbor and moved steadily but slowly up toward the city.”

Perhaps Lucy Graves took that precedence of the Red Cross ship more as a matter of course than Clara, who has told with



feeling and beauty the progress of the *State of Texas*. "Could it be possible," she concludes, "that the Commander who had captured a city declined to be the first to enter—that he would hold back his flagship and send forward and first a cargo on a plain ship, under direction of a woman? Did our commands, military or naval, hold men great enough of soul for such action? It must be true for the spires of Santiago rise before us."

Turning to her companions, she asked if anybody would lead the Doxology. That was the only hymn to express her overflowing heart and gratitude. Enola Gardner began "Praise God" and all joined in. As the sun set and the *Texas* approached the dock all were singing "America."

Later, when Clara tried to speak of her feelings at leading the fleet, Schley answered with the smiling quip that Sampson was by no means sure about those mines. The simple fact is that both Admirals knew her ship was the one most needed. Inhabitants had been ordered to El Caney, where 30,000 people were without food, shelter, or place to rest. Again Shafter telegraphed, "Can you send food?" She replied, "Yes." Then she opened the Michaelson soup kitchen—shut down for lack of materials—providing in every possible way for the population left in Santiago, "all with unmistakable evidences of famine and misery."

On Monday, Schley and Sampson came in, to shout to Clara their familiar greetings, to watch and approve the expeditious unloading of the *Texas* under Clara's orders. Her ship returned to New York, on July 22nd, after feeding 10,000 a day with soup, or bread and milk, and meat.

Peace was confirmed on August 13, 1898. On the 14th, Clara's party visited San Juan Hill and the "surrender tree." Next day "Barton" cabled "Pierson" that hundreds were starving in Havana, hundreds who months ago had been promised food and other relief. Her work at Santiago was completed, and she had abundant supplies. "May I have a vessel at once to take my staff and distribute the goods?" From both the diplomatic and hu-

manitarian points of view, she thought that act would be the crowning event.

President McKinley assigned her the *Clinton*. On August 21st, five weeks after entering Santiago Harbor, the Red Cross party sailed on that ship for Havana. After landing on the 26th and visiting the Governor, Clara received all afternoon and evening, next day, scores of the destitute. Spanish officers, meantime, interviewed the Captain of the *Clinton*, to say he had incurred a fine of \$500 for entering harbor without presenting a manifest—the ship had taken on more freight, including mules, at Santiago—and without a consignee for the goods. General Blanco was displeased that a “relief ship” had anchored under military insignia. Clara explained.

The Colonial Government, she was told, was willing to pay the fine and duties on the supplies, provided all were turned over to it.

“Such a course cannot be thought of,” Clara stated firmly. She thought she knew what would happen to that cargo if she yielded the condition. The *Clinton* paid the fine and sailed out with a parting salute: “The knell of death to untold thousands of the doomed on the stricken island.”

Steaming to Egmont Key, the party was in quarantine there five days, molested by gnats, fleas, mosquitoes, snakes, and storms. When the staff broke up, Clara reminded all that they had relieved Santiago in less than a week and could have done the same for Havana in three weeks, had they been allowed to remain. Medical work would continue a year or more; the Cuban Relief Committee in New York might wish to use its funds but she thought not through herself, and nothing now remained but to get transportation to Washington.

5

An article in *Harper's Weekly*, September 3, 1898, ends, “As to the Red Cross . . . and Miss Barton in particular, most noble work has been done, great self-sacrifices have been made,



and enormous good has been accomplished. Miss Barton is one of the heroic figures of the war, and the suggestion that she should be the first woman thanked by Congress is one worthy of serious consideration." Congress did thank her. And in his message to Congress, December 6, 1898, President McKinley mentioned her work in terms of hearty commendation.

Clara scored the Surgeon-General. If he had only said, "Direct the Red Cross to take its place in the prospective war," the President of the Red Cross would hardly have gone to the front on top of an army wagon and bales of hay! She had left Cuba, she said, not so much on account of customs duties as to remove a possible obstruction to delicate governmental negotiations pending.

She came away from Cuba with gifts, from the soldiers, of two noble Arabian steeds, Prince and Baba. Baba became as famous, though with a difference, as Lee's Traveler or Alexander's Bucephalus. White, long-tailed, amenable to both men and women riders, he was self-willed. If, on the highway, he saw a vision of his stable—in summer, covered with mosquito netting to bar flies that drew blood and raised "marble-sized bumps" on his delicate skin—that moment he wheeled homeward, faster and faster, ending in a burst of speed that shot him through the door. Woe to the luckless rider who did not lie flat and so avoid being scraped off by the lintel. He was devoted to Clara and she to him, buying without a murmur all the fine provender demanded by his proud lineage.

When Clara called—with Dr. Hubbell and others—on the President, September 21, 1898, he expressed himself as much pleased with her work; he asked whether she did not wish a furlough. "He said he was as willing to grant it to her," chronicled Lucy Graves, "as he could possibly be to the most gallant of his soldiers." Her report was oral, "relating to the present conditions in Havana and the prospect of getting food in without antagonizing the government there or complicating the work of the Commissioners."

Immediately after coming home, Clara had explained to Schieren, of the Central Cuban Relief Committee, the status in which she left the work in Cuba. That gentleman on returning to New York requested Stevé to find out whom she left in charge! "Get answer quick," urged Stevé's message. Schieren got it, double-quick, from a woman vexed with committeemen who constantly required reassurance, in a telegram of 255 words. Fact-crammed, Gradgrindian, that telegram must have removed all possible doubt from the mind of Committeeman Schieren.

He had feared, conceivably, not without superficial reason, that this little old woman—marked by a black eye (she had fallen and hurt it before leaving Cuba) and spotted from hungry mosquitoes on Egmont Key—was inadequate. At the same meeting, she may have been cryptic through resentment at obvious overlordship. McKinley's asking about a furlough may have had something behind it: perhaps one of the increasing whispers, "Why doesn't she retire? She must be nearly eighty!" or a murmured, "If there were a younger, more active Red Cross President, the organization would prosper better." Whisperers and murmurers forgot that when eighty arrives, that age may seem young; from that serene eminence one measures only by the astronomical and the eternal.

Some months after this autumn of 1898, a woman to whom Clara had entrusted much in Cuba came to Washington, hoping to be made her successor, saying, "Miss Barton can't last much longer." After that presumption, for the woman had no obvious qualifications for the Presidency, another aspirant boldly ventured out to Glen Echo.

"If you are not going to the Convention in St. Petersburg, in 1902, I should like to be your substitute."

"But," Clara told her, "I expect to go, fully expect to go."

On October 1, 1898, meantime, Stevé wrote that he and Schieren withdrew, placing the entire Cuban Relief in her hands. There was still a sum of \$50,000 for dispensing. Early in



the month, Clara despatched J. K. Elwell—nephew of her old General J. J. Elwell—Dr. Egan, and a clerk to meet a provisional ship at Key West and to proceed to Cuba.

On what was afterward proclaimed "Columbus Day," Clara was elected Honorary President of the Society of the Spanish-American War. Throughout the remainder of the year she refused all invitations, social and diplomatic. "Not going out this season," she was completing *The Red Cross* by adding chapters on Cuba.

Need of hospital work still existed. In December, the Cuban Evacuation Commissioners recommended to President McKinley that the Red Cross take it up. Before Garcia, "brave soldier, unselfish patriot, fine man," in Clara's words, died in Washington, the President had almost arranged with him for supplying agricultural need. The President now asked private charity. Before a report came from Elwell, General Joe Wheeler wrote Clara a letter and proposed a resolution of thanks from Congress for her work in the war, Job Hedges dined at Glen Echo with his old friend and her Field Agent, and McKinley again asked Miss Barton to represent the Red Cross in Cuba.

## 6

After many preliminaries, she went in early April, 1899, for the fourth time. As before, Dr. Hubbell assumed the field work, she directing him and his aides from headquarters. Her diary, "purchased at Key West, April 8," is scarcely begun before signs of her unhappiness thicken with the words. Members of her staff slipped off, Sunday, without speaking to her of their plans, leaving only "String," the cook, and Ilka Condory, a capable young woman from New York, with their director. Returning at ten o'clock, they "stealthily crept in at the back door and up the back stairs, having seen that I was in the dining-room." She had no objection to their recreation or pleasure, "but what I do feel is the sly, unjust methods employed to obtain their poor little rough amusements." One would prefer to believe the staff

was considerate, at least in the “stealthy” manner of returning, but too many other notes prevent such conclusion.

What Clara could not accept was that, however vigorous her intellect, she was to those ingrates—clods untroubled by a spark—only an old woman whom they need not even pretend to respect. With that admirable hindsight bestowed upon the human race, today may ask of yesterday, “Why didn’t she go home, give up the Red Cross, enjoy housework and friends?” Today may observe that Clara should have reflected also, “With some notable exceptions I have had the unhappy fate to surround myself with men and women who, from mistaken kindness, wished to do my work and leave to me the honor, or with men and women who used me constantly and shamelessly, who had not an atom of altruism in their vest-pocket souls.” The apparent weakness in her judgment is explainable in part by a statement in one of the diaries. Briefly, she had accepted those who crept to her in need, or those temporarily down—sometimes out—glad of tentative service with the Red Cross.

What Clara did see in these employees, now, was “a tricky method of gaining personal power in a small, mean way, to be used over or against the person or persons who employ, pay, and sustain them in the place that gives them their bread.” She could not understand open disloyalty; reared in the days when the names of gentleman and lady were not worn by every charlatan, she trusted long, against cumulative tokens of unfaithfulness. Once a friend, always a friend. Her copy of the *New Illustrated Self-Instructor in Phrenology and Physiology*, which provides a chart for rating personal characteristics, was marked for her by the author, her old friend L. N. Fowler. Phrenology, never more than a pseudo-science, none the less offered a psychologist—who did not yet know his label—ample opportunity for studying his “subject.” The only trait marked “very large” and indicated by the number 7 on Clara’s chart is Friendship. Nearly all good qualities are represented by the number 6, meaning “large.” In rating her highest on Friend-



ship, Fowler was right, as all records reveal; and the multitudinous records involve far more friendly acts than all the days of her life.

In a sense, she had idealized all the groups that ever aided her cause, or had measured them by her own egometry. She could not believe until forced to believe, that so-and-so was a traitor. Clara knew as well as anybody the snake can be only the snake; the angel, the angel: she knew, she knew. But not before suspicions were confirmed by the overt act and the lying tongue could she or would she entertain the thought that any of her staff could be disloyal. A group in Cuba, photographed after the war relief, shows her holding the hand of a nurse who leans over her chair. That is typical. Spiritually, she held their hands and was upheld by theirs.

With a glint of humor, she headed her diary of June 13, 1899, "The Relief of Lucknow." She and the Doctor called on Fitzhugh Lee. The days grew still darker and she found peace only in the thought of getting out of Cuba "and all this." To the end, trying with accustomed kindness to conciliate the unruly band, she proposed a picnic on the Fourth of July, a proposal "well taken." Fifteen rode off in ambulances converted to pleasure wagons.

Suddenly, according to her account, she "had a vision of how to get away from the island, whom to take away, and whom to leave." Unfortunately, she was unhappy in the vision. Before the end of the year the lady who was more or less her substitute was in Washington, "in a kind of blaze of glory," though wanting money, always wanting money; and scattering the rumor that Clara could not possibly live much longer, actually drew Secretary George B. Cortelyou out to Glen Echo with "a view to sounding my health and impressions of Mrs. Blank's operations." All this sort of thing went on, said Clara, until a former clerk made statements not favorable to the management of Mrs. Blank's husband, so calling the attention of General Leonard Wood to the subject, "when a general turnabout took place."

Before Clara left Cuba, finally and forever, she led the grand march in a dance of July 7th. Summing up the campaign, she wrote: "Anyway the twelve hundred happy children would have been still in the dust and vermin. My way in it has been dark and pitiful enough, but it is possible that it was for the best, and I must bear with it to the end."

After a last visit to the asylums, talking over the Cuban Red Cross organization, and paying to the staff "all that could be decently got into the hands of all," she looked about the house, "which seemed like a deserted castle from which its spoilers had fled," and talked to the inevitable reporter. From him she received just praise, balm to her wounded soul. The *Havana* brought her away, on July 15th. Next day, on the ship, she wrote: "This is probably the funeral day of poor sister 'Jule.' A long life closed, all merriment ceased, all pain ended. How much I have to remember since she first came to our family, so much that was a little pleasant, so much that was bitter hard; let it all go; in the little grave that will close today, let all be buried. Stand with the mourners, drop your tears with theirs and say Amen, God willed it so. Poor David has been spared some years of pain. Thank God for that. The others follow on. What is it all for?" (This quotation alone declares her an Anglo-Saxon descended from days when the *bere tun*, or barley enclosure, gave to her father's clan its patronymic Beretun, Berton, Barton. Tone, rhythm, eighty per cent of the words as Old English as King Alfred or Cynewulf.)

She probably reflected that this was the last phase of her final great campaign; she probably did not remind herself that she had had, after all, the life of a soldier, that she was a worthy descendant of her ancestral fighters for the House of Lancaster.

In 1939, the only survivor of the First National Red Cross Society said Clara's heart was broken by the charges preceding the "Investigation" of 1904. Right and wrong. Clara's heart was broken many times and as often healed. Each shattering left her more disillusioned, each healing renewed the sources of her



strength. Now she wrote: "I feel no desire to see anyone. It does not seem to me that the world can ever be to me again what it was, or has been." Back at Glen Echo, she would have been cheered by a check of \$1,000 from her publishers had she not expected more. Altogether, she received \$4,000 for *The Red Cross*, but she had been to more than that expense in the compilation and writing, and had expected \$10,000 or \$15,000. Reporters came from New York and Washington. "I tell them the best I can but am too heart-broken to live under it all." Never to one of them did she offer more than her wonted serenity, on occasion aptly spiced or peppered.

On the last day of August, 1899, Dr. Hubbell—who had accompanied her home—sailed again for Cuba to relieve the temporary incumbent appointed by Clara to aid orphans and reconcentrados. On September 6th, she herself visited Ilka Condory, at Central Park South, New York City. That evening, at Philadelphia, she met the Grand Army of the Republic, receiving the most magnificent of all magnificent receptions. In Meriden, Connecticut, at the home of Francis Atwater, she finished the Red Cross Reconstruction program, to the satisfaction of her friends. Francis shortly went to Cuba, at her request, and amusingly enough was arrested, with Dr. Hubbell, for house-breaking. The reasons, Clara understood, were legitimate if not legal. Francis apparently believed that in the home of the man Clara regarded as traitor existed evidence of his subversive activity. At this late date one can only surmise: accounts? diaries? letters betraying his undermining antagonism?

The Doctor was forming orphan asylums as rapidly as possible, while Atwater was taking care of official adjustments. "It will require all this force to combat successfully the deep-laid schemes of the arch-leader, whose hand will be on the throat all through."

So, mysteriously enough, she refers to one of her employees who, she was sure, had betrayed her and would knife her further. She was able to go to the Raleigh Hotel, in Washington,

to see the crowd and the "pretty decorations" honoring Admiral Dewey, as he rode to receive the sword presented by President McKinley. Three-quarters of a century back, she had—she believed—seen Lafayette drawn through her home town of Worcester.

When at last the Cuban business was all in the past, she went to bed. "I am dressed for the first time," she wrote on November 20th, "in many weeks." Cuba had occupied her mind and body for two years. Small joy had she from that long struggle. Yet from her published report no reader would surmise her deep distress. If she could have been translated at the supreme moment of realization that her ship was leading the victorious fleet into Santiago, she would have escaped much sadness and hardship. Yet Galveston lay ahead and, though others might have done all she did there, First Aid to the Injured lay beyond Galveston. Her mantle was not yet to be loosed; there was no waiting Elisha.



## XX

### GALVESTON, GROWING DISSENSIONS, CONFERENCE AT ST. PETERSBURG

DR. HUBBELL WITH FRIENDS RETURNED FROM CUBA LATE IN 1899. While the company remained, "I nearly ruined myself," said Clara, "trying to talk, until I could neither talk nor write."

The Red Cross Bill for Reincorporation and for Protection came up in the spring of 1900. Clara had depended upon Attorney Ellen Mussey to look after its passage, but that lady was off on a three months' vacation in Europe. "There was nobody but myself to be present at the Capitol to meet members and answer inquiries. I went during all that time sixteen miles a day and remained all day." The bill finally passed, on June 6, 1900, but "very imperfect," and the Reincorporation was also rushed through in unsatisfactory fashion.

The Act was signed by President McKinley, who passed to Clara the pen with which he had signed it.\* At the meeting of the Incorporators, on July 10, 1900, at the Arlington Hotel, she asked that the organization be given an income, also the creation of a fund for suitable conduct of work at home and in the fields.

"The American National Red Cross," she said, "should have a fund of at least a million dollars . . . but this fund must be always from the munificence of the people. . . . Never lose sight of the fact, I pray you, that the Red Cross means *people's aid for national necessities*, not national help for people's needs."

\* It may be seen today in the basement of the National Red Cross Building, among other Bartoniana.

After recommending a Board of Control and unity of action, she begged for release. *She was not permitted to retire.*

But the Board of Control was established, a Board with power of directing the entire organization. A substitute for the old Executive Board, it was composed of members some of whom became anathema to their President, yet she had recommended the Board, she herself was on it and undoubted friends were there.

Clearly, when she frothed at the "Board of Control," she had in mind a few persons—who soon manifested desire for power—or perhaps the idea of "Control." "The Board has full power," she wrote on January 5, 1901, "and will exercise it. I shall never come into a show of discord before the people of this country. I don't know what may be alleged against me but I must find the grace to keep quiet, and let it all go on." Her feeling appears to have been an outgrowth of the illogical fears of her early life, experienced again—if not before and after—succeeding the Andersonville expedition (see page 128). "When I can bear it no longer, if I have still the strength and health to get to some other country, I will go. My prayer is for the gift of health and strength." Evil enmity, felt in emanations rather than in acts, disturbed her balance and sense of proportion with menace of the dread unknown.

Mrs. Mussey proposed to work every alternate day for the Red Cross at \$150 a month. She so acted until the close of 1900, making a debt of obligation of \$1,000. [She was in Europe three months of the time.] "I am not sure if the Board will recognize this obligation or let it rest on me, to whom her proposition was made." Later she observed, "I might add that as the service occurred during the time of the Galveston flood, it was held by myself and others of the Society to belong as legitimately to the expenses of that field as that of the other employees," and accordingly Mr. Ward was directed to send to Mrs. Mussey a check for \$1,000, which he did. Mrs. Mussey, however, raised a point of its not being Galveston work with



the exception of two weeks, the time occupied by her in going to the field and returning, for which she charged \$50 a week, making a sum of \$100, which she could *conscientiously* accept. This being unanimously concurred in by the Board, the bill was presented and paid to Mrs. Mussey and entered on the Minutes."

The Galveston disaster occurred September 8, 1900—a storm and tidal wave which, wrote Clara, "it is only necessary to name as it is a matter of multi-historic record." Whoever looks upon the mighty protecting sea-wall must marvel that a human being was left alive when, wholly unprotected from ocean fury, the city was inundated. Clara got off from Washington on the 13th, with a staff of seven or eight, among them Mrs. Mussey—who objected to Clara's going. "To this singular protest I made no remonstrance, but went with no thought of its having any importance." Besides acting for the Red Cross, she also accepted the proposal of the New York *World* to make its distributions.

Before leaving Glen Echo, Clara had caught a grippe germ from one of her guests, and arrived at Galveston with a slight fever. "This seemed to alarm Mrs. Mussey, who insisted on calling a physician—and it developed between them that I must leave at once for home." They planned to send her in care of four assistants, but "it is needless to say that the journey was not made, that I was up, well, on the fourth day, 22nd, went about my business, which I never abandoned a day for the two months we remained." Stevé came down on the second day with Mr. F. L. Ward, financial agent, and remained two weeks. Mrs. Mussey left for Washington the following Saturday.

In Galveston was encountered the ghastliest of all ghastly fields yet relieved, a concentration of Johnstown and the Sea Islands. After she finished there, Clara transferred her help to Houston, for the mainland. Distribution was made over 1600 square miles of strawberry plants, which grew and yielded well by February, 1901. The first fruits, shipped in a mammoth box

to the President of the Red Cross, were shared with Attorney Mussey.

At home, Clara went to bed for a month. Downstairs for the first time, on February 7th, she was grateful for the privilege of wearing shoes again—her legs and feet had been “terribly swollen” from exposure to mud and water. A little later, she could walk down to the canal, at the foot of her cliff, where she “found the first spring flowers, took up the first bunch and planted it.”

In the exhausted condition after her return from Galveston, she could see nobody. That apparent withdrawal offended some of the members of the Board of Control—who had no conception of the horrors, physical and mental, endured in the city of flotsam and corpses—who were also displeased that Mr. Ward, still on the ground, did not send in his vouchers so soon as considered necessary for good business methods. “But,” logically adds Clara, “the business was all the time being transacted.” At length, after the business was closed, several of the Board resigned, notably B. H. Warner and William Flather.

Clara had written Mrs. Mussey she could not go into Washington to be present at a Board meeting January 12th, and asked—if it was legal—that the Board come to Glen Echo. “It is not legal,” replied Mrs. Mussey. “The Board of Control is a body of busy people and has no time for such things.” They could not spare a half-day to travel the eight miles to Glen Echo and back.

“I remember some half and some whole days used in building up the platform on which they all stand so securely and impudently now,” wrote Clara.

The Board also intended to investigate the accounts of one Mr. Howard, an employee at Galveston, who would fight back. “They are committing the mistake of underrating their foe, and while *they* will get whipped, I shall get killed. They are blindly stubborn and careless. . . . This kind of thing unfits me. . . .



I must in some way get out of it." Many days she began "with all the desolation of uncertainty."

A detail brought to her attention showed that her Galveston Report had not been read in full to the Board. "This is too useless and wearing to be borne. I am disgusted with the way my life is being spent with this miserable 'Control' treadmill."

Though certain members of the Board were behaving at odds with the President, others were on her side. Possibly some of the resignations sprang from knowledge that a fight was brewing and the desire to clear out from the storm-path. "Stevé is tired and wants to do his own work. Right and best if he prefers." Walter P. Phillips resigned but, before the "Investigation," returned and was not only stronger than her own right arm but often her gallant impersonator against opponents. And Stevé stayed. Warner tried to mediate: he came out to Glen Echo bearing a copy of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and asked Clara to invite Mrs. Mussey. Clara did invite her and chronicled "a pleasant call."

Despite overtures from a Board that, conceivably, might have meant to include their President in all deliberations, Clara at seventy-nine was still the Lone Eagle. More than ever, since all her life she had been sole manager of that star performer, herself. She gladly worked with others, but only if she led. Selfless in altruistic ministration, she was none the less dominant, and found subservience impossible. Against this ego was now forming a coalition, or so she believed, of men and women who, ostensibly acting to save the Red Cross from an old lady in her dotage, in reality were actuated by selfishness. Many hands, she knew, were itching to seize, hold and steer the Red Cross ship.

She made no complaint, no protest; only a phrase here and there in her diary betrays a darting insight into this or that personality. "He needs some one there to knock the wind out of his vain corporosity," for example, "he ought never to have been put there."

But she was on guard for her high position. Howard's secretary, for instance, wrote her in early February. She promptly returned the letter with the remark to her diary, "I decline to carry on that business with any one but Howard. He has retired . . . so have I." To get money, one man went before the Supreme Court, alleging that he had a large lucrative business, which he left to enter Red Cross work. False, she declared. Neither had he a large lucrative business, nor—as he stated—had he been solicited by the Red Cross. On the contrary he came, after a second application, quite unknown to Clara and begged the privilege of taking up the funding of the Society. She held his note, moreover, for a considerable sum of money, besides smaller amounts advanced to pay for his time. From two importunates she was ready "to leave the country as soon as possible." Not because she was at fault. So honest had been her life, that the thought did not occur to her that to others such escape would mean guilt. Sometime later, on the verge of fleeing, she was restrained by friends, who pointed out the fatal inference.

In any event, she declared, "I will not go to law. They must do what they can with me." And that was final, except that ultimately she was urged by friends to pay something to the gentleman who had "given up a lucrative business" and had not been "rewarded" by the Red Cross for his services.

Although under clouds, she was blessed now and then by gleams of light. Transmitted through the Governor of Texas came Resolutions of Thanks voted by the Legislature; from Susan B. Anthony, a letter that Rochester had a little Red Cross money—\$1,700—voted to her personal use. "Blessed old Rochester!" exclaimed Clara. Afterward, she sent checks (\$100 each) to Susan and to May Wright Sewell for "good feeling and help to their work." Hearing through Dr. Senn she had been made honorary member of Military Surgeons, she gathered from other quarters that a medal would probably be voted for her services in the Spanish-American War. To somebody she remarked



that an annuity might be more valuable and a document was prepared, supporting the cause of Bill No. 2688, introduced by Senator Mason, granting an annuity of \$5,000 to "Miss Clara Barton for distinguished services."\*

"Conforming to Clara Barton's request," wrote Dr. Hubbell on the copy at hand, "this paper was not presented as proposed." Her chief reason for opposing the presentation appears to be that an annuity was also in the minds of certain members of the Red Cross. She would not be forced to retire through the gift of an annuity.

The preceding, however, is anticipatory. In March, 1901, she did not feel like going to the McKinley-Roosevelt inauguration. Instead, she walked afield to catch Baba, happier than if at the ceremonies.

Soon she called upon Senator Ridgely and others, hoping the Board might be set aside. They gave their opinion, "It is legal and will stand with all power." Anticipating possibly extreme action, she wrote: "Nothing would prevent them from voting me out but the little fear they might have of the disapproval of the public. The effort will be gently to lead the public to feel that I am too mentally incapacitated longer to hold a position of responsibility and that the good of the Red Cross demands that I be superseded. I see no security but in getting out myself before it is time for action." Why, then, why did she *not* get out?

While Dr. Hubbell was away, resting, other friends consoled and strengthened and urged her to stand firm. Out of her own depths she reached a helping hand to "Lizzie," a member of the Rich family into which Brother Stephen had married. Through trickery, Lizzie had lost a small fortune and now was forlorn, hungry, without a decent garment. Ultimately, Clara brought her to Glen Echo, where she lived as happily as one more or less bed-ridden could live, until her death several years

\* The Country's Debt to Miss Clara Barton, President American National Red Cross. Some Statements by B. F. Tillinghast, of Davenport, Iowa, Before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, Wednesday, April 30, 1902.





*Blackstone Studios*

#### SOME OF CLARA'S PERSONAL RECORDS

Clara's press books, scrapbooks, books of clippings, diaries, letters, and letters to her. The small white book strapped against the black is the diary for 1870. To the left, depending from the table, is Clara's first lecture, in the original script. Her photograph is one of those made in Russia, 1903. The letters addressed to Miss C. H. Barton are of the 1850's and are in her brother Stephen's script. All lent by Miss Rena D. Hubbell, and since the photograph was made, December, 1910, in the Library of Congress. Red Cross insignia are of the original lot in America.





NATIONAL RED CROSS BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.



later. At her passing, Clara wrote of her own gratitude at having been able to make comfortable "Lizzie's" final days.

On March 20th, Clara's worry leaped to a climax on discovering, or rediscovering that, "The 3rd Article of Incorporation gives all my letter-books and writing for twenty years into the hands of the Board of Control, if it demands them." Panic-stricken, with recurrence of the early childhood fear, she added, "They will claim my property; if they dare to do it so soon, eventually they will claim and fight in the law for all I have."

At this point she rigidly divided all strictly official documents from her private papers. Some printed matter and letters she proposed sending to her nieces. But by far the greater number of diaries and perhaps of her letters, outside Red Cross jurisdiction, she stacked with the aid of a friend—curiosity wonders which friend—neatly, compactly, in a secret closet. If Dr. Hubbell was the friend, he turned to that closet when he began to make notes for her biography, which he did not write—unfortunately, since he knew more of her and her life-work than did anybody else.

If ignorant of the stored treasures, he found them—not soon enough—and marked many revelatory passages in diaries, letters in press-books, and cuttings in scrap-books. Before his own end, 1929, he sealed all, again. Not even his twin nieces, Rena D. Hubbell and Lena Hubbell Chamberlain, were aware of the hoard, and to these nieces he had transferred, or later transferred, the house with all its contents. After Miss Hubbell, through arrangement with her sister, became sole owner she discovered the secret closet quite by accident. Reconstruction of two presumably contiguous closets brought to light the narrow walled space between, packed from floor to ceiling.

A forward glance from 1901: on November 25, 1907, Clara wrote: "No trace of Lieutenant John Wesley Crawford, who left home on the morning of the 22nd, has been found. His hat and coat were on the outer edge of the Alexandria Ferry Boat, Lackawanna. The Lieutenant was Admiral Dewey's clerk, and



was the person sent by the Investigating Committee to overlook my house and say what belonged to the Red Cross, and to him all was turned over. He took until he refused to take more, and positively declined another thing. He was not pleased with his mission, and seemed very friendly, and disgusted with the entire performance." This statement is necessary here, inasmuch as a glance at the illustration (see page 384) of documents extracted from the secret closet must gather that more than the merely personal has place among them. Those not taken by the Lieutenant obviously were added to the hoard between the closets.

Much of the intimate personalia Clara Barton intended to be released only after protagonist and deuteragonists had quitted the earth. Nobody knew better than herself the worth of that long-kept, personal record, destined by the wisdom of Rena D. Hubbell to become part of the Congressional Library. No individual collection of Americana is more to be valued.

The first half of 1901 rolled into the ages, from the death of Queen Victoria in January, for whose bier a class in Philadelphia sent a wreath, bearing a sentiment penned by Clara, through the death of McKinley, on September 14th, and the succession to the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt. "What it is," wrote Clara, "to have lived through the slaying of three Presidents."

At Meriden, on Memorial Day, Walter P. Phillips called upon her to say he would resume duties as Secretary. "So they can't vote Ellen in as permanent Secretary," chortled Clara. She was happier. Earlier that day she had been received by the G. A. R. Post: "No words could do justice to the enthusiastic greeting given me."

In mid-summer at Worcester she wrote of all her relations there, mentioning each by name, "Not a worthless one among them." On a later visit, she was accompanied home by Ida, Mrs. Riccius, who cheered Aunt Clara several weeks. That was after Clara had received equal honors by the Women's Press Associa-

tion (of which she was the first honorary member), at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, with "Sarah Grand," author of the turn-of-the-century popular *The Heavenly Twins*.

At home still nagged by the idea of "Control," Clara wrote of her sadness, "the same old sadness that took possession of me when Klopsch was sent to Cuba to watch me, and with the power to deceive me as far as possible." She was not wrong in suspecting traps for catching first signs of moribundity, and was acute enough to be alert for the snares. Shortly after the Galveston work, a bank official sent her five dollars too much in cashing a check. Fortunately she counted the money, brought by messenger, and believed she knew why the extra dollars had been included. If she was wholly wrong, accident and coincidence and carelessness of others were working overtime.

At the Second Annual Meeting of the National Red Cross, December 10, 1901, the Board of Control was abolished. A Board of Directors was voted, however, and an Executive Board. Had she gained an inch to lose an ell? In any event, she begged to be retired, to lay down her armor, worn and rusted. Again, the resignation was not accepted. Fair inference at this date is that at that stage all wished her to remain but to permit herself more help, with perhaps much guidance, from Directors and Executive Board. A month later, she came home from a meeting, "to contemplate the hole in my room to escape through. There are only four of us—Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Spencer, Briggs, and I—all the others are a clique."

She would change her mind about certain persons—on each side of the fence.

While feeling that a bitter drink was brewing, Clara called down Atwater, to examine Charter and By-Laws; she journeyed to Bedford, Indiana, to talk over affairs with the Gardners. In February, 1902, she had the honor of opening the Woman Suffrage meeting in Washington, of speaking before the Council of Women, and before the Mothers' Congress.

At the Executive Red Cross meeting, March 22nd, at the Fair-



fax, were present Barton, Warner, Wolf, Boardman, Spencer, Foster. J. Ellen got an appointment to the International Conference at St. Petersburg over two ladies, one of whom was supported by Secretary Richard Olney and Clara. She, Dr. Senn, B. F. Tillinghast, and Admiral von Reypen were the other delegates.

Prospect of Europe freshened her octogenarian body and reinvigorated her spirit. "Bought twelve yards of purple silk for a skirt . . . fur for a green skirt." On May 5th, she called on Congress and, with Senator Hoar and William Alden Smith, held an impromptu reception in one of the halls. At the White House, she left regards for President Roosevelt. That night she traveled to New York, visited Marietta Holley all day, the 7th, and sailed by *La Bretagne* on the 8th.

Never was a voyage so easy, so free from sickness. All one day, she lay happily on a sofa writing up her diary. On the way from Berlin to St. Petersburg comments, though shakily written, reveal the perennial spirit, vital observation, and constant awareness of the woman whose opponents thought she should surrender control. At the frontier, "a small man with a fine silk hat and a big red cross at his collar . . . came to welcome and escort 'Miss Barton's train.'" By May 26th, she was at the homelike Hotel de France, but scarcely able to go to bed it was so very light in that northern zone.

On the last day of May, Dowager Queen Dagmar entertained seventy in the great hall of the palace. "She came first to me and offered her hand, did not allow me to kiss it." This reciprocal courtesy from two ladies acquainted with courtly etiquette suffered a sea-change in traveling to America. The press reported that Miss Barton was about to kiss the Czar's hand, when he quickly withdrew it, saying, "Not you, Miss Barton!" Annoyed by so ridiculous an error and advised by friends, Clara wrote an article for the press—duly published—mentioning certain proper formalities in European Courts.

Dagmar went the rounds and returned to Clara, "saying how

glad she was to meet me, and passed out at the door by which she had entered." She told one of her maids of honor "she had felt a great hesitation about going alone into the room to meet and speak with so many gentlemen, but after speaking with me she felt reassured and went through the ceremony without the slightest embarrassment." The Emperor and Empress received delegations at Tsarkoe Selo. The first presented was that from the United States, to whose numbers had been added Captain Slocum. The delegation passed into an adjoining room for refreshments where, inadvertently, Clara took a bit of lobster which—after dinner at the palace—sent her to bed. Mrs. Foster spent the night with her. Kindly interest must have prompted that act, but Clara felt she was "watched."

Next day, the Court Chamberlain delivered to Clara the Decoration of the Emperor, with an accompanying letter; later, the Grand Duchess Sergius sent "a beautiful picture" of herself. Clara began to reciprocate in kind this picture-giving and sat to a Russian artist, who made excellent likenesses, which she distributed there and in America. (See page 384.) After the final meeting, Clara, J. Ellen, Dr. Senn and Tillinghast went to Moscow. "Mrs. Foster and I go to tea at a station, get a chicken, taste it, the bell rings. I seize the chicken, Mrs. Foster follows with a napkin, and we finish on the train." At Moscow, Clara drove to Sparrow Hill to get the view Napoleon saw when he offered the city to his soldiers in 1812, then to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, and to visit the royal stables. Seven hundred of the stud were elsewhere, but she admired a hundred "beautiful animals, black Orloff and dappled gray." On the way home she compared these splendid creatures with those in Berlin, where she visited the palace of the late William and Augusta. In Paris, the comparison became contrast: "Disgusted with treatment of horses. Poor fly-devoured, under-fed, over-driven, sunken-chested creatures."

Tillinghast, meantime, wrote Mrs. Logan a long letter: "Miss Barton has been herself all the time, working as effectually as a



woman half her years . . . all with an intelligent and well-directed purpose. . . . She is honored abroad more than at home. No delegate to the Conference was so much sought; no one received so many attentions." On one occasion when the Presiding Officer mentioned her name, all the delegates rose as a mark of respect and the applause was general. "Miss Barton was the only delegate singled out by order of the Czar for special and distinguished decoration, the medal given her being the highest class, and next to that worn by the Empress herself."

Little marvel that, after these comforting honors, when reporting to Adee and submitting her modest expense account (again, only \$600), and he said to her, cordially enough but in "rather a mock-complimentary style he was glad that we got on without 'a squabble' "—little marvel she added, "It is not necessary to say that my responses were not voluminous nor over-cordial."

After three weeks in Russia, she visited a friend of Civil War days—now the Princess Salm Salm—showing her how to make pies and writing a poem for her on the back of the large Russian photograph presented on July 4th. On this day once, long, long ago, both were at "the pitiless first Bull Run." In writing about this visit to the Princess, Clara observed that she had often been asked for her favorite verse or motto. "The one that comes to me more often than any other"—and the Princess always evoked it—"is the stanza from Coleridge:

'He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.'

On she journeyed to Carlsruhe. "Nowhere in the world would I have been so warmly and lovingly received." From Louise she heard of two political parties—Communists and adherents of the Crown—of which the former would not cheer for the Grand Duke. She avoided, therefore, State festivities and political functions; but at the request of the Grand Duchess she went, as long ago she went, to the Senate Chamber.

"Wear your decorations, wear all!" commanded Louise. For Clara sat this time not in the auditorium but in one of two boxes reserved for royalty and the distinguished.

The Grand Duke entered, as Clara had seen him enter thirty years ago, to huzzahs from rising men. Again, he received the book, reading as well as he could in the dim lighting. "The day was cloudy, warm, and sweaty, and his eyeglasses troubled him, but he persevered and went through. The cheers were repeated, he bowed and went out; we followed, and it was over." Clara reflected that he had ruled fifty years.

Before returning to the Schloss, she wrote: "This will finish up my beautiful Court visit not alone for this year but in all probability for all years." There, the Grand Duke came in and they talked over the old Strasbourg days. On saying good-by, the Grand Duchess commanded, "Tell them in America how I love you. Tell them . . ." And so they parted.

In calling upon Minna's family Clara accepted Antoinette's painting of "Tommy," which Minna had treasured since it had been given her in 1894. Borne unharmed across the ocean again, it was reframed for Glen Echo.

In Paris Clara walked five hours before noticing she was tired, finding her way easily to spots she had forgotten, not knowing she would find them. The erect Vendôme column recalled 1870 when it lay "prone on the ground, half-buried in filth." A sudden vista drew her eyes to a balcony: "Why, that is where Antoinette and I had rooms," she exclaimed to herself, "where we made little pots of coffee and took our breakfasts, with the light sunshine on the table, so high above the great square." She was glad Antoinette was yet "on this side." After seeing the old familiar places, she believed, "I could go and retrace all Italy and Corsica after these thirty years."

Sailing on the *Pennsylvania*, she found Tillinghast aboard when she arrived by lighter over tossing seas far out in the Channel from Boulogne.

On that best of all voyages, Clara had time for reading and reflection. On the third day out, wondering whether King Ed-



ward would live to be crowned, she walked to the "Ladies Room," and picked up *Reveries of a Bachelor*. "Instantly, I am back forty years and up in old Worcester, in Aunt Hannah's chamber, at the window facing the 'old South.' I am reading the 'choice new book of the year.' 'Ik Marvel' is here again. There is a fascination in the pages as I turn them and continue to turn them one by one till I have gone through all, lived it all over again. The actions of his day and of my day had all come and lived with me the two little hours. . . ." *Audrey*, by Mary Johnston, fell under her eye; an "aperçu" was enough. . . . "And so on for the morning. The voyagers came and went and I fell into a reverie myself as to how much reading I should have done, how much I should have lived with the literary world if I had never heard of a Red Cross. Would it perhaps have been better if I never had? As it looks now, I almost feel yes. I cannot see that I have really established anything that is to live, or that is, perhaps, needed in a country like ours, with a people so full of ready adaptation and quick impulses. There may have been a little interim, in which its lessons, and even its little work may have been of some use; doubtless so, or it would not have been. But if that time be not now passed, and its usefulness to the people, and my usefulness to it, have found an end, is to me the question of the moment. The latter seems to me very apparent, and the former is not for me to decide. But the bugle call to dinner ends my reverie and my morning with authors." . . . By August 6th, she was at Glen Echo.

A few days later she was enjoying a game of euchre with her merry family, and accepting for September 22nd an invitation from the Spanish War Veterans convening in Detroit.

In late August, she went to the Atwaters, in Meriden, for some five weeks, in which she wrote most of *The Story of My Childhood*, and put her Report through the press. She paid for it from her own funds, adding a personal note by including a photograph of herself and one of the Czar's family, and gave it as a Christmas booklet.

In these weeks she was also busy with friends in arranging for changes in the Red Cross organization at the December meeting. Messrs. Atwater and Olney were her best helpers. From Washington she heard that Mrs. Hines was learning to type and that Mary Barton had sold "the little Red Cross house and lot," a small storage place near the 947 T Street property, at an acceptable figure.

With Francis and Atwater, she arrived in Detroit just before the President's Day at the Spanish War Veterans' Convention. When her party entered the Armory, she was escorted to the front seat of the platform. Roosevelt was speaking. When he had closed, the presiding officer introduced her and "commanded the President, 'who can be commanded on no other occasion nor by any other person, to meet Miss Barton and escort her to a seat beside him,' which President Roosevelt proceeded to do." Declining to speak, she sat beside him throughout the ceremonies.

On a boat ride, Roosevelt's "little party" was on the upper deck; hers, below. In the parade, her car was immediately behind the President's. Reportedly, she was cheered more than he. At the Reviewing Stand she sat again at his right. In the evening, at a banquet at which five thousand were present as feasters or onlookers, Clara was the only woman at the President's table.

"When President Roosevelt entered, before he took his place, he came to me and shook hands heartily, at which the applause was so great that the air seemed to quiver with the weight of human voices." Put that down to Teddy's magnanimity, however he may have erred later. Alger at the right of the President, Clara sat at his left and on her left the Governor of Michigan. That dinner was the highest moment of her career among all occasional honors paid her by the American people, whom she so loved and whom she had served so long. Applause for Roosevelt was deafening. Succeeding him, she could not be heard, "No woman's voice could fill that house, already packed



full." She saved her notes for the Spanish War *Journal*, received "a beautiful bouquet," and came away at midnight.

At Meriden, Francis discussed with her the opening of Red Cross Headquarters in New York. Mrs. Atwater, seeing her home, remained a space at Glen Echo, visiting Clara and her "family," Dr. Hubbell and Mrs. Hines.

Early in October, the G. A. R. and its auxiliary, the Women's Relief Corps, convened at the Capital. Clara, Kate Sherwood, Mrs. Logan, and a few others were introduced, one by one, at a G. A. R. meeting, "amid applause a President himself might be proud to hear." As they left the Hall, General Torance had Clara's arm. "A man came up and said, 'General, I will take this lady out if you permit.' I looked up and there was Major-General Shafter—my old Cuba General. The hall rang and rang as we went slowly down the aisle, both of us so glad to meet we could scarce keep our hands off the other's shoulders."

As the Convention broke up, Clara wrote, "The proxies are coming in." She would need those proxies, no doubt, to establish changes in the Red Cross organization.

On October 13, 1902, came one Mr. Parker, of Leominster, "who was wounded in Cedar Mountain and lay in the old church at Culpeper. His right arm off at shoulder. Says I gave him a loaf of bread and a shirt, which may have been the first distribution, really, at the field. It so goes. This was forty years ago. Today I put a Red Cross button on his coat, directly on the armless shoulder, and gave him Red Cross literature for the Post library. He is librarian."

A day or so later she thanked the Spanish War Veterans for electing her Sponsor for life, and at evening helped Mrs. Atwater play "7-Up" against Mrs. Hines. "We have still thirty proxies to get." One proxy, made out to somebody else, "shows which way the wind blows." Ill, coughing her head off, "I decide to speak no more." A resolution kept probably all of a day. "We feel certain that some influences are at work for the proxies, and decide to *move on the works*."

## XXI

### EVENTS PRECEDING CLARA'S RESIGNATION IN 1904

#### 1

FOR THE NEW YORK *Journal* OF NOVEMBER 8, 1902, CLARA wrote an article on Divorce, remarkable for its modernity in several phases. The prime evil, she believes, lies not so much in two persons seeking to get apart as in their having got together. Compelling them to remain together will scarcely make them fitter companions for each other. Sadly enough, matrimony is the one profession that receives no instruction. "I trust the time is near at hand," she says of the wife as bread-winner, "when a woman will be able to support not only herself but her sick and helpless husband, if misfortunes overtake them, and that it will be respectable for her to possess this ability." She hints that mutual consent should be sufficient grounds for divorce, but does not approve alimony after second marriage. Perhaps a commission of eminent ecclesiasts and distinguished lawyers should be appointed for drawing up a new code of divorce laws. Hers is a worthy companion-piece to Elizabeth Cady Stanton's last published work in the essay that led the series, to those by Mrs. Logan and ten or twelve bishops.

From the first of November all important members of the Red Cross in Washington, if not elsewhere, foresaw the meeting of December 9th as a battle. Clara, who was nearing eighty-one, got ready to fight, supported by her loyal friends. "Mrs. Logan



sees no use for the Board of Directors, and strikes them out of the By-laws. This change is so great and may affect so many persons that it may be held unwise to do it." Mrs. Logan, Clara also wrote, had received a confidential letter in which the writer "voiced very great and influential friends of the Red Cross in saying that the good of the organization demands that Miss Barton resign and let persons take hold of it more capable of conducting it, and thinks Mrs. Logan could aid in *persuading* Miss Barton to resign."

Granted that both the minority and majority members of the National Red Cross were honest, self-effacing, and desirous of best efficiency in the body, clearly there were two points of view. Briefly, the minority recognized a vast international system, of which America was but a member, a body in which no particular person—founder, organizer, or president—held peculiar rights. The majority recognized the same international system or body, with control vested primarily in Clara Barton, founder, organizer, President. This difference was essentially the rift that widened to the final breach.

Clara remarked that Mrs. Logan's correspondent "ignores the fact she has twice heard me resign before the entire meeting and beg them to accept." Mrs. Logan revised the by-laws. "Perhaps not quite wise," wrote Clara, "in view of ugly remarks that may be made." In a day or so came confirmation of "suspicions of a plot to take advantage of the coming annual meeting to force my resignation. The temptation is all the stronger from the observations of the late Conference and the open door to the royalty and courts of Europe." Yet, although preparing to meet the onslaught, Clara wrote as late as November 17th, "I feel more and more that I ought to get out of all this thing."

"Letters pertaining to Miss B—'s operations so depress me that I can do nothing," she wrote while in New York arraying her forces. She was there also winding up her Report, which closes, "Yours to serve if you need me, to retire if you do not." She was not begging to retire. Not this year!

To appreciate properly that Third Annual Meeting, December 9, 1902, one must be avid for details and must read thoroughly the Minutes and Reports. At this distance not many care to read those twenty pages packed full of significance. Let the highlights suggest the whole picture. When, at length, "Mr. Wardwell moved that the Secretary cast the unanimous ballot of the Society for Miss Clara Barton for President," the motion was not seconded. Dr. Monae-Lesser then offered a resolution which, after the "whereas" clauses expressing confidence in Clara, her efficient and unceasing labors, proposed "That Miss Clara Barton shall be the President of the American National Red Cross during her natural life," with the hope she would be spared to hold this part for many years. Only three members voted in the negative. By a vote of 85 to 13, Mrs. John A. Logan was declared the new Vice-President. For other officers elected, the Secretary cast one vote. New by-laws were adopted 23 to 12 by members present, 66 to 1 by proxy.

Clara wrote in her diary: "I called the meeting to order. Mr. Ridgely took his seat beside me. It was not long before his presence there was questioned, impudently, by Simon Wolf. I then addressed the meeting, telling them that he was there by my request, that I was not skilled in parliamentary proceedings and feared I might fail to do justice by them through lack of knowledge. . . . That my lines had lain in different fields, that if I were requested to take charge of a field of disaster I should not ask anyone to direct me, I should not only not ask any one of them to direct me, but I should not permit them, but here I asked advice. They saw the point and left us alone." From this beginning on to the final sentence, "It was a triumphant crowd that rolled out to Glen Echo and sat down to supper at nine o'clock," Clara recounts the climaxes of a victorious battle. It had been, in fact, too victorious. Already an eight page typed letter was being formulated which, under the next day's date, would go to the President of the United States. But of that letter Clara did not know.



Convinced that a change of base was desirable, Clara was about to rent an apartment for \$35 monthly, in the uptown district of New York. Her friends told her it was not good enough. With Ilka Condory she searched the neighborhood around the Hotel Plaza, selecting a seven-room flat on the top floor, at Number 49 East 58th Street, at \$1300 for the year. On her birthday, Christmas Day, riding down to Washington, she wrote: "If I count the blessings of the past year I am overcome by their magnitude and beneficence. One year ago I had just fallen afresh into the hands of my enemies, some known, others to be learned. They made themselves felt on all occasions. The clouds of despair and dread settled down blacker and heavier, as the minutes rolled on, culminating on the eve of the dreaded December 9, 1902. . . . The friends gathered about me, the morning came, and brought my darkest day of impending doom. If we were conquered or overcome, I should leave my country and seek safety and peace in lands I knew not. . . . The fight was opened, victory after victory was won through the long, hard warring day, till at length night brought complete victory, our foes were slain at our feet, we laid down our arms and slept on the field.

"The Red Cross is free and in the hands of its friends. My clouds are lifted, the heart has thrown off its load of grief and this birthday opens with scarce a care. The strong friends carry my burdens, and hold me close to them, and the gratitude of my heart goes out through them to the Great Father who sent them to my protection."

The opposition had delivered their letter. Here is the bomb that dropped at Clara's feet:

White House, Washington  
January 2nd, 1903.

Certain members of the American Red Cross, including ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of the Navy Hilary

A. Herbert, Brigadier John W. Wilson, U.S.A., Retired, Mr. Thomas F. Walsh, Mr. Simon Wolf, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Miss Boardman, and various other ladies and gentlemen of high standing, have sent to the President a letter of which a copy is herewith sent you, and accompanying it a copy of what purports to be the by-laws recently adopted by the Red Cross.

In a further letter the President has been informed that the Treasurer of the Red Cross, Mr. W. J. Flather, has resigned on account of dissatisfaction with what is alleged to be the loose and improper arrangements for securing the needed accountability for and supervision of the disbursements of the money furnished in times of exigency to the Red Cross by the charitable public.

It appears from these by-laws that the President of the United States and his Cabinet are constituted a Board of Consultation of the American Red Cross. It is not possible for the President or any of his Cabinet to serve on such a Committee, and the President directs me to have it publicly announced that the President and the Cabinet cannot so serve.

Very truly yours

(Signed) George B. Cortelyou,  
Secretary to the President.

Miss Clara Barton  
President of the American Red Cross  
Washington, D. C.

From 49 East 58th Street, New York City, Clara replied January 7th, 1903:

Mr. George B. Cortelyou,  
Secretary to the President.

Dear Mr. Cortelyou:

Your communication of January 2nd, forwarded to me from Washington, reached me by last mail.

I hasten to acknowledge the same and say: that with the permission of the President, I will see him at the earliest date at which I can be released from my engagements here. Meantime, I beg to assure him that no use will be made of his name or that of his most honored Cabinet, also—that the appearance of these names in the documents of the Red Cross is by no means new—our entire letter-paper having borne them for the last twenty years and we should have deemed it discourtesy to leave them off.

Not only no objection has been made during that time but frequent words of satisfaction accompanying the acceptance.

It was an act of courtesy on our part with no other intention,



which I beg you to assure our honored President shall be promptly discontinued at his suggestion.

With great respect, I am,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Clara Barton.

Before writing to Theodore Roosevelt, she with her informal counselors digested the letter written by the Red Cross opposition, December 10th, 1902. That letter was signed, Respectfully submitted, by the First Vice-President John M. Wilson, whose term had been December 11, 1901, to December 9th, 1902, and by members of the Executive Committee of the same year: Mabel T. Boardman, J. Ellen Foster, Bessie J. Kibbey, Sara A. Spencer, A. C. Kaufman, William H. Michael, Brainard H. Warner, and Simon Wolf. Other members, not of the Committee, were John W. Foster, Hilary A. Herbert, Thomas F. Walsh, M. L. Tanner, Ellen Spencer Mussey, Henrietta N. Rose, Amy M. Wolf, and Anna Roosevelt Cowles.

The letter itself, very briefly summed up, desires to present to the President an account of certain proceedings that have lately taken place in the Red Cross organization. According to the by-laws adopted at the meeting the day before, the President and his Cabinet become a Board of Consultation and before consent is given by them, "we deem it expedient to bring to your notice certain facts."

The next item is the letter sent out by Francis Atwater, on October 6, 1902, printed verbatim in the letter to the President. Atwater's letter asked for proxies, Miss Barton being desirous of "some slight changes in the by-laws," and needing two-thirds of the number present or by proxy. But, continued the letter, "At the annual meeting held December 9th, 1902, an entirely new set of by-laws, repealing and superseding all other by-laws were presented." These by-laws were read aloud but no printed or written copy was placed in the hands of those present to permit them even to verify by sight what they had heard read.

On motion that the new by-laws be adopted, General John W.

Foster offered as substitute motion that the Secretary be instructed to cause the proposed by-laws to be printed and a copy mailed to each member of the Association and that further consideration of them be postponed until the next annual meeting. He felt that an immediate vote was "not the orderly and proper method of taking such an important step as the setting aside or repealing these rules and regulations governing a great organization." How could they know the new by-laws conformed to "our Charter"? This substitute motion was voted down, 72 of the 89 votes were proxies.

The writers of the letter considered it proper "to call your notice, Mr. President, to the very irregular methods and arbitrary proceedings used by the authors of these by-laws. . . ." In the Charter granted to the American Red Cross by Congress, June 6, 1900, wherein it is expressly stated that 'the corporation hereby created is designated as the organization which is authorized to act in matters of relief' under the Treaty of Geneva, this corporation becomes responsible to the Government of the United States which has given it official recognition for a constitution "that provides with the utmost care for the administration of such authorized duties." After other comments to the same purpose, the signers of the letter offer the opinion that the by-laws "so hastily and arbitrarily" adopted do not fulfill requirements.

The President's attention is then invited to the Articles and Sections found objectionable. First, the President might be elected for life, and there was no power vested in the organization by which the President elected for life might for any reason be deposed except by right granted the Executive Committee—and that Committee was appointed by the President. Second, the President might if sick or absent appoint a President pro tem. to act with full power of President, and the signers of the letter objected to that right, or objected by implication. Third, although the Treasurer should receive and receipt for all moneys, except funds paid to officers in field work, the



signers declared that by the provision most funds would never pass through the hands of the Treasurer. On, past a corollary or two, to the gist of the entire provocation of this letter:

“By the above cited provisions of these by-laws we, the undersigned members of the American National Red Cross claim it is proven that the policy of this organization and the administration of its finances are placed within the arbitrary power of a single person. No matter what confidence may be felt in any individual, we do not deem it wise that the responsibilities granted by Congress to this great organization and its duties in regard to the administration of the funds placed by the public in its hands, should lie within the control of one person. We claim that these by-laws do not provide a sufficient safeguard for such responsibilities and such duties. Moreover, the person in whom the power of control of such responsibilities and duties lies, has the right to delegate all such authority to whomever he or she may select as President pro tem.”

And the letter closes, full circle, on a return to the charge: “The undersigned are induced to respectfully call your attention to the foregoing statement of facts and considerations with the view of receiving such action as may seem to you advisable to take under the provision constituting you and your Cabinet a Board of Consultation and advice,” for the reason that there seemed to exist within the organization no power to provide for these “serious defects” prior to an annual meeting . . . “nor even at that time if like methods should be adopted for securing a one-third vote by proxies.”

Clara then wrote to President Roosevelt from 49 East 58th Street, New York, on January 27, 1903. One of the great letters of the Century, it had required thought and care:

To the President of the United States.

Most Honored President: Having received your commands from the hand nearest your own, which should be regarded as from yourself, it is perhaps temerity to address even a word beyond the reply given that messenger; but recalling the adage that great generosity

attends great power, I trust to your clemency if this be an act of trespass.

The Red Cross having been the result of an international treaty accepted through the Executive Department and not by Congressional action, it seemed indispensable that this distinguished department act as counsellor of the body created to represent the Treaty if such counsel were required.

Article IV of the first constitution of the American Red Cross, 1881, reads as follows: "The officers of this association shall consist of a president, first vice-president, other vice-presidents not to exceed one for each State, Territory, and the District of Columbia, a secretary, treasurer, and executive board, a board for consultation, which shall consist of the following officers of the United States Government, viz: the President and his Cabinet, General of the Army, Surgeon-General, Adjutant-General, and Judge Advocate General, and such other officers as may hereafter be deemed necessary."

This provision was fully indorsed and accepted by President Arthur, his entire Cabinet and all other officers named in the Constitution, and as an open guarantee of good faith were placed as the leading lines of official appointments on all paper issued by the organization from that time to the present.

Every Administration has been duly and personally consulted and cordial coöperation assured—the existing Administration through its great-souled, genial head, perhaps the most warmly of all, for both had the greater need of each.

Mr. Cleveland, our only surviving past President, will not have forgotten the cordial relations, never interrupted.

It would seem that in continuing these time-honored relations there existed no usurpation of power on the part of the organization, and the idea of the assumption of authority could have presented itself only to such of its members as were new to its records and unacquainted with its history.

I recite these facts to you, Mr. President, as an earnest that neither was usurpation practised nor discourtesy intended in the late needed changes of the articles of the organization.

For twenty years this Red Cross work, so small at first—a mere spark—has grown up under our hands until its welcome blaze lighted the footsteps of relief for an entire and direful contest of nations, and of which none better than your honored self knows the hardships or the needs, or can better judge if this body of relief were aggressive of its conduct, imperious or unjust in its demands, or its president assumed unwonted or unauthorized power or manifested love of distinction, pride of place or greed of spoil.

Great trials test characteristics. The fundamental principle of good citizenship is willing acquiescence. The foundation on which all



good government rests is faithful conformity to its laws. All of these great principles are expressed in unquestioned obedience to its rulers.

Thus, Mr. President, if in the continuing of your honored name and that of your Cabinet in our administration of the Red Cross under its treaty I have committed an error so grave as to merit a reprimand and be required to make an open denial before the world of the privileges I have assumed, the powers I have usurped, the disrespect shown the honored heads of the nation and my deep humiliation thereat, I shall prove my good citizenship by exact and willing conformity with and obedience to the command by the publication of your honored letter and such replies as I have been able to make, in order that no misunderstanding of your relations can possibly occur.

Relying upon the ready acceptance of each appointment, the indorsement and coöperation of every honored head of our nation for a score of years, and remembering more tenderly the cordial handgrasp that welcomed us into the present administration in its beginning and—so silently and reverently the vacant place had been supplied that among many cares and much grief the courtesy of your high permission had been overlooked.

For this error, my honored President, I earnestly beg your gracious pardon.

[It need not be said that no person of sufficient prominence (I do not say importance) to be worthy of such notice from the highest potentate of a great nation, could ever remain in that country after that. Let me say then for your satisfaction and my own that after such announcement I must leave the country not to return, and I beg you to understand that I do this in good faith and patriotic loyalty. If disturbing elements will be more at rest and act in better harmony in my absence than with me present, it may be my duty to go.

Again, let it be understood, that I do not go abroad to mingle with the people of distinction I may chance to know, thus creating another avenue of discontent or disturbance. My retirement shall be absolute, out of the influence of all, and I will live out in another country the good faith I have always sought to cherish in my own. This is not written, Mr. President, to burden you with a reply; it asks nothing and needs no answer. My little affairs have already occupied too much time so important as yours. I trust to trouble you no further. With no word of remonstrance or complaint and in perfect good will and loyalty, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Your obedient countrywoman.]

The part enclosed in brackets was, at the earnest entreaty of many friends, eliminated. As published, the letter ended:

Trusting that these concessions, faithfully submitted, may prove a sufficient notice and guarantee to the public of the disconnection which you desire from the organization which I have so long had the pain to conduct, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Your obedient countrywoman,

Clara Barton.

To read is to admire, to pity, and perhaps to weep. If Theodore ever read this letter, he should have had the grace to repent his action to a woman grown old, very old, in a great work. Since it has been said of him, and often repeated, that he could not enjoy a funeral because he was not the corpse, or a wedding because he was not the bride, it is possible that in his letter he had not thought of any phase of Clara's long service so much as of her dominance and her popularity. He remembered those cheers shared in Detroit and doubtless recognized, or read, that for her they were greater than for himself. Her age and the tender consideration of that age truly may have had but secondary thought.

Before Clara replied, as above, she remembered Warner's threat in the meeting of December 9th: "Steps will be taken to see that the President's name is removed." Without vestige of reason, the threat and the act seemed alike preposterous. Conforming to the principles of a long life, she opened not her mouth for herself; she was the sheep dumb before the shearer.

Others spoke for her: Walter P. Phillips, Chairman of the Executive Committee; Hon. John W. Noble, Samuel M. Jarvis and Francis Atwater. Other members: P. V. DeGraw (Assistant Postmaster-General), Executive Officer; Mrs. John A. Logan, Vice-President; Edward D. Easton, Treasurer; Samuel W. Briggs, Secretary; the Committee on Extension, composed of the Executive Committee and William T. Wardwell, and Judge Joseph Sheldon—all these rushed to her defense.

Phillips published *Some Facts Concerning Clara Barton's*



*Work*, in which is quoted the letter above, and in which he states that both Miss Barton and her friends were at a loss to understand how the President could have been led to his action, when even a cursory glance at the subject would have convinced him that the matter admitted of no controversy whatever. Someone was laboring under a gross misconception of Red Cross affairs when the President was informed concerning them and, believing in his courage and high sense of honor, the friends of the Red Cross felt assured he would amend his action as soon as the real issues in the case were presented to his notice.

He, the President, had based his refusal to serve on the Board of Consultation after reading a Memorial to Congress, in which—declared Phillips—he was misinformed as to what was done and the manner in which it was done at the Red Cross Annual Meeting, December 9, 1902. He regretted that such action should have been taken by President Roosevelt without giving a hearing to the majority of the organization, or to Miss Barton herself. It was generally understood that the majority of members of a corporation are entitled to control or at least to consideration. Yet the minority was heard without notice to the majority, and the minority immediately put the correspondence, without waiting for the formal reply from Miss Barton, in the form of a Memorial to Congress, to be printed as an Executive Document,\* and thereby made subject to widespread distribution, under the official frank and apparent authority of Congress. Both in the United States and abroad, averred Phillips, that distribution reflected most unjustly upon the fair name of the organization and its President.

He thought it doubtful if Red Cross work had been done from headquarters in any American city other than Washington, that a clique of people new in the organization, none of whom ever visited a single field where Red Cross work was under way, for

\* House Document, No. 340; January 29, 1903.

the purpose of participating in it, would have dared to raise their voices against Clara Barton.

The fight continued through exchanges of personalia, chief among which on Clara's side was a letter sent to twenty-two members. Each of these was suspended from membership by vote of the Executive Committee, the charges being, first, attempted disruption of the organization of the National Red Cross; second, in the Memorial to Congress, attitude unbecoming a member of the National Red Cross, and hostile to the interests of the organization. Those charged were required to show cause why said suspension should not be made permanent.

Clara had no desire to send out those letters. She had left the Committee Meeting that determined the penalty. In a letter subsequently embodied in her Annual Report, she states: "It has always been claimed that the vote suspending from membership certain members of the Red Cross was irregular and invalid. Whether that be or not, the Executive Committee, at my instance and not deeming the matter of great importance, have rescinded the vote." The same letter states that under authority given to her as President she had appointed some time ago the Honorable George F. Hoar, the Honorable Redfield Proctor, the Honorable John G. Carlisle, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, and the Honorable Richard Olney a committee to consider the by-laws of the Corporation and to draft and report such by-laws as in their judgment were needed by the powers and duties of the Corporation.

One other significant exchange of letters should be noticed. From the Department of State, Washington, March 26, 1903, John Hay wrote to Clara, asking for a list of members of the American National Red Cross. She replied, April 1st, saying it would be forthcoming as soon as released by the printer. Before Hay received it, he wrote peremptorily again. (See Appendix C).

Truly, as Walter P. Phillips quoted, "It is fast getting to be a national trait among us to forget a man's work as soon as he brings it to a point from which some other can proceed toward



its perfect finish. . . . And if the real builder, to preserve his own peace, dare to linger near the walls moulded from the stuff of which his very soul is made, we find obloquy enough at hand to bury him quickly out of sight."

While meeting succeeded meeting at New York headquarters, and Clara endured the ordeal—even to seeing one committeeman die of heart disease—one day appeared Edward Howe, from England. He talked of St. John's Ambulance Corps, saying he wished to establish with the American Red Cross a Department of First Aid to the Injured. Sore, humiliated, Clara believed the idea God-sent. Through that most unhappy year of her life, she and Howe conferred, wrote circulars, prepared "kits," established classes in State centers, and gave diplomas. Clara supplied the funds, perhaps needless to say, from her personal checking account. Despite her wretchedness, she was able to accept and to disseminate an idea for an institution that would become part of the work of the Red Cross. Seven years would be granted her for labor in a field she believed superior, from the point of saving life, to the Red Cross itself; seven years for another Jacob's task. Destiny smiled in bestowing a task that would recapture serenity for her sorely tried daughter.

In the meantime, Pope Leo died. "Old Home Week" at Oxford drew Clara there in August, when she greeted friends and inspected improvements in the Barton cemetery lot: "sad, solemn, but satisfactory." Something of her thinking, this summer, is glimpsed in a note under August 10th: "There is nothing so uncharitable as 'charity,' nothing so inhuman as 'humanity,' nothing so un-Christlike as 'Christianity.'" . . . On September 12th a long-delayed decoration arrived from Belgium, conferred at the time of her going to Russia a year ago. "A Diploma accompanies it," wrote Clara, "nice for framing. The decoration is of silver, with a Crown, and the Belgian colors, red, yellow, and black."

Before consulting Richard Olney, in Boston, "about all the points I could recall," Clara had surrendered the apartment at

49 East 58th Street. Dr. Hubbell and Mrs. Hines, chief members of the household, would remove the furniture. Returning earlier than anticipated, she found "all cleared, empty, no word left. The boy let me in—knew nothing of either Dr. or Mrs. Hines, only that both had gone. The house looked very clean, but it had not even a chair, couch or food. The boy tried to get a blanket below. Failed. I shut the door and prepared for the night on the bare floor, with only my satchel and striped shawl [see illustration, page 209]. The night was a trifle long, but day came and it was Saturday, October 3rd." She went on home to Glen Echo.

All night on the floor at eighty-two years of age. Not so bad as it sounds. After the Civil War, she slept on hard beds. After entering Red Cross work, she must be fit, ready if need be, for the ground. Her best cot in some of the years from '61 to '65 was formed by opening a specially constructed trunk—a gift—lengthwise. A partition opened at the same time, a section for each side, and formed a base on which she might spread a blanket. The clothing beneath made good padding. But she was often without this trunk.\*

In December, 1903, an epidemic of fever, in Butler, Pennsylvania, demanded Red Cross services and called for Clara's presence after the annual meeting of December 8th. "In spite of the question of *proxies*," that meeting was peaceful.

On December 31, 1903, she wrote: "This ends this hard and terrible year. Since the annual meeting of 1902, all the scurril of the press has been poured over me like the filth of a sewer. This continued till the annual meeting of 1903. Since that time the tide of public opinion has seemed to turn but by a streak of awkwardness it was voted at that meeting to have the Red Cross and all connected with it 'Investigated.' And at its various propositions it was settled that Mr. Olney should appoint a committee for that purpose."

She mentions the committeemen—Redfield Proctor, John G.

\* It may still be seen in the basement of the National Red Cross Building.



Carlisle, W. Alden Smith—and concludes, “The Reports are to be made, i.e., one to Congress, one for the year, and the annual meeting. That will make at least four reports for the Red Cross within a year, and it has had no dealing with anyone in a business or money way, has not received a dollar from any source and is compelled to make these reports by its own labors and publish them at its own cost.”

## 3

All her life Clara had some inclination to the pseudo-scientific, probably initiated by the childhood experience with Fowler the phrenologist. Cheiromancy and astrology led her to palm readings and to a man skilled in casting horoscopes. Toward the end, she was fascinated by the “spiritualistic séance.” If it was all true, she thought, how marvelous; if not all authentic, still marvelous the way in which the “medium” obtained results. In June, 1903, “Mrs. Hinton brings Mrs. Dickinson, her palmist friend, who read my palm—finds a hard palm to have lived—full of unhappiness. The greatest events of my life yet before me. Can win success, but must *win* it—it will not come without. Am too easy with my money—must be more guarded. Says women are my enemies. Men are only drawn in by them, would never be enemies of themselves. I must be very careful for the next two weeks and the next two months and all the year of 1904. My life line is almost endless. No one would have thought in the earlier years that I could have lived till this time, but now she sees I will live too long. She finds my life line very peculiar.”

Her diary of 1904 begins: “January 1. I may as well commence this day by saying that several years ago the astrologer Keys, of Chicago, told me in taking my horoscope that he saw nothing dangerous to my life or limb until about 1904. He said no more, but I have never forgotten the date or the prophecy. The date is here. The fulfilment of the prophecy waits.”

The Investigation into the affairs of the American National

Red Cross and its Administration occurred throughout the spring of 1904. Stevé wrote her the middle of January, removing a "burden that no one else could have lifted." At need, her nephew had returned. Dr. Hubbell and Mrs. Hines, meantime, were doing all in their power at Glen Echo; but the Doctor came down before the end of the month, nursed day and night. Before he recovered, Mrs. Hines went to bed.

L. A. Stebbins, of Topeka, later of Chicago, generously offered his legal services in the Investigation, an offer Clara accepted gratefully. Smaller worries added to her load yet distracted her mind from the chief burden. While Leonora Halsted, of the press, besought a Red Cross exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair, Mr. Howe required more money than Clara had to give him—she had continued to subsidize his work in First Aid—and Atwater was feeling hurt at being left off a committee, though he had stated he wanted nothing more to do with the Red Cross. Now publishers were begging her to bring out a popular story of the Red Cross; among them was D. Appleton, with whom she signed the contract and who, in April, 1904, asked her to present copy within one month. "A decent life," groaned Clara, "could scarce be harder."

When friends of Paul Towne told her he had died last fall, she wrote: "Thus have gone to that other country both Paul Towne and Samuel Ramsey, the friends and instructors of my early life."

Four hundred of the women suffragists in session rode directly from the White House for lunch at Glen Echo. "Miss Adams had made such bountiful provisions there was enough for all." At her parlor door, Clara received all the ladies, presented by Carrie Chapman Catt after they came downstairs. Of all sympathetically loyal gestures that was perhaps the most gracious ever made by a body of four hundred women—and these chiefly intent upon getting the right to vote.

The ladies looked at all her decorations, polished, newly beribboned, and laid out for the occasion, and said kind words,



cheering words, to the bent, but forever gallant little figure in the doorway. Susan B. Anthony—almost two years older than Clara—was too tired to come so far. On the 17th Miss Jennings, faithful helper on relief fields, brought word that Susan wanted Clara to sit with her at the final meeting.

Picture that hall crowded to the ultimate seat, and the craning of necks when it was whispered, "Clara Barton is at the door." Slowly, with a small guard, the tiny figure in black, surmounted by the "old lady's bonnet" worn in later years, moved up the aisle.

"I went to the platform amid cheers," she told afterward. "Miss Anthony had my place reserved beside her. Mrs. Catt presided. Anna Howard Shaw was the newly elected President.

"Miss Anthony desired me to speak. I utterly declined. She then drew me beside her to the front of the stage and stood there with her arm about me while she told the audience that I was at the first suffrage meeting in Washington, in 1867, that later I sent out my call to the soldiers to stand by women as I had stood by them—that there were left now only us to stand together at this last meeting tonight.

"I said a few words and sat down. Miss Anthony spoke *one* minute and came back and we remained together till the close. We both realized that we should never stand together again before a Washington audience." That "standing together" was, on her part, one of the most beautiful of all Susan's beautiful public acts. "This was Providence's Triumph," concludes Clara, "for the night of 1867, which I so well remember."

Not at all ominously, the Investigation rocked along. Not the thing itself but thought of investigation caused her sadness of heart. Here at hand is the complete record of the inquiry, enough to make a volume. All comparatively now unimportant. The crisis was, for Clara, worse in prospect and retrospect than at the actual moment.

Coincidences amazed her, "as I prepared to go down my rat-hole." George H. Pullman came. Dr. Lucy Hall Brown came.

"The strangest of all is that when I spoke of going, he is ready to go, has decided to leave his present home, and Dr. Lucy is the same. Both are ready to go with me to Mexico at once. What does it all mean?" Simply that friends stood by. She had been too good to many not to be comforted and consoled by a few.

On May 3rd, the Investigating Committee, with a change or two in personnel, finally convened, with counsel for both the remonstrants and the Red Cross. Mrs. Hines had received letters from John H. Morlan hinting at being able to "cause Miss Barton trouble." Morlan presumably was to appear before the Committee, chief witness against Clara Barton. He did not appear. The whole proceeding then and there ended. (See Appendix D for a Sketch of the Investigation prepared by L. A. Stebbins.)

At last, Clara could resign and did resign, on May 12, 1904. Mrs. John A. Logan, Vice-President, took over for a time her duties.

Shortly, the G.A.R. Encampment at Mason City, Iowa, desired the presence of Sister Clara. A leading figure at all festivities she was, June 9th, with friends on an outing. "We staid to supper at the Hotel and on our way back to Mason City came upon the overturned car of the train that had preceded us and was only missed by our deciding to take supper at Clear Lake. A car had jumped the track, several were injured, nine killed." Destiny had said, "Stay at Clear Lake. You can't go yet. That First Aid must be established."

In Clara's eighty-third year she could yet write verses to a recent hostess. Sixteen lines "on the train between Mason City and Cedar Rapids," are as fervent as her more youthful essays:

Where once in its wildness the vast prairie slumbered,  
 And the foot of the savage erst stealthily trod,  
 Where the passage of time, all unheeded, unnumbered,  
 Awaited in silence the voice of its God  
 To call it to life in the swift circling ages,  
 To bid it resolve in its mystical line,



To take its proud place in the lore of the sages,  
To lay down its sheaves at futurities shrine;

Lo: the summons has sounded, the silence is broken,  
The angel of progress has swept o'er the scene;  
The earth teems with verdure, each field is a token  
That civilized man has his firm grasp between:  
And cities and culture have added their graces,  
And free thought, and courage life's tempters to stem,  
And the homes: Oh, the homes—who has looked on *their* faces  
Will pray evermore: God's last blessing on them.

(Signed) Clara Barton.

At Cedar Rapids she visited the Goodyears, where she made several copies of her "little rhyme" for friends. Continuing to Anamosa, Iowa, she was "met at the train by Mr. Park Chamberlain and Rena Hubbell. I went to Lena's [Mrs. Park Chamberlain's] and Dr. [Hubbell] to his brother Charles." On to Davenport, Chicago, and home, where she "found Dr. Lucy picking strawberries." That long series of happy visits restored her to enjoyment of life.

While in Cedar Rapids, where she had talked over with Professor Goodyear the ignominious conduct of John H. Morlan, Clara recalled that after "most faithful and efficient work" at Johnstown, he later occupied places of trust wherein he might not have been so faithful. In the Russian Famine Relief, for example, he had opportunity to receive letters from the carrier, "to handle and pass them to Mr. Goodyear or to me, to go to the Bank, and to go to New York if needed by Mr. Tillinghast in the loading of the ship . . . Mr. Goodyear sees that Morlan had of necessity the opportunity to manipulate the letters containing the subscriptions. And that it was a matter of surprise to him, as well as to me, that so little money came in . . ." Morlan had boasted he could perfectly imitate Clara's signature.

On June 23rd, at Glen Echo, the author of *A Story of the Red Cross* received her six complimentary copies. The little

volume of two hundred pages pleased her: "the work well done." In early July she ended a diary:

"This closes the daily record of nearly a year, and by far the hardest and most unpleasant of all my life. To all human observation it has been only a disaster, loss, defeat, and mortification. How it will show on the other side of the web when turned over to view I can neither say nor see . . . It is doubtless the most important year of my existence, and it is often a question with me if it will not prove to be my last year on this earth . . . The Red Cross has settled itself. I will resign even my membership and when I can get out of my house and my hands all that belongs to the new organization it will be the same as if I had never known it. This will be well."

She "got out" her records by the trunk-loads.



## XXII

### LAST YEARS

#### 1

CLARA NOW LIVED MUCH AS BEFORE EXCEPT THAT FIRST AID supplanted the Red Cross. Early in 1906 she wrote, at Glen Echo, "It is rarely worth while to keep these days—one so like the other," yet she "kept" them, and they might be bound in book form as model days for young-old ladies of eighty-five to ninety. At the end of the year she felt it had been broken by traveling, but the moving around was chiefly between Maryland and Massachusetts with the usual stops. Her life progressed much as in any other six- or seven-year period. To the end she liked to travel, liked meetings whether with individual friends or assemblages.

On February 7, 1906, the Suffragists convened in Baltimore, Anna Howard Shaw presiding, the old guard present: Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, and Clara. Susan was unable to venture out, remaining at the home of Mary Garrett (Mrs. Hay), but Clara said "a few words," and went along to the big luncheon to Susan. On the 15th, Susan was eighty-six, a month later she was dead, a decade before the triumph of her cause.

At Boston, immediately after the Suffrage Convention, Clara visited First Aid Headquarters—which she had wisely established in her home State—the Conference of the Women's Relief Corps, and the G.A.R. reunion. She "sat on the platform all day," and told them of Andersonville. On New Year's Day,

1907, she was cheered in most satisfying fashion at a Veterans' gathering in Washington. The Legion of Loyal Women, invited to a picnic at Glen Echo, swarmed out: among those who brought baskets was her first namesake—Mrs. Clara Barton Whitaker Chaplin. Memorial Day that year drew her to Terryville, Connecticut, where she unveiled a historic gun, donation of the government, set in honor of Dorence Atwater. On Memorial Day, 1908, she rode in a procession at Worcester. As late as June 17, 1910, Clara Barton Chapter gave her a rousing reception in Masonic Hall, and a eulogy published as a three-column broadside. She visited that summer her old Mill Ward school house, looking "fine and new," but an old home she had frequented when young now seemed "like a charnel house, with its broken windows and open doors. Did any of them know that *I* was there? Could they see any of the years that lie between?"

In February, 1908, she sat beside Admiral Sigsbee at the Memorial Service in Washington for those who died on the *Maine*. These honors and celebrations are but illustrative of many in the final years.

Among visits to friends and relatives one of 1910 was to her distant cousin the Reverend William E. Barton, author of the two-volume *Life*, 1922. While with his family, she was invited to eat breakfast with a "Club of ladies." She had expected to sit down with a hundred at most. The hall was large and packed, the eulogies "quite too much." She tried to say her usual "few words," but felt her heart giving out and sat down. "It was a glorious day and none know how *I* made it." Before the news on May 7th of King Edward's death she saw scores of friends, "and the telephone bell rings continually." Afterward, there was a reception at Abraham Lincoln Center, and a luncheon at the Economics Club. Somehow, then past her eighty-eighth birthday, she got through them all, but most she liked social visits with the family of Stebbins—the young lawyer who voluntarily had come to her assistance at the time of the Investigation—and drives through the parks with Cousin William. On the way



home she saw Dr. Gardner and Enola, in a new log house at Bedford, with their dogs and fowl. Four weeks that would have put to bed or buried a woman twenty years younger sped her back to Glen Echo, happier for garnered tributes and evidence of her place in Western hearts.

## 2

Her life, in these final years, was divided between Oxford, where she had bought the "old Corbin place," and was invigorated by cool summers; and Glen Echo which claimed her seven or eight months. At Oxford, she refurbished house and grounds with all her old enthusiasm and, January, 1908, began sharing her domestic economy with James and Marion (Balcom) Bullock, who came to live with her. There, friends and relatives dropped in: Dorr, home on vacation from Tahiti, called with Brother Francis to pay his respects. "He is very large, weighs 212 pounds," recorded Clara. At Glen Echo, though the house rarely lacked visitors, her chief companion was Dr. Hubbell, whose solicitude was unfaltering. November 5, 1908, she lay ill: "Retired at 12½. At 2½ woke by what I thought to be Dr. Hubbell putting wood in my stove to 'keep' the fire." It was Dr. Hubbell.

So independent was Clara, often she was left alone when friends or relatives should have been with her. In 1911, for instance, Stevé came down and took "Sissy" back with him. He had arranged with one Polly Foster and a friend to take care of her at the Oxford home—the Bullocks had moved to their own house some time before—but he and Clara entered an empty hall: nobody appeared. Clara insisted upon being left, when Stevé went on to Boston. Three or four weeks later, Polly came alone, says Dr. Hubbell, finding Clara on the floor, unconscious. "Then when I went to Oxford," continues the Doctor, "Polly had to go to Putnam, and this again leaves C. B. without help." At nearly ninety, alone.

Friends still meant to her all they had meant when a half-century ago "friendship" ranked highest on her personality chart. In Dorchester, she visited "Sister Harriette" Reed, who reciprocated the visits at Glen Echo and Oxford. Writing of her "priceless friendship" with Louise of Baden, she remarks, "I regard her as the most exemplary person I have ever been favored to meet." And of Elizabeth Hitz she wrote March, 1908, at the former Consul-General's passing, "She is one of the pattern-women of my life." Hitz, himself, so good, so true, the earth could ill afford to lose. Her long life was negatively recompensed by loss of many who died earlier. In the same year with Hitz went Grover Cleveland, Uncle Gideon's youngest boy, Frank, and her own loved nephew, Sam.

To Clara, at eighty-five and beyond, current events were exciting and provocative. When the King and Crown Prince of Portugal were slain, she wrote: "No nation has lost as many heads of its government by assassination in the same length of time as the United States. Republics are no more secure than others." In 1906, the Thaw-White murder affected her deeply, incalculably, compelling her to study every phase of the case that dragged its painful length into 1907 and '08. In 1906 the California earthquake renewed memories of other disasters. Not beyond all conjecture are the emotions with which she commented, "The President has withdrawn the distribution of the public moneys contributed for San Francisco from the Red Cross . . . He finds he made a mistake in giving too much power to the Red Cross."

Mordant humor burst forth when she read the account of a Red Cross reception, at which some thief had got away with a handsome necklace. Beneath the clipping in her current scrapbook, she wrote, "So they steal among themselves."

She read current magazines, "the little Philistine not a whit behind the others." Elbert Hubbard, "Fra Elberto," was then at the height of his popularity. And if a publisher sent a book



on which he invited her opinion, usually she read the book and gave her opinion—on Herbert Quick's *The Broken Lance*, for example. In articles about herself she co-operated fully. In 1908, Ida Husted Harper asked for a photograph to be used in the third volume on Susan B. Anthony. "I send her the old first photo as Susan had always asked for that, for the hair, which she liked." She rewrote her sketch for *Who Is Who in America* (never did she abbreviate to *Who's Who*) and some weeks later recorded, "Doctor goes to get *Who Is Who*." Likewise, she inspected and returned the article prepared on her life for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

When the Reverend Percy H. Epler wrote a book on certain Worcester County men and women, she read and corrected the article on herself, liking it well enough to hope he would undertake her full-length biography. Cousin the Reverend William and Dr. Epler she named among her literary executors. These men were her first biographers (see Preface).

In 1906, she "recommenced" *The Little Girl*—her title for *The Story of My Childhood*—outlining a plan, which she believed was approved by the spirit of Theodore Parker, a project for a series to be known as the "Little" books. The first, dedicated to school children [and it is], would precede the years of teaching and office work, about which one might be dedicated to the teachers of America. Only the first was completed and published, but frequent entries in late 1908 witness her intermittent adherence to the plan. On October 27th, "At Clinton in my story." November 16th, "Get to the end of Bordentown." By Sunday, the 22nd, signs of rebellion are visible in, "I am using more time in my book writing than any clerk gives at a desk, and take care of my own apartment, and do all my own *feeding*, washing up, etc. This does not leave great spare time for correspondence, and keeping up of things in general."

So crowded a schedule for eighty-seven drew a penalty that probably put away forever the serious thought of completing

her autobiography, even by stages so easy and simple. Throughout the month of December she was ill, in bed, from overwork.

Quite possibly two small volumes caused her to think of the "Little" books. She knew Dunant's *Souvenir de Solferino*, recalled vividly by a present from M. Dunant, in 1905. This was *The Story of the Red Cross Movement*, by Arnold de Lisle, published in England, 1904. With it came a card printed: "H. Dunant, Fondateur de l'Oeuvre de la Croix Rouge, Promoteur de la Convention de Genève." He had added in script, "Respectueux Hommage, Heiden, Lake of Constance, Switzerland." This card is pasted in the extant little volume, and, below, a copy of the letter she sent the Founder of the organization she had expanded and so well served.

Glen Echo, Maryland,  
March 19, 1905.

M. Henri Dunant  
Founder of the International Red Cross  
Heiden, Suisse.  
Dear M. Dunant

Among the many and, I fear, often undeserved honors that have come to me, I regard the sending to me of the graphic volume of M. de Lisle by your own hand, one of those most to be appreciated.

That the man who had conceived, originated, and organized such a movement could hold one so far away and unseen of him, of a worth sufficient to be thus considered, gives me confidence to push on against discouragements towards the end I have earnestly sought.

None of us living today will ever comprehend the full value of the thought you gave to the warring world; but if the seed be sown somewhere and garnered in other fields by reapers yet unborn, its worth is all the greater, and in centuries to come the name of Henri Dunant will be written higher on the scroll and in broader letters than today. For this let me be grateful that he has given me the privilege to speak my word of thanks, and with the most respectful homage write me

His friend  
Clara Barton.

It must have pleased her to hear in 1901 that Dunant had received the first Nobel Peace Prize.



## 3

In the final years, religion and manifestation of spirit or pseudo-manifestation positively fascinated Clara. Outspoken champion of Christian Science, she read of Mrs. Eddy's trial with firm faith Mrs. Eddy would win. In an interview she expressed ideas which brought her a "charming letter" from the Mother of the Scientists. Clara accepted healers for herself, and with altruism as kindly as any she had ever practiced, urged them upon others. She knew leaders of the movement in the West and in Washington; and in Oxford the Rev. Dr. Schoppe, who had "turned Christian Scientist."

Spiritualistic séances, however, consumed more of her time. In long sittings with Mrs. Warneke, of Washington, she spent the usual weekly afternoons for those communions; and if unable to be on hand, she designated Dr. Hubbell to sit in her chair. With avidity she read his careful notes and as carefully as she recorded her own. The era was that of Sir Oliver Lodge, Lombroso, Crookes, Arthur Conan Doyle, Eusapia Paladino, and Mrs. Pepper—to mention but a few of the most highly accredited authorities and "mediums."

At Mrs. Warneke's a bevy of those who had left earth appeared at her request, or even without request. So deeply stirred was she by the sittings as, after a year or so, to write Louise of Baden.

Glen Echo, Maryland, U. S. A.  
October 29, 1907.

To Her Royal Highness  
Grand Duchess of Baden  
Carlsruhe, Baden

Dearest, dearest Grand Duchess

It is now 35 years since the honor and the pleasure were first accorded me to write a letter to you, as I wrote to other persons of my acquaintance. Only myself can realize what that privilege has been to me—a joy among other joys, a solace and an anchor in the moment of trial and despondency—and yet, dearest Grand Duchess,

in all these years no letter to you has been commenced with the hesitation and sense of misgiving lest it be not acceptable and give you pain as this. The fear of this has held my pen silent these many months when my heart yearned to speak.

Pardon me, I pray you, and let me go on, and give a recital which I must.

First, in the years of my busy life, I found no place for anything but the needed work among my fellow-men and women about me. I believed in the love of my Maker, but had no leaning toward the occult or psychic, and knew almost nothing relating to them or other beliefs.

When some four or five years ago a greed for the possession of the Red Cross, its control and its honor entered the minds of a few ambitious persons, mainly women, and who by their persuasive act and prevarications obtained the ear of our impulsive President and the unscrupulous press, as well, determined on rule or ruin, the days grew very dark for me. My personal friends were distressed and outraged, but I held them silent, saying, "Wait, God rules," but my heart was bowed in grief; I knew the power of my oppressors, the highest in the land—for only such could have reached to harm me—I knew my own weakness against such antagonists and offered no resistance.

But soon I began to be surprised by the sources that seemed to open to me from what seemed to be *occult* or *psychic* messages. They appeared to come on all sides. Finally, a medium was named to me, and the place. I had never heard of her, and had little confidence in mediums; still, I went as directed. I found a good, intelligent, honest German woman; she, of course, knew nothing of me. I went alone that nothing could be traced, and there be no collusion. She discovered all my troubles, and brought the most eminent of our great men and statesmen whom I had known, and others to speak through her (entranced, of course), giving me advice and comfort, and explaining most accurately the motives which had led to the action taken. It was a wonderful hour, when Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and McKinley came to speak to me through this woman, who knew nothing of them and with difficulty pronounced their names. They spoke as they would have spoken to me, and reminded me of events I had nearly forgotten.

At the close of the interview, I left, alone, as I went, neither the medium nor any person knowing or speaking to me. In the course of a week or two I went again, entirely unrecognized. As the trance commenced, one after another came, and greeted me through the medium. General Grant had just ceased speaking to me to "stand firm," when the medium threw up her hands in a glad surprise, saying, "Oh, see, it is the personal of the picture on the wall! He is



aged, and walks with a cane, but how majestic!" He then spoke through her, saying, "I am Wilhelm; they used to call me Conqueror, but there are no conquerors here. I am only Wilhelm, and am glad to come to you."

You will understand, dear Grand Duchess, how difficult it was for me to frame a reply, but [I] finally said, "Thanks, Sire, but may I ask what brings this interview to me?"

"My appreciation of your character, your friendship for my country, and your *love of mine*. I also wish to tell you of a great joy that comes to me, just now, in the birth of my grand grandson. That is a wholesome babe and a wholesome mother and has outlived all the taint that has so perplexed our rulers in the late generations. It is all gone in this babe, and he will mean much to Germany."

I had not even read of the birth of this heir nor that it was expected. I then ventured to say, "Sire, may I ask for the dear Empress? Is she with you?"

"Most truly; she is here at my side and so happy that you have opened this door to communication. She speaks her love through me, and later, when a little stronger, will speak to you, herself. There are so many here who wish to speak to you, that I give place to them."

General Sherman followed him, and many others, and I left again, unknown as before. As I left the room, I glanced at the wall and saw a beautiful portrait of Emperor William hanging over the head of the medium. She is a faithful German.

Naturally, with the thought of the dear Empress, I went soon, again. Next, after my own mother, the medium exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful lady, what a lovely spirit! She calls herself Augusta."

"Is it the Empress?" I asked.

In the sweetest tone, she replied, "You knew me so, but Augusta is better." She at once commenced to speak of you, her "dear, beloved daughter," of our long acquaintance, of our correspondence, her meeting with me, and then I asked for your welfare.

She replied, "She is well, and is active in her work among the hospitals, every day among them, and how they watch for her and love her, but I regret to tell you that a great, great sorrow awaits her. The Grand Duke, my son-in-law, has a complaint from which he will never recover; he will not remain very long."

"Does the Grand Duchess know this?" I asked.

"She knows he has an illness, but she does not think it so serious; she does not expect the end. It will be very, very sad for her. We, here, will all try to hold her up."

You can imagine, dear Grand Duchess, how this information fell upon me, for I *believed* every word of it, I could not doubt it. I had

not written you in some time, and was about doing so, but now, how could I? When I felt that this great sorrow lay at your feet, how could I honestly write you cheerfully, as if I knew nothing? It seemed like deceit to do so, and surely I could not tell you; I could only remain silent.

You, so kindly, wrote me again; and I could not reply and the dear letter [lay] unanswered at my hand, as it does at this moment.

I went often to the sittings, anxious to hear. Every time the dear Empress came and talked of you and of Germany and of the dear Emperor. Dr. Hubbell is as sincerely interested as I am, and for the last months we have even gone together, the dear Empress confirming her statement every week, until at length the press brought the news that the *Grand Duke of Baden had gone*.

Dr. Hubbell did not chance to see the announcement, and I kept it from him—we were to have a sitting together next day. I excused myself and had the Doctor go alone. (It was a test which I desired.) On the opening of the sitting, the first person who spoke through the medium was the dear Empress, who says, “The Grand Duke is here with us; he is still weak and tired by the change, but at rest and happy. My dear daughter is lonely, so lonely and sad. Ask Miss Barton to write to her now. I know she has not written recently, but ask her to write now.” The Doctor came home to tell me the news, never suspecting that I already knew of it.

I went very soon, myself, and listened to one of the most expansive and cultivated addresses by the dear Empress that it has ever been my fortune to hear. She seemed inspired by the presence of so many of her own along with her. But the “dear, sad daughter” is ever in her thought, and she insisted that I write to tell you of all this. I expressed the fear I had in writing this to you, but she assured me that I would not pain you, and, dearest suffering one, I promised to write it to you, and I have. I pray you to receive it, as it is intended, in a love as tender and holy as one may have this side of the Eternal City, where one day we all shall meet.

I will not dare write again until I know if this has done no harm.

Always in the deepest sympathy and the tenderest affection,

Clara Barton.

Dr. Hubbell begs you accept his deep sympathy and most respectful regards.\*

The Grand Duchess replied before long, intimating her disbelief in the spiritualistic séance, and Clara did not again refer to the sittings. But she continued to meet Mrs. Warneke once

\* Transcribed from a copy of the original in the Press Book, February, 1904, to November, 1907. Now in the Library of Congress.



or twice a week and came to expect certain old friends. Theodore Parker, jocular, urging Clara always to write a series of ten "Little Books," had carried over a strong financial sense or had acquired it on the other side. "A man will pay fifty cents for a little book," he told her, "and so pay out at last five dollars, when he would not pay the five dollars all at once." He besought her to write, declaring the "Little Books" were really a collaboration between him and Clara.

On another occasion, Parker entered into numerology: Seven is the highest of the ordinary numerals, he declared, thirteen is the highest of all—so high that it is feared. Christ knew this and chose twelve disciples, himself making the thirteenth, but Judas left. That broke the number, and even the power of Christ was lost. Judas was a great psychiatrist; Christ never performed any miracles after the breaking of the number. He had no power, could not even draw the nails out of his poor hands. All the Hindoos recognize the power of the thirteen.

Parker also had much to say about the Thaw trial: "Evelyn's mother he execrates. She went with them, lived on the earnings of her daughter, knew how it was earned and then turned against her. White is broken; he lives in as deep a hell as mortals find . . . He cannot even utter a sound. It will take 100 years before he can come up to speak." As for Thaw, "The Jury will not agree and he cannot be convicted. But now they may get him off into an insane asylum for a time—but he will come to his work later." That was at the interview of February 23, 1907.

On that day also came Susan B. Anthony, her sister Mary, and Isabel Beecher Hooker. They were all so glad to be together. "Susan says that when Isabel first came she felt that her work was finished, but Susan showed her that it was just commenced, and they would go on together." Then a beautiful gentle spirit, with so fine a bearing, came—the Empress Augusta. Then the Russian. When William Hubbell arrived, to approve his son and sustain his efforts, "he was very glad to see

him with a lady beside him, she was his friend. He approved of our course together, we had aided each other, he would have us remain together. It was not always members of the same family who were the nearest related. They were often the farthest apart."

Clara then asked, "Would the Doctor have done better personally if he had not come to me?" "No, by no means," replied William. "Would he have been financially better off today than he is now?" pursued Clara. "Not as well," assured William. "He is better as he is." And Clara seriously records, "I was glad of this impression from him."

At the same meeting, G. H. P. appeared, announcing to Clara that she would be surprised to see him come alone. "Thank God, he was able to, and it was all due to Margaret and me. We had helped him up—he was out of the meshes of the past, and he could go on now, trying to help others, and make amends for past mistakes by helping those who need."

On another occasion Parker, coming first as usual, led off with the constant urge, "Go on, and write," then plunged into a regret that the Bible was read "in the way in which it generally was." "He said so much error was taught by wrong translations . . . As, for instance, the story of Jonah and the whale. The whale was the name of a boat and that Jonah was taken on to it at a certain point and put off. That it was most confusing for children to conceive how a whale with a small throat could swallow a man. This doubt of the narrative grew up through improbability, and in order to have a proper understanding of the New Testament, one must have a correct understanding of the Old."

"Then my mother: she was glad to see my plans so well carried out and said, 'I want to give you love and strength. Love is the strongest power.' Life here is a kindergarten where we learn the ABC . . . but the highest spirits were giving me their blessing, that I had reached great heights, higher than kings or



queens: 'Rest and be careful of your strength, and keep the bucket full.'

"I asked if Dolly was with her.

"Yes, she had a hard hill to climb, but she has come up. It is easier for one to come up with a hand to help . . . She is a beautiful spirit and a help to me."

Then came the Doctor's Uncle James, who assured her the Doctor would help her with the writing of the books. The Doctor's Aunt Martha, "an erect proud looking lady," followed. "She said she had her faults but she had seen others come there who had had their garments of silk and their jewelry, but when they arrived they had nothing to wear and had to make their own garments. When they asked for their garments they were told that they had them in this world and must now make their own. The way in which they were to make them was to go and help others in need."

Aunt Martha spoke further of a life given to the accumulation of great wealth. She recalled one man, whom she would not name, whose whole life and thought had been given to the getting of wealth; he had neglected all else, had sat at his desk and planned how he could best reach the foreign countries with his many schemes, neglecting the rearing of his children, in his efforts to make money, and finally passed over in that frame of mind. That was all he knew, and he was left to pursue this life he had made for himself; he could only go on with it, unsocial, without resource, but sit at his desk and plan, no one to help him. "If he rang for his clerks, none would come—no one responded to his schemes—he could only go on and wait his own progress, which he must work out for himself."

"We asked of Mrs. Eddy. She answered that it was not her son who was at the head of this attack—he was being used—It would have been better if she had settled with him long ago and let him know what he should expect. We asked if it were the newspapers or her natural enemies—that is the clergy and the medical. She said it was not the newspapers so much as the

natural enemies." She continued for some time to speak of Mrs. Eddy, and was succeeded by Aunt Susan, William Hubbell, Margaret and George, "Then the medium said she saw beautiful paintings in profusion, and one that was mine that an artist wished me to have now, that the lady who had it would not remain here more than a year longer . . . I recognized it all; it was dear Archie and Lizzie Shaver and the picture is one of Archie's oil paintings." After the "Russian," came the Empress Augusta, who commented on the excellent reign of the Kaiser, "better than any ruler had ever been except her own Emperor Wilhelm."

"Then came a lady who said she was proud to be in such company of Queens and Emperors, all real personages, whom she had always revered. We asked her name? 'Isabella.' 'Queen Isabella of Spain?' 'No, Isabella Hooker.'

"Susan Anthony said she was glad that Mr. Parker held me so clearly in charge. She had known him in the body and used to ask him questions of faith, and she saw clearly now that he was right. She told of an interview with Ingersoll, in which she asked him if he did not think he was doing wrong in teaching the young that there was no God, and of speaking lightly of religion. He told her that was better than teaching them hell and endless punishment and making their lives miserable. When she first took Ingersoll's hand on that side she told him that she had expected to hear of him in a warmer place than this; he replied that he was very comfortable where he was."

Inevitably, she came to ask questions about the Red Cross. According to her report, Grant said, "What a mess they make of it . . . Roosevelt is so bull-headed he will never retract anything; in fact, he really makes himself believe he is right. He will never turn. Then General Sherman appeared, confirming Grant." Hereabouts, Clara wrote (It was the era of the Big Stick): "Roosevelt whips his children to make them love him."

At the end of that sitting, "went to Woodward and Lothrop. Bot. 15 yds. cotton at 12½ cents. Small things." However



stirred, she did not forget the practical life nor her list of things to be "bot."

On April 23, 1907, Susan B. Anthony came, through the entranced medium. "'You write your books. My great regret is that I did not write—'

"C. B.—But, Susan, you spoke to such great audiences.

"Susan—Yes, but when I talked, how few received and understood.

"C. B.—But, Susan, you planted seed for all womenkind.

"Susan—Yes, I am proud of that little seed that was planted. I hope that those of all that followed will be as strong as you. The world is so strange; they need something to look at if it is only a piece of a dress, so people can see and remember . . . But something in black and white—your books—will be your monument. When you come to our side, you will see as I do. People only think of us while we work. McKinley, when I met him here said, 'And you here, too?' 'Yes.' 'How soon we are forgotten,' said he."

Talking for himself to Clara, McKinley said that certain ladies of the Red Cross made him think of spiders. "One day I watched a spider that had woven a big web and had caught a fly. The fly struggled, struggled, while they wrapped the web about it, till at last it got free and flew away, taking most of the web with it."

Returning, after others had spoken, McKinley told the best story of all she recorded from him. Speaking of his wife, he said, "We both had communications from our children while in Washington, through the friendship of Mr. Porter, who was familiar with, and a regular attendant on, medium developments. Mr. Porter gave the first experience, and Mrs. McKinley sent messages and received them from our children. I was so anxious to get these messages personally, but it was so difficult for me, in my position, to go to the medium, unobserved—for every newsboy would know it and talk about it. But one night

I ventured. Porter had an engagement with a medium, and disguised as a friend from the West I went with him. Disguised in the coarse overcoat, coarse high boots, an old fur cap drawn over the face, we presented ourselves. I received communication from my father and children which stood the test of verity, so impressive that I could not sleep at night, and the next day at work I felt the pappings on my arms."

Clara asked if it were this medium.

"Yes, Miss Barton; I sat on the very chair in which you are sitting. Many times after this, through Mr. Porter I went and received messages from the children, and it was the happiest hour of my life through the messages received in this way. It gave me more pleasure than all the honors of the nation." "He kept that fur cap on through all the sitting, although in a dripping perspiration. He feared criticism and did not dare let it be known that he had the communications. He was not right in this; he should have been more like Lincoln and let it be known what he thought."

In July, 1907, Susan B. Anthony appeared through the medium and asked God to bless both Isabel Beecher Hooker and Clara. "Isabel joys in the success and in the book." Clara asked whether Susan had read it. "Yes, every word of it. I wish I had written it." This time, McKinley told another story. "President Hayes wants to be remembered," he said through the medium, after commenting that Mrs. Hayes had nursed him, McKinley, when he was wounded in the Civil War. 'He was a goody-goody kind of man, but we have enjoyed ourselves behind Mrs. Hayes. We were together in a New York Hotel at a New Year's dinner, and had old time plum pudding and brandy sauce.' He knew the chef and told him to make it good. Mrs. Hayes was helped with plenty of sauce. When it was gone, she called for a second help with plenty of that excellent sauce. Then she asked if it would be possible to get a recipe for the pudding and sauce. McKinley volunteered to get it as he knew the chef. When Mrs. Hayes found there was brandy in it, she was greatly sur-



prised and asked if it could not be made with something besides brandy. McKinley said, 'No; that was the very best brandy that could be had!' " . . . A non-sequitur that recalls Alice's "very best butter."

A final instance of the messages to which Clara listened for several years. Theodore Parker, addressing Dr. Hubbell, "told him he must look after C. B. At that, C. B. asked if she would not have to look after the doctor. 'Yes,' he replied. 'Very much, as I have noticed that the garden is full of weeds.' And the conversation ended in a general laugh at the truthfulness . . ."

Among "prophecies" which apparently "came true," one from her mother was spoken through a Boston medium, March, 1906. "She saw the prospect of a new home, says it will come, in a year she thinks I can see it plain." The prophecy was fulfilled when Clara bought the Corbin house in Oxford. That was the sitting at which Lincoln came and "made a prayer" over Clara's head.

Another prophecy, through the Washington medium, was that the body of a suicide would be found at a certain place. There the body was recovered.

However varied were the characters who "returned" to talk to Clara, they repeated themselves with almost unvarying sameness, except in the anecdotes; and their general "lines" were such as might be evoked by wishful thinking.

In Worcester, July, 1906, a clairvoyant predicted long life for Clara—long life for her who was then nearly eighty-five. She was no dupe. Though fascinated, she was alert and did not forget to use her coldly calculating brain. Perhaps she *hoped*.

In some respects she became more credulous. The woman who later pretended to have a message from Clara, dead, and so got control of the Glen Echo home for some months, poured out soothing ointment into Clara's willing ears. "Senator X, the copper king," said she, "has a son worth \$40,000,000, and he is crazy to marry me. He wishes you to come and live with us in his Florida home." The diary record bears no indication of dis-

belief—not even an exclamation point—and not only conceivably but probably Clara's reports to Dr. Hubbell about this estimable young woman influenced the loyal and kindly Doctor when she tried on him her duplicity. She deserves a volume on her own account as the most convincing of females who swayed men of wealth, "big lawyers," and other magnates. It is not recorded that she ever tried her wiles on the "big" politicians.

In those final years, Clara was interested in all things new—whether the "little Jersey's" calf, "Gertie's" new baby of July, 1908, Mrs. Sweitzer's electric iron, or Mrs. Barber's new automobile. Marveling, "Twenty-five miles an hour!" she surrendered herself to that whizzing speed of the early Twentieth Century.

Lamenting that she had not begun four decades back, she tried writing on the type-machine; believing a universal language would bring together nations far apart, she formed a class in Esperanto for a professor who needed money and herself learned the currently popular artificial tongue; loving home life, she hemmed linen, washed, ironed, cooked.

"Dr. starts for town and a churn," she wrote, "it brings charming butter in fifteen minutes." On April 9, 1910, she could not "feel reconciled to Baba's being out in the cold, with no shelter . . . I retired but could not remain asleep—got up at four, dressed, took a half-dozen large bananas, a feed of corn, and made my way to Baba. He was glad to see me and enjoyed his early breakfast." Next day, she trimmed rose bushes, ivy, and the small trees. "The sun set in a fleece of gold . . . Once I had stopped a half hour for dinner." In Oxford, also, she indulged her waning strength in homely, satisfying labors that kept young her body and soul. Yet, inevitably, she aged. On her eighty-sixth birthday, she wrote: "There is a lack of coordination between the brain and the limbs that will increase . . . I do not know how to reach or avoid it."

The last day of 1910 she closed her diary with Kathleen Wheeler's poem:



He came to my desk with a trembling lip,  
The lesson was done.  
"Master, I want a new leaf," he said,  
"I have spoiled this one."  
I took his leaf all soiled and blotted,  
And gave him a new one, all unspotted,  
And into his sad eyes smiled,  
"Do better, now, my child."

I came to the throne with a trembling heart,  
The year was done.  
"Father, have you a new leaf for me?  
I have spoiled this one."  
He took my leaf, all stained and blotted,  
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,  
And into my sad heart smiled,  
"Do better, now, my child."

That was the last diary.

## 4

With the same regard for beautiful order that had marked her life, Clara prepared for death. Wishing Dr. Hubbell to have Glen Echo, a token of gratitude for his long years of sonship, co-operation, goodness and loyalty, she had deeded the place to him as early as November 12, 1908. She wrote her Will, May 21, 1911. From about that date, it was as if she gradually relinquished life. Nothing was wrong with any organ of her body when, on Good Friday, April 12, 1912, she lay dying. In her upper room at Glen Echo, she had seen the rebirth of spring. Beneath budding green trees, under a blue sky, rolled the blue Potomac. She had dreamed, of late nights, about soldiers suffering on the battlefield, only to wake from her own groaning because she had a "stupid pain" in her back. This morning she was cold, very cold. The roar of the River of Death was the boom of cannon; on a winter field men fell and froze to the icy ground. Shifting visions through the glimmering window-squares were not the sunlight on leaves but flashes of flame and clouds of smoke. Men fell in agony, her own pain become ob-

jective in soldiers who suffered . . . *She* was one of those soldiers . . . *she* was frozen to the ground—Dr. Hubbell's hands and Leland Barton's were holding hers—*she* was that soldier of whom she had read long ago in Strasbourg. By a supreme effort, she threw off the gently restraining hands that to her were gyves, "Let me go! Let me go!" She fell back . . . Destiny had done with Clara Barton.

Dr. Hubbell closed her eyes and reached for the hem of the sheet.

"She was so much like Christ," he wrote later, "she will be in history the greatest of American women if not the greatest in the world."

Others have told of the funeral services at Glen Echo and of the ceremonies in Oxford. The dignity of the first, where were present but a few friends, and the pageantry of the second represented her in death as in life, simplicity matched with magnificence, and the interlude represented her still further. Dr. Eugene Underhill, President of the Red Cross School of Nurses, Philadelphia, told friends before the Oxford rites of that interim. He had accompanied Dr. Hubbell and Stevé from Glen Echo with the body. They would try to make the journey easy for her, and chose the Federal Express. Approaching Jersey City, they learned that a dense fog over the bay prevented the train's crossing on the car ferry. All passengers would be sent across the Hudson in the tube. The casket would have to go with the baggage. They dared not risk that procedure, fearing to lose the train. They stayed with it, and transferred to New York City. There, they were told they could not take the body across the city without municipal authorization. At nearly midnight, it was impossible to get authority.

The men hired a covered express wagon. "I mounted on the seat with the driver, while Mr. Barton and Dr. Hubbell stood on the end gate and hung on to the wagon over braces . . . Through the dreary silent streets we raced for our train, increas-



ing our speed at every crossing to avoid being stopped by the police.

"Finally the driver turned to me, and said, 'Whom have you got in this box?'

"I replied, 'The body of Clara Barton.'

" 'You mean the Civil War nurse and the Red Cross woman?' asked the driver.

"I said, 'Yes, that is the one.'

"Then the driver dropped his lines and threw up his hands and exclaimed, 'My God! Is it possible? Why, my father was a Confederate soldier and at the Battle of Antietam he was wounded in the neck and was bleeding to death, when Miss Barton found him on the battlefield and bound up his wounds in time to save his life. And just to think that the likes of me, a poor driver, is hauling her dead body across the city tonight.' "

The driver also became anxious about making the train. As they neared the station, he explained there was a steep hill to make on 34th Street, and the fog had made it slippery. Within a block of the hill, he told all to hold on tight and lashed his horse at top speed. He barely made the top under the momentum of the run.

Clara, who had been outspoken against sad funerals, thinking it might be an occasion for pleasant words and laughter among friends, would have enjoyed this interlude. And if, somehow, the little body in the flag-draped "box" could have known, she might have laughed herself alive again.

"When we reached the platform," Dr. Underhill concluded, "we met the conductor we had started out with from Washington. I said to him, 'Why, where in the world did you come from?'

" 'Oh, I have been ordered to divide the Federal Express,' he replied. 'And the first section has already gone on. I was directed to hold the second section until Miss Barton's body arrived.' "

The railroad officials had discovered also the occupant of the

box. Clara also would have liked the holding of that second section for her arrival.

At the Worcester station they were met by members of the Devens Post and Captain Prince Camp, who escorted the body to Memorial Hall, Oxford, packed with guests while hundreds, turned away, filled the avenue for blocks. The altar of the Post, though draped in funereal black, was covered in red roses, with lilies at all the corners. At the right, a picture of Clara stood on a flag-covered easel, the floor banked with red roses. Except for the plate glass over her face, the bier was hidden under flowers, and back of it, in the center of the stage, stood a cross of red carnations.

A wreath of green laurel was there from the Grand Duchess; the white ribbon, bordered with black, arrived later and today has place in a cabinet of mementoes at the North Oxford Memorial Home, the birthplace.

School children filled the galleries; members of the old 21st, her "parents," and of other organizations filled the hall. Seventeen of her own relatives were recorded present.

The Reverend Percy H. Epler spoke eight lines of verse in her honor while the thin ranks of old soldiers rose and stood at attention. Through a local Civil War veteran the G.A.R. Auxiliary, Women's Relief Corps, placed a silk flag upon her breast. An hour or so later, after hundreds had viewed the body, color bearers went ahead to the North Cemetery, and the G.A.R. lowered the remains of "Sister Clara" to rest. Dr. William E. Barton, who participated with Dr. Epler and the Reverend Mr. Schoppe in the ceremonies, dropped over her the red roses.

She sleeps surrounded by her family, all of whom she remembered in her final Will and Testament, leaving a sum of money to care perpetually for the Barton lot. It would be a home for all Bartons who might wish to rest with those gone before.

"And so," in her own phrase, "it was all finished."

In Meriden, on May 26th, was held a memorial service at



which Francis Atwater spoke the address. In the booklet issued for the occasion, Clara is described as Founder of the American National Red Cross, President National First Aid Association of America, and President of the Alumnae Association of the Philadelphia School for Nurses. All her work is summarized, with the listing of twenty-one honors and decorations, votes, thanks, commendations, and resolutions in her favor.

In the national press never was praise bestowed so generously upon any woman. Brief cullings from these, a line to three lines or so from each, fill a booklet. They comment on the wonderful majesty in the simplicity of her character; "our greatest national heroine and the equal of any soldier or statesman of the Civil War," and observe that it would be difficult to enumerate even briefly the items of her public service. Some declare there were no finer figures in all the fields relating to the humanitarian side of life in the Nineteenth Century than Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton. Yet not one remarked that Florence received the crown of her achievement in England's gift of a quarter million dollars, with which she was able to endow a great institution, while Clara received no such honor though she gave to the people of America her own earnings. Not by chance her Will reveals that she had only a trifle over \$15,000 for her legal heirs—the sum, with fifty per cent accrual, long ago left by a friend. So much she had saved.

Ernest P. Bicknell, further, in *Pioneering with the Red Cross*, says, page 83: "In the proceedings accompanying the relinquishment of Red Cross control by Miss Clara Barton in 1904 and its reorganization under a new Federal charter, certain questions of property ownership arose. One of these questions related to an item of real estate in the District of Columbia. Eventually this question was settled in favor of the new administration and the property, a stone quarry, was sold for \$13,000." The Endowment Fund, he adds, was then and there created with \$13,000 as its nest egg.

No national monument exists to the woman who most de-

serves it. Here and there various bodies and societies have done more possibly than the nation alone could have done. On April 17, 1912, for instance, the Army Nurses Association of Massachusetts adopted resolutions to provide Red Cross flags for her grave in perpetuity. The Clara Barton Memorial Association, with headquarters in Washington, has provided a portrait—which rests in the basement of the American National Red Cross building—and may one day command a master sculptor to carve from marble or granite the statue Clara most wished for her commemoration. Living memorials exist from California to Tennessee. At Lincoln University young women are chosen to study nursing at Philadelphia on a revolving fund basis that should insure perpetuity. Monuments of marble or granite bear her name. Girls and roses, boots and boats, hospitals and dispensaries, organizations and counties—God alone knows the number of things, the kind of orders, and the hundreds of women that immortalize Clara Barton. And whoever looks upon the National Red Cross building looks upon the symbol of her mightiest achievement.

END



## APPENDIX A

40th Congress)  
3rd Session)

SENATE

(Misc. Doc.  
(No. 57

### MEMORIAL of CLARA BARTON Praying

The passage of an act for the purpose of remedying any defect in the existing laws in relation to the payment of bounties, back pay, and pensions.

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February 25, 1869—Motion to print 1,000 additional copies, referred to the committee on printing.

February 26, 1869—Ordered to be printed and that 1,000 additional copies be printed for the use of the Senate.

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To the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:

Congress having, by a resolution approved March 10, 1866, appropriated the sum of \$15,000 for the reimbursement of certain expenditures made by me in endeavoring to discover missing soldiers of the armies of the United States, and to aid in the further prosecution of the search for such soldiers, I feel it my duty to make a brief report of the manner in which I have endeavored to accomplish that object:

During the last year of the war I became aware, from letters received from various parts of the country, that a very large number of our soldiers had disappeared from view without leaving behind them any visible trace or record. Whether they had fallen in battle, were lingering in rebel prisons, or perished in some other way, was only to be conjectured.

In the then painfully excited state of the public mind, any information respecting them would have afforded the most grateful relief to their families.

These considerations induced me in the spring of 1865 to endeavor to gather from our returning armies such information as individual soldiers could furnish of the fate of their missing comrades. I assumed that where official records existed, the officers of the government would willingly furnish all the information required, and I therefore sought only to glean those barren fields which would be overlooked, from the scantiness of the return which they would yield.

The fresh memory of each surviving veteran, and of every citizen who had watched the last hours of a dying soldier, were the records I sought to consult. But as army after army, and one regiment after another, returned to their homes and were disbanded, it became impossible any longer to hold communication with them, except by an extended and complex system of correspondence.

In conducting this, I caused printed lists of all missing soldiers who had come to my knowledge to be posted in conspicuous places in all the towns and considerable villages in the country, requesting information from all who might be able to furnish any.

The number of persons about whom intelligence was solicited in this manner was something over 7,500; and I have reason to believe that valuable information was obtained by this method alone, and communicated to the families of nearly 5,000.

I shall not attempt to detail the various other methods by which I endeavored to gain intelligence of the lost, or to assist anxious inquirers by indicating the official sources to which they should apply; but it will afford some idea of the magnitude of the work undertaken to state that the letters of inquiry, and those giving information received up to the end of the year 1868, amounted to .....63,182  
The printed circulars of advice issued in reply, to.....58,693  
The letters written, to.....41,855  
The printed rolls distributed, to be posted, to.....99,057

According to the best estimate that can be formed, information which had been in no other way obtained has been gained by this search and transmitted to the families of over 23,000 men borne upon the rolls of the United States service as missing.

It is proper that I should acknowledge the important aid and encouragement which I received from the late lamented President



Lincoln, from the present President of the United States, the General of the Armies, and from your honorable bodies.

In regard to the funds appropriated by the resolution above quoted I would remark that the vouchers exhibited by me to members of the Senate and House of Representatives, of expenditures made by me prior to the passage of that resolution, amounted to \$7,533.00. Since that time I have expended

for clerk hire .....	6,883.00
Office rent .....	600.00
Office furniture and stationery	1,743.00
<hr/>	
Amounting in all to	\$16,759.33

My own time and service have been cheerfully given.

It is now nearly four years since the cessation of active hostilities, and from the best information accessible to me I am led to believe that a large number, perhaps 40,000, once enlisted in our armies remain to this day unaccounted for. As there can be no motive for prolonged concealment, it is a reasonable presumption that those of whom no trace has yet been found have perished through the casualties and hardships of war. In most instances pay or bounty in some form must have been due their families at the time of their disappearance. It is well known that until recently the accounting officers of the treasury refused to settle with such families without evidence of the date of death. And if more favorable construction has been adopted, the question is still understood to be embarrassed by some degree of legal difficulty, and the impression has been widely disseminated that the heirs of a deceased soldier can recover nothing of the government until the time and manner of his death are fully shown.

With a view, therefore, of remedying any defect in the existing laws upon the subject, and of removing any uncertainty or misapprehension in the public mind, I would respectfully suggest the propriety of adopting a resolution similar in substance to the following:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, That hereafter all persons who served in the army or navy during the war for the suppression of the rebellion, and who are now borne upon the rolls of their respective commands as missing or unknown, and of whom no traces have yet been found, shall be considered as having died in the line of duty, and their

legal heirs and representatives, upon proper proof of their being so recorded, shall be entitled to the bounties, back pay, and pension the same as if they had been otherwise accounted for.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Clara Barton



## APPENDIX B

### THE RED CROSS OF THE GENEVA CONVENTION: WHAT IT IS

By Clara Barton

*To the People of the United States, Senators and Representatives in Congress:*

Having had the honor conferred upon me of appointment by the Central Commission holding the Geneva Convention, to present that treaty to this Government, and to take in charge the formation of a national organization according to the plan pursued by the committee working under the treaty, it seems to me but proper, that, while I ask the Government to sign it, the people and their representatives should be made acquainted with its origin, designs, methods of work, etc. To this end I have prepared the following statement, and present it to my countrymen and women, hoping they will be led to endorse and sustain a benevolence so grand in its character, and already almost universal in its recognition and adoption by the civilized world.

Clara Barton

*Washington, D. C.*

### WHAT THE RED CROSS IS

A Confederation of relief societies in different countries, acting under the Geneva Convention, carries on its work under the sign of the Red Cross. The aim of these societies is to ameliorate the condition of wounded soldiers in the armies in campaign on land or sea.

The societies had their rise in the conviction of certain philanthropic men that the official sanitary service in wars is usually insufficient, and that the charity of the people, which at such times exhibits itself munificently, should be organized for the best possible utilization. An international public conference was called at

Geneva, Switzerland, in 1863, which, though it had not an official character, brought together representatives from a number of Governments. At this conference a treaty was drawn up, afterward remodeled and improved, which twenty-five Governments have signed.

The treaty provides for the neutrality of all sanitary supplies, ambulances, surgeons, nurses, attendants, and sick or wounded men, and their safe-conduct, when they bear the sign of the organization, viz., the Red Cross.

Although the convention which originated the organization was necessarily international, the relief societies themselves are entirely national and independent; each one governing itself and making its own laws according to the genius of its nationality and needs.

It was necessary for recognizance and safety, and for carrying out the general provisions of the treaty, that a uniform badge should be agreed upon. The Red Cross was chosen out of compliment to the Swiss Republic, where the first convention was held, and in which the Central Commission has its headquarters. The Swiss colors being a white cross on a red ground, the badge chosen was these colors reversed.

There are no "members of the Red Cross," but only members of societies whose *sign* it is. There is no "*Order of the Red Cross*." The relief societies use, each according to its convenience, whatever methods seem best suited to prepare in times of peace for the necessities of sanitary service in times of war. They gather and store gifts of money and supplies; arrange hospitals, ambulances, methods of transportation of wounded men, bureaus of information, correspondence, etc. All that the most ingenious philanthropy could devise and execute has been attempted in this direction.

In the Franco-Prussian War this was abundantly tested. That Prussia acknowledged its beneficence is proven by the fact that the Emperor affixed the Red Cross to the Iron Cross of Merit.

Although the societies are not international, there is a tacit compact between them, arising from their common origin, identity of aim, and mutual relation to the treaty. The compact embraces four principles, viz., centralization, preparation, impartiality, and solidarity.

1. *Centralization*. The efficiency of relief in time of war depends on unity of direction; therefore in every country the relief societies have a common central head to which they send their supplies, and which communicates for them with the seat of war or with the sur-



gical military authorities, and it is through this central commission they have governmental recognition.

2. *Preparation.* It is understood that societies working under the Red Cross shall occupy themselves with preparatory work in times of peace. This gives them a permanence they could not otherwise have.

3. *Impartiality.* The societies of belligerent nations cannot always carry aid to their wounded countrymen who are captured by the enemy; this is counterbalanced by the regulation that the aid of the Red Cross societies shall be extended alike to friend and foe.

4. *Solidarity.* This provides that the societies of nations not engaged in war may afford aid to the sick and wounded of belligerent nations without affecting any principle of non-interference to which their Governments may be pledged. This must be done through the Central Commission, and not through either of the belligerent parties; this ensures impartiality of relief.

That these principles are practical has been thoroughly tested during the fifteen years the Red Cross has existed.

The Convention of Geneva does not exist as a society, but is simply a treaty under which all the relief societies of the Red Cross are enabled to carry on their work effectually. In time of war, the members and agents of the societies who go to the seat of war are obliged to have their badges *viséed* by the Central Commission, and by one of the belligerents—this is in order to prevent fraud. Thus the societies and the treaty complement each other. The societies find and execute the relief, the treaty affords them the immunities which *enable* them to execute.

And it may be further made a part of the *raison d'être* of these national relief societies to afford ready succor and assistance to sufferers in time of national or widespread calamities, such as plagues, cholera, yellow fever and the like, devastating fires or floods, railway disasters, mining catastrophes, etc. The readiness of organizations like those of the Red Cross to extend help at the instant of need renders the aid of quadruple value and efficiency compared with that gathered hastily and irresponsibly, in the bewilderment and shock which always accompanies such calamities. The trained nurses and attendants subject to the relief societies in such cases would accompany the supplies sent and remain in action as long as needed. Organized in every State, the relief societies of the Red Cross would be ready with money, nurses, and supplies, to go on call to the instant relief of all who were overwhelmed by any of

those sudden calamities which occasionally visit us. In case of yellow fever, there being an organization in every State, the nurses and attendants would be first chosen from the nearest societies, and, being acclimated, would incur far less risk to life than if sent from distant localities. It is true that the Government is always ready in these times of public need to furnish transportation, and often does much more. In the Mississippi flood, a few years ago, it ordered rations distributed under the direction of army officers; in the case of the explosion at the navy yard, it voted a relief fund, and in our recent affliction at the South, a like course was pursued. But in such cases one of the greatest difficulties is that there is no organized method of administering the relief which the Government or liberal citizens are willing to bestow, nor trained and acclimated nurses ready to give intelligent care to the sick; or, if there be organization, it is hastily formed in the time of need, and is therefore comparatively inefficient and wasteful. It would seem to be full time that, in consideration of the growth and rapidly accumulating necessities of our country, we should learn to economize our charities, and ensure from them the greatest possible practical benevolence. Although we in the United States may fondly hope to be seldom visited by the calamities of war, yet the misfortunes of other nations with which we are on terms of amity appeal to our sympathies; our southern coasts are periodically visited by the scourge of yellow fever; the valleys of the Mississippi are subject to destructive inundations; the plains of the West are devastated by insects and drought, and our cities and country are swept by consuming fires. In all such cases, to gather and dispense the profuse liberality of our people, without waste of time or material, requires the wisdom that comes of experience and permanent organization. Still more does it concern, if not our safety, at least our honor, to signify our approval of those principles of humanity acknowledged by every other civilized nation.



## APPENDIX C

Department of State, Washington,  
March 26, 1903.

Madam:

By virtue of the power vested in me under Section 5 of the Act approved June 6, 1900 (Statutes-at-Large, volume 31, page 280), "that the American National Red Cross shall . . . give such information concerning its transactions and affairs as the Secretary of State may from time to time require," etc., I would request you to send to this Department a list of the names of the members of the American National Red Cross.

I am, Madam, your obedient servant

John Hay.

Here is Clara's reply to the Honorable Secretary of State.

New York, April 1, 1903.

Mr. Secretary:

I have the honor to acknowledge the reception of your esteemed communication of March 26th, which, having been addressed to me merely at New York City, was naturally sent to the old time Cuban Relief Office, William Street, care of S. E. Barton, from there to his present address, 40 Kilby Street, Boston. Mr. Barton being absent on a voyage to Cuba, the letter, after some delay, has been forwarded to me here, reaching me an hour ago.

It will afford me pleasure to send the list of members of the organization, now in the hands of the printer, at the earliest moment, as well as any other information which your department may desire.

It did not need the Act of 1900 to give the power to your Department to call for information concerning the Red Cross, as, at the time of the acceptance of the Treaty by the Senate of 1882, the "Association" was assigned to the State Department as its natural adviser and protector—the body to which all questions might be referred, and as such we have always gratefully and fraternally regarded it.

Your honored Assistant Secretary, Mr. Adey, who knew it before, as well as through the formation of the Treaty, has been our adviser

and kind counsellor from that time to this. It is a pleasure to feel that we may still hold these relations.

Thanking for past courtesies and kindness, I have the honor to remain,

With highest respect,

Clara Barton, President American National Red Cross.

Obviously, the list was delayed, and Hay waited not one week before writing again.

Department of State  
Washington  
April 9, 1903.

Miss Clara Barton  
President American National Red Cross  
49, East 58th Street, New York City  
Madam:

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2d instant, stating that the list of the members of the American National Red Cross was in the hands of the printer and would be sent at the earliest moment to this Department.

The list has not yet been received, and I beg to request your co-operation in having it sent without delay.

I am, Madam,

Very truly yours,

John Hay.

That icicle from John Hay, the admirable, the courteous.



## APPENDIX D

SKETCH / of the / Investigation into the Affairs of the /  
American National Red Cross, / and the Administration thereof /  
By / Miss Clara Barton / in the Spring of 1904 / Prepared by /  
L. A. Stebbins / 29 S. La Salle Street, / Chicago / Illinois.  
(Pamphlet.)

Extract, page 15ff.

“A summary of the whole proceedings from its inception to the close may be briefly stated thus: in December, 1903, the American National Red Cross appointed a Committee to investigate all differences of opinion and charges relative to the administration of the Red Cross. A so-called remonstrance was filed in writing with the Committee, which contained no charges of dishonesty or misappropriation of funds of any kind or character, the charges being limited to alleged want of proper system of bookkeeping, alleged violation of the by-laws relative to the disbursement of funds to purchase a Red Cross farm in Indiana. The reply was that as complete and accurate a set of books had been kept as it was possible under all the circumstances to keep; that it was impossible to have all funds and supplies distributed through the treasurer at Washington while actually engaged in the receipt and distribution of funds and supplies on the field of relief work, and, therefore, the by-laws in that respect had been ignored to the extent that was absolutely necessary to render effective relief, that the funds of the society had not been used to purchase real estate in Indiana, but that the land had been conveyed to Miss Barton, as President of the American National Red Cross, for the benefit of the Red Cross, and that there had never been any concealment of that fact. The only witness who was ever produced to give any testimony which it could be claimed tended to support any of the charges was the witness Morlan, who was produced under the pretext that he was temporarily in the city, was examined before the Chairman of the Committee only, in the absence of all respondents except their counsel Mr. Hopkins, who had not done the detailed research work in

the preparation of the answer. Immediately thereafter the witness Morlan wrote Miss Barton's secretary a letter clearly indicating blackmail, and being requested to produce before the Committee letters which he claimed he had and which he said were not for sale, he declined to appear before the Committee to submit to a cross-examination or to produce any letters, though requested to do so by the Chairman of the Committee. Whereupon, the Committee, upon its own motion and without any request from the respondents, refused to proceed further with the investigation.

If the witness Morlan had been produced for further cross-examination and if the respondents had been permitted to proceed with their defense, it would have appeared conclusively that the testimony of the witness Morlan, in so far as it tended to cast reflections upon Miss Barton, was false and untrue; that his letter of April 27th was written for blackmailing purposes and that the whole testimony was utterly unworthy of credit. Miss Barton is now dead; every principle of right and justice requires that the former proceedings before the Committee be regarded as foreclosing any effort now to cast reproach upon her name."

#### STATE OF ILLINOIS

County of Cook

ss.

L. A. Stebbins being first duly sworn says that he prepared the foregoing sketch of the investigation of the affairs of the American National Red Cross and the administration thereof by Clara Barton in the spring of 1904; that he knows the contents thereof and the statements therein contained are true to the best of his knowledge, information, and belief; and further affiant saith not.

(Signed) L. A. Stebbins

Subscribed and sworn to me this 29th day of July, 1916.

(Signed) F. H. Peterson

Notary Public.



## APPENDIX E

### PAPERS OF CLARA BARTON

GIFT TO THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS BY MISS RENA D. HUBBELL,  
CLARA BARTON HOUSE, GLEN ECHO, MARYLAND.

(The following description was prepared by the Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress)

Accession received in the Manuscripts Division, December 19, 1940. To the original gift, a manuscript of the *Story of My Childhood* by Clara Barton, the donors have added a large collection of her papers, extending from 1838 to 1916, and undated. These constitute an important acquisition. The papers were removed from the residence of Miss Hubbell, brought to the Library of Congress, and placed in fifteen 3" box-portfolios. They may be described as follows:

A. *Correspondence, addresses, photographs, notes, and clippings, 1838-1916. 5 boxes*

The incoming letters are concerned mainly with the organization and the administration of the Red Cross. Among her correspondents are Richard Olney, John Hay, George B. Cortelyou, Alvey A. Adee, Mabel Boardman, Mrs. John A. Logan, Walter P. Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Gardner, and other eminent men and women. The letters from Dr. and Mrs. Gardner pertain to the operation of the Red Cross Farm. There are drafts of Miss Barton's letters. Among these is a letter dated August 28, 1873, in which she accepts the "Cross of Merit" presented to her by Emperor William I of Germany. In addition to her correspondence, there are letters from members of her family.

B. *Letter books, 1882-1907. 4 boxes*

1. Letter book, May 19, 1882—May 14, 1888. 1 vol. 12" x 9½"
2. " " Feb. 13, 1884—Apr. 13, 1884. 1 " 12" x 10"

3.	"	"	Sept. 12, 1884—Dec. 24, 1887.	1	"	11"	x	9"
4.	"	"	Feb. 4, 1890—June 6, 1898.	1	"	12"	x	10"
5.	"	"	Apr. 26, 1898—Mar. 12, 1899.	1	"	10½"	x	11½"
6.	"	"	July 7, 1899—Aug. 9, 1899.	1	"	10"	x	12"
7.	"	"	Feb. 12, 1904—Dec. 18, 1907.	1	"	12½"	x	10½"

These include personal and official letters.

*C. Diaries, 1866-1910. 35 volumes. 2 boxes*

1.	Diary.	1866.	1 vol.	5½"	x	8½"
2.	"	1870.	1 vol.	4"	x	2¾"
3.	"	1870.	1 vol.	6½"	x	8"
4.	"	1871.	1 vol.	4"	x	2¾"
5.	"	1872.	1 vol.	4¾"	x	2¾"
6.	"	1873.	1 vol.	4¾"	x	3"
7.	"	1873.	1 vol.	4¾"	x	3"
8.	"	1878.	1 vol.	4"	x	2¾"
9.	"	1880.	1 vol.	4"	x	2¾"
10.	"	1883.	1 vol.	4"	x	2¾"
11.	"	1887.	1 vol.	4"	x	2¾"
12.	"	1888.	1 vol.	4"	x	2¾"
13.	"	1889.	1 vol.	4"	x	2¾"
14.	"	1892.	1 vol.	4¾"	x	3"
15.	"	1893.	1 vol.	4½"	x	7"
16.	"	1893-4.	1 vol.	5½"	x	2½"
17.	"	1894.	1 vol.	5½"	x	2½"
18.	"	1894.	1 vol.	5½"	x	2½"
19.	"	1895.	1 vol.	5½"	x	2½"
20.	"	1896.	1 vol.	5½"	x	2½"
21.	"	1896.	1 vol.	9"	x	5"
22.	"	1896.	1 vol.	4½"	x	7"
23.	"	1896.	1 vol.	3½"	x	6½"
24.	"	1897.	1 vol.	3½"	x	6½"
25.	"	1897.	1 vol.	9"	x	6"
26.	"	1898.	1 vol.	4½"	x	7"
27.	"	1898.	1 vol.	5½"	x	2½"
28.	"	1899.	1 vol.	3½"	x	6½"
29.	"	1899-1900.	1 vol.	4½"	x	7"
30.	"	1901.	1 vol.	5½"	x	8½"
31.	"	1901-2.	1 vol.	5½"	x	8½"
32.	"	1906-10.	1 vol.	8"	x	11"



- |     |   |       |                  |
|-----|---|-------|------------------|
| 33. | " | 1907. | 1 vol. 8½" x 11" |
| 34. | " | 1907. | 1 vol. 8½" x 11" |
| 35. | " | 1908. | 1 vol. 4½" x 7"  |

D. *Account books and index to letters, 1866-1893, and undated.*  
1 box

1. Account Book, 1866. 1 vol. 9" x 5½"
2. " " 1892-1893. 13" x 7"
3. Index to letters, undated. 1 vol. 5½" x 10"
4. Printed matter.

E. *Scrapbooks, 1862-1916. 3 boxes*

1. Scrapbook, 1862-1864. 1 vol. 8" x 10½"
2. " 1870-1872. 1 " 10" x 15"
3. " 1882. 1 " 7" x 9"
4. " 1884-1885. 1 " 10" x 15" (slightly burned)
5. " 1901-1904. 1 " 10" x 15"
6. " 1902-1905. 1 " 10" x 15"
7. " 1912-1916. 1 " 9" x 11½"

PAPERS OF CLARA BARTON (B. 1821—D. 1912); GIFT TO THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS BY MISS RENA D. HUBBELL AND MRS. LENA HUBBELL CHAMBERLAIN, CLARA BARTON HOUSE, GLEN ECHO, MARYLAND.

Accession received in the Division of Manuscripts, January 21, 1941.

This supplement to the papers of Clara Barton, extending from 1865 through 1909, may be described as follows:

1. Correspondence, reports, articles for publication, pictures, wallet, autograph album, newspaper clippings, newspapers, and pamphlets. In two 3" box-portfolios.
  - a. The wallet of Dorence Atwater, who accompanied Clara Barton on her lecture tour in 1866-1868, contains notations of the places, dates and receipts for lectures, together with newspaper clippings describing the reception of Miss Barton's public appearances.
  - b. The correspondence and other manuscripts constitute an invaluable source for information relative to the work of the Red Cross, 1881-1909. Clara Barton very soon recognized the fact that the success of the society

would depend upon its mobility and adaptability. The chief value, therefore, attaching to this group of papers is that it throws light on her ability to meet emergencies, in which she was dependent upon the generous responses of the public. It has been estimated that she supervised the use and expenditure of more than \$1,900,000. The wizard-like manner in which she did her work can be clearly discovered. The manuscripts are important also as revealing the background for the movement to re-organize the Red Cross (1903-1904).

- c. The large collection of photographic pictures presents a story of the relief work of the Red Cross under the direction of Clara Barton (1881-1904).
- d. The album of General Lacret Marlot filled with autographs of Cubans represents an expression of gratitude of the natives of Cuba to Clara Barton.
- e. The two newspapers and clippings relate to the work of Clara Barton as director of the Red Cross.
- f. The six pamphlets contain material on the activities and the history of the Red Cross.

LIST OF THE CLARA BARTON PAPERS ON EXHIBITION, DECEMBER 24,  
1940

1. *Sketch of the Life and Labors of Henri Dunant* (Jean Henry, 1828-1910). An address delivered by Dr. Jordy at the instance of the Bernese Samaritan Association in the Grand City Council Chamber, Sunday, November 24, 1896. Pamphlet, 34 pp. 16°. (Typescript copy of a translation made November 1903.)
2. A "composition" on prejudice. A.D.S. by Clarissa H. Barton, 1 p. 4°.
3. Two photographs done in blue. Both show relief camps; one shows the Washington Monument in the background.
4. 1865, August 2, Andersonville, S. C., Clara Barton to "Dear Uncle." A.L.A. 1 p. 8°.
5. 1866, January 20, Washington, D. C., Clara Barton to the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives. Letter copy, 8 pp. 4°. This letter related to her efforts to find missing men in the U. S. Army.
6. 1870, August 26-29. Diary of Clara Barton at Ville de Brumath, Alsace, France. A.D. 24 pp. 8°. Opened to entry for August 26.\*

\* Directly below this, there is exhibited Clara Barton's diary for the entire year 1870 (A.D. 203 pp. 48°). This is also opened to entry for August 26.



7. 1872, January 1-December 31. Diary of Clara Barton. A.D. 191 pp. 24°. Opened to entries for March 27-30, which were made at Paris and Turin. (The entries for the period from February 16 through December 25 are particularly full.)
8. Memorandum book (containing addresses, lists, letter copies, and miscellaneous items) of Clara Barton. A.D. 161 pp. 24°. Opened to copy of letter from Clara Barton to the Grand Duchess of Baden, dated London, August 25, 1873.
9. *Journal of the Red Cross*, Volume I, Number I. Published at Chicago, August 1, 1881. Pamphlet, 12 pp. 8°. (A typewritten note, pasted to the cover of this pamphlet states that the journal was that of a "so-called 'rival organization.'")
10. 1866, October-1869, May 18. Account book of Clara Barton. A.D. 14 pp. 8°. (Following the accounts, there are five autograph pages of German exercises.) Opened to accounts for April 15-21, 1869.
11. 1869, Memorandum, by Clara Barton, of papers and securities sent to Robert S. Hall, Elizebethton (sic), N. Y. A.D. 1 p. 4°.
12. 1873, January, London, Secretary of the German Embassy to Clara Barton, A.L.S. 2 pp. 12°. Mutilated.  
1873, August 28, London, Clara Barton to His Imperial Majesty, William the First, Emperor of Germany. Autograph copy of A.L.S. 1 p. f°.
13. Photograph of Clara Barton. From the Division of Fine Arts.
14. 1871, March 31-May 11, Memorandum of Clara Barton, giving statement of money raised for the French Relief Fund. A.D.S. 1 p. 4°.
15. Undated copy of speech of Clara Barton before people of Clinton (N. J.) A.D. 3 pp. 4°.
16. Folder containing autograph drafts of several lectures delivered by Clara Barton. Opened to draft of undated lecture (delivered in 1866), 9 pp. 4°.
17. *Harper's Weekly* Issue of October 7, 1865, 16 pp. f°. Opened to reproduction of a sketch by I. C. Schotel, which shows Clara Barton raising the national flag at Andersonville, South Carolina, on August 17, 1865.
18. Draft of Clara Barton's political speech, delivered at Dansville (N. Y.) for James A. Garfield, in 1881. A.D. 23 pp. 24°.
19. 1881, May 19, Washington, D. C. Circular letter from Clara Barton: invitation to a meeting at her rooms on May 21,

- 1881, to be held for the purpose of arranging a National Society of the Red Cross at Geneva. Printed copy, 1 p. 12°.
20. 1882, March 27, Washington, D. C. Circular letter from Clara Barton, as President of the Central Committee of the American Association of the Red Cross: plea for aid to sufferers from the Mississippi Valley flood. Printed copy, 1 p. 4°.
21. 1892, May 3, Washington, D. C., E. Francis Riggs to Clara Barton. A.L.S. 1 p. 8°. This letter enclosed a check of \$6,000 from the District of Columbia Auxiliary Red Cross Committee, to be used in aid of famine sufferers in Russia.
22. *Clara Barton, Her Life A Tribute* by E. May Glenn Toon. Pamphlet, 37 pp. 24°. There is an A.N.S. by the author on the fly-leaf of this copy. 1914.
23. Kodak picture of Clara Barton, on a visit to an orphanage in Cuba, 1898-1899.
24. 1893, Draft of Clara Barton's talk on Harriet N. Austen, to be read at the annual suffrage meeting at Washington, D. C., January 16, 1893. A Dr. 9 pp. 4°. According to a note on the manuscript, Miss Barton wrote it at the request of Susan B. Anthony.
25. 1893, April 12, Bedford, Indiana, (Joseph) Gardner to Clara Barton. L.S. 1 p. 4°. This concerns the sources of revenue of the Red Cross.
26. 1882-1888, Letter-book (letter press copies) of the American Association of the Red Cross. 498 pp. 4°. Opened to page 8: (1882), June 3, (Washington, D. C.), Walter P. Phillips, General Secretary, to the President of the United States. This letter notified the President that Clara Barton had been elected President of the Association.
27. 1891, August 1, Promissory note for \$2,000 borrowed by the Red Cross from Riggs and Company. D.S. (printed form, filled in, signed by Clara Barton) p. 16°.
28. 1896, January 1-August 20, Diary of Clara Barton. 131 pp. 16° A.D. Opened to entry for February 29 (1896), which was written at Constantinople.
29. *The Congregationalist*, Volume LXXVIII, Number 21, issue dated May 25, 1893. 39 pp. (numbered 805-844) 4° Periodical. This issue contains material relating to Clara Barton.
30. 1895-1899, Letter-book (letter press copies) of Clara Barton. 265 pp. (numbered 1-2; 231-250; 244-248; 3-241), 4°. Opened to: 1895, June 17, C(lara) B(arton) to Mr. Balcom, dated at Havana.



31. 1896, May 22, Constantinople, Clara Barton to Hon. R. R. Hitt. L.S. 2 pp. 4°. This letter assures Congressman Hitt that her efforts in Armenia were not a mistake, and that her relations with the Turkish Government have been cordial.
32. 1902, December 13, Washington, D. C., Mrs. John A. Logan to Clara Barton. L.S. 1 p. 4°. This is Mrs. Logan's letter of acceptance of the office of Vice-President of the American National Red Cross. (Mrs. Logan became President of this organization.)
33. 1903, December 18, Memorandum of Clara Barton ("Statement of conditions in Butler. [Pennsylvania]"). A.D.S. 3 pp. 8°.
34. 1903, Clara Barton to the Central Relief Committee of Butler, Pa. A.L.S. 2 pp. 4°.
35. *Memorial to Clara Barton, Hearings before the Committee on the Library, House of Representatives, Sixty-Fourth Congress, First and Second Sessions* (H.R. 16606), (Washington, 1917). 35 pp. 8°.
36. 1904, February 7-1907, December 18, Letter-book (letter press copies) of Clara Barton. 998 pp. 4°. Opened to page 932: 1907, October 29, Glen Echo, Md., Clara Barton to Her Royal Highness, the Grand Duchess of Baden.
37. 1902, August 3-1905, January 26, Scrap-book of Clara Barton. Folio volume. Opened to first page: 1902; August, A.N.S. of Clara Barton, which explains the arrangement of the material in the book.
38. 1912, Report of Clara Barton to the President of the United States of America, on the International Convention of the Red Cross, held at St. Petersburg, Russia, March-June, 1912. A.D.S. 20 pp. 4°.
39. 1908, January 1-December 1, Diary of Clara Barton. A.D. 203 pp. 24°. Opened to an A.N. of Clara Barton, on an extra sheet which precedes page one: the diary was a New Year's remembrance from Mrs. John A. Logan.
40. 1908, June 8, Manuscript of: Opening remarks at the third annual meeting of the First Aid Society of Boston, delivered by Clara Barton. A.D. 7 pp. 16°.
41. *Our Country's Claim upon the Memory of Clara Barton*. Pamphlet. (1916?) (2), 30 pp. 8°. Opened to pages six and seven, a section entitled "The National Estimate of Clara Barton as Evoked by the Current Biography."

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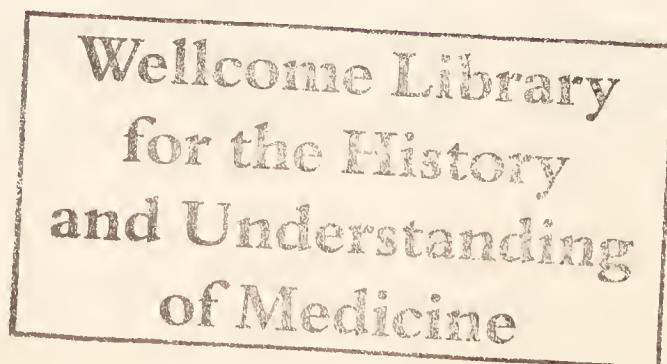
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years occurred during the Civil War. Realizing that men were dying for want of proper supplies, she put an advertisement in the hometown paper; worried wives and mothers sent the equipment, and Clara became a one-woman supply depot. In recognition of this volunteer service, she received a pass to go with the armies in days when women were expected to faint at the sight of blood. Her genius for organization and direction proved invaluable. Through the Franco-Prussian War, the Johnstown Flood, the Spanish-American War, through forest fire and hurricane, one gallant five-foot woman led the forces of reconstruction.

It was a long, hard road from humble beginnings to that American Red Cross which has become a part of our national life. There were struggles with the political leaders of the day, with cliques and rivals, with jealous officers. But the Red Cross Society under Clara's direction proved itself on many a testing ground.

She lived to see her efforts rewarded; the United States acceded to the Treaty of Geneva, and Clara Barton herself became a name familiar and beloved not only in her own country but abroad. Her indomitable spirit marches through the pages of this scholarly work, an inspiration to humanitarians in these troubled times.



# THE AUTHOR

Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, who was born in Mississippi, is the author of numerous books on literature, *George Eliot* being one of the best known. For many years she was an instructor in short story writing at Columbia University, and head of the English Department at Hunter College until she retired to devote herself to writing and lecturing. Miss Rena D. Hubbell, niece of that Dr. Julian B. Hubbell who was Clara Barton's field agent and trusted friend, recognized in Dr. Williams the "right person" for whom she had guarded the hoard of diaries found in a secret closet of an old house deeded to her.

"Miss Hubbell," writes Dr. Williams, "observed me thoroughly before entrusting these priceless documents so freely to my hands. . . . She permitted me to bring sixteen letters to New York, and before I had finished with them invited me to come to work in Clara Barton House. . . . I have never been more honored than in that trust."

In collecting material, Dr. Williams also talked with Miss Mabel Boardman, of the National Red Cross, with Mrs. P. V. DeGraw, the sole surviving member of the original Red Cross Society, and with countless other persons acquainted with Clara Barton or the movement.



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